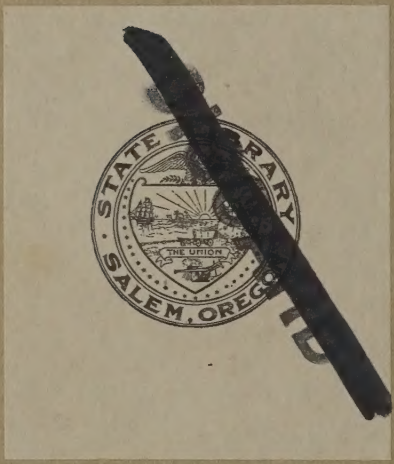
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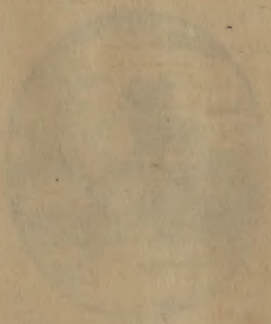
Joaquin Miller and His Other Self

By
HARR WAGNER



Joaquin Miller and His Other Self

BY

HARR WAGNER

HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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Harr Wagner

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Foreword

IN THIS BIOGRAPHY of Joaquin Miller I have made an effort to write the story of a man of genius. I have left to others the task of writing his formal contribution to society, and have given the human and unconventional side of this man who, from the highest peak of song, was a part of the spacious pioneer days. He saw the red flame in the campfires of western trails, and the literary, industrial, and commercial development of the West.

Biographies have been written of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and of many pioneer men and women. This is the first biography of the pioneer of song. Much of the material in this book would be unavailable, unless it were placed in permanent form.

For more than twenty-five years I was his friend, publisher, and financial manager. In the chapters on "The Hights," "Platform Experiences," and "Women," I have given an intimate side of his life that is not known to the public. "The Analysis of His Writings" is devoted largely to the estimates of his kinsmen in thought—James Whitcomb Riley, Edwin Markham, George Wharton James—and to the caustic criticism made by Ambrose Bierce who, after condemning his carelessness and lack of technique, said: "Mr. Miller has, in my judgment, the greatest natural gift of song of any American, except Poe." In Joaquin Miller's "Autobiography and Favorite Poems" are the

London estimates of his work, so they are not included here.

It has been a great pleasure to prepare this material and give to Joaquin a living reality, with a beautiful spirit, half human, half divine.

I wish to acknowledge the research work and coöperation of Maisie Skelton in the preparation of the manuscript. I am also indebted to Phrene Miller, E. W. Jakobs, and E. R. Wagner for valuable letters and interesting material.

HARR WAGNER.

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The Story of His Life Told With the Aid of the Camera

Introduction

Cincinnatus Hiner* Miller, known to the public as Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, had a dual personality. He was not hooked up properly. His life represented an extreme form of dualism. His duality was not like St. Augustine's. He was not fascinated with the principles of good and evil, or light and darkness. In fact, there was no antagonism between his physical and spiritual self. His spiritual conscience never nagged his unconventional physical acts. He was as reconciled in his dual personality as was St. Paul in his letter to the Romans, seventh chapter, twenty-fifth verse, where he says, "So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."

In my many years of intimate personal contact with Joaquin, I had but one suggestion from him which indicated that his spiritual nature was ever troubled at the overt acts of his physical senses. He himself did not recognize himself. His physical senses were passive when he wrote "Columbus," "The Passing of Tennyson," "Missouri," and "Songs of the Soul." The senses of touching, tasting, smelling, hearing, and seeing were radiant, vibrant, masterful, dominating when he was in a group of

* Statement made in a letter to the author, dated February 17, 1928, by George Melvin Miller, youngest brother of Joaquin Miller: "Joaquin's birth name was not Heine, but 'Hiner,' given him by his mother, after Doctor Hiner, who waited on Mother when Joaquin was born. There are a lot of literary damned fools who insist they know more about our family than did my mother."

women. Self and the other self gave him two distinct personalities. This duality lends an unusual charm to his picturesque and eventful life. François Villon has been the source material for many romantic novels because of similar dualism. Goethe, for his Charlotte and Christine, had one philosophy of life, and for his Faust and Wilhelm Meister another.

Are we therefore to be surprised that when Joaquin was writing the "Songs of the Soul" he was reveling in the sensuous bliss of a rather indescribable form of a companionate marriage with Alice Oliver? Had his physical senses and spiritual nature maintained conventional relationship, it might not have been possible for him to have held himself to the peak of spiritual production.

Joaquin Miller is the most picturesque figure American literature has produced. He knew it. His ego, however, was not intrusive, but presented with a childlike simplicity. When introduced as California's greatest poet, he resented it and replied, "That title belongs to Bret Harte. I do not represent California, but a little hill called 'The Earth'." When Edmund Clarence Stedman heard the story he said, "I am surprised that Joaquin did not say 'The Universe'."

Joaquin, although he lived the greater part of his life on The Hights across the bay from San Francisco, was not local. His poetry has a cosmic quality. He tuned in with the universe. His color of the Sierras; the midnight in the canyons; the elemental spirit of the Indians; the rich foliage of the tropics; the brown sands of the desert; the

majesty of the Alaskan Mountains; the measureless miles of the Sunset Seas; the unsurpassed beauty of Lake Como; the stars of Bethlehem; the Lilies of the Valley in Palestine, gave him rich material for the background of his wonderful poetic imagery.

It is true that the covered wagon, the pony express, the miner's camp, the Indian's primitive wigwam, and what has been described as the wild and woolly West, were his playground. The enchantment of these places undoubtedly gave him material for his poetry and publicity. It was, however, not environment but the gift of God that inspired him to write:

> In men whom men condemn as ill
> I find so much of goodness still;
> In men whom men pronounce divine
> I find so much of sin and blot,
> I hesitate to draw a line
> Between the two, where God has not.

He saw beauty in nature, "A brother's soul in some sweet bird, a sister's spirit in a rose." "Beauty, beauty everywhere!" was no idle exclamation. The world to him was always beautiful, and to him men were good. He would repeat and repeat again: "Everybody is good or trying to be good." His friendships with men and women who represented the extremes of conventional morals and unconventional immorals, and the unmoral, were typical of his dual self. His friendship for Tennyson was not based on admiration for his poetry, but because Tennyson loved the rain. And when Joaquin saw him standing in the

garden, with his face turned upward, and the rain as it fell from the heavens washing his face, he cried in ecstacy, "My friend, you too love the high-born rain!"

Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," was harshly criticized for having married a Japanese girl. Joaquin was the first to give him welcome when he stopped in San Francisco on his way to London. When Oscar Wilde was in the Reading gaol for the crime of sex perversion, his faith in him overshadowed the legal evidence. James Whitcomb Riley, whether under the influence of Kentucky rye or as a gentleman with the divine gift of poetry, was always to him the beloved Hoosier poet who wrote "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "The Old Swimmin' Hole." Ike Mossman, who rode the pony express with him from Millersburg, Idaho, to Walla Walla, Washington; Chris Evans, the notorious bandit of California; Kano, the Japanese poet and philosopher; Count Perhacs, artist; Tennyson; Browning; Rossetti; Lord Houghton; Theodore Roosevelt, the Rough Rider and President; Andrew Carnegie; John Hay—all may not have been born free and equal, but to him they were equal in his democracy of friendship. He never recognized the bad in anyone. He was consistent, for he would not recognize it even in himself.

Joaquin enjoyed telling the legend that inaugurated duality in sex. It was his own interpretation of the creation of male and female. I heard him tell the story with laughter in his voice and his blue eyes flashing with their brilliant intensity.

"Once upon a time man was complete in himself. There were not two sexes, and of course, on account of the importance of the masculine, there were only men in the world. The legend says the men were cultivating the white grapes on the hillside of Greece. A quarrel arose. Each man started a fight with himself. The particular god of these men came down upon them and said: 'Stop your quarreling or I will take my mighty sword and cut you in two.' The men kept on fighting, and the god came down upon them and with his long sword cut each man in half. Ever since that time the one half has been searching after the other half—sometimes the better half. This story," he would add, "may not be true. This is true, however—that before this event the grapes were always white, but ever since the blood of the men who were cut in two flowed over the grapes there have been purple grapes and blood-red wine." The search of the one half for the other half goes on. He also used this legend as the basis of the semi-humorous poem called "Says Plato":

Says Plato, "Once in Greece the gods
Plucked grapes, pressed wine, and reveled deep
And drowsed below their poppy pods,
And lay full length the hills asleep.
Then, waking, one said, 'Overmuch
We toil; come, let us rise and touch
Red clay, and shape it into man,
That he may build as we shall plan!'
And so they shaped man, all complete,
Self-procreative, satisfied;
Two heads, four hands, four feet.

"And then the gods slept, heedless, long;
But waking suddenly one day,
They heard their valley ring with song
And saw man reveling as they.
Enraged, they drew their swords and said,
'Bow down!'—but man replied
Defiant, fearless, everywhere
His four fists shaking in the air.
The gods descending cleft in twain
Each man; then wiped their swords on grapes;
And let confusion reign.

"And such confusion! Each half ran,
Ran here, ran there; or weep or laugh
Or what he would, each helpless man
Ran hunting for his other half.
And from that day, thenceforth the grapes
Bore blood and flame, and restless shapes
Of hewn-down, helpless halves of men,
Ran searching ever; crazed, as when
First hewn in twain, they grasped, let go,
Then grasped again; but rarely found
That lost half once loved so."

Now, right or wrong, or false or true,
'Tis Plato's tale of bitter sweet;
But I know well and well know you
The quest keeps on at fever heat.
Let Love, then, wisely sit and wait;
The world is round; sit by the gate,
Like blind Belisarius: being blind,
Love should not search; Love shall not find
By searching. Brass is so like gold,
How shall this blind Love know new brass
From pure soft gold?

It is typical of Joaquin Miller's searching the garden through until he came to the rose for which he had an affinity. The search for the other half lends interest to the chapter in this book relating to Joaquin's affairs with women. He had many loves, but no harlots. He sang the songs of creation, his forehead among the stars and his feet not in the mire, but in a rose garden.

Joaquin's dual personality not only dominated him in his poetry and in his social relationships, but in his business affairs as well. I sold a poem of his to the *Century Magazine* for one hundred dollars, and when I cashed the check and gave him five twenty-dollar gold pieces he invited me to go with him to the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. Within a few hours he had spent the money in treating members of the club and in tipping attendants. I said: "Joaquin, how can you afford to give your money away?" and he replied: "It is not my money. Poetry is a gift of the gods. The money I get for poetry does not belong to me."

The money, however, that he received from prose manuscripts, royalties on his books and plays, lecture fees, etc., had a different value for him. It was his. He had earned it by hard mental labor. He wrote prose not because he was gifted but because it was necessary to do so to secure sufficient money to meet his expenses. His income from this source was the result of physical activities and spiritual inhibitions. He used to say, "Some dollars are as big as cart wheels, others have dirt on them, and some have tears." Prose writing was an arduous task; poetry was a

gift. He always tried to avoid writing poetry for money. He wrote "The Sioux Chief's Daughter" by request, and received fifty dollars. I paid him two hundred dollars for the "Larger College," but his two best poems, "The Passing of Tennyson" and "Columbus," while written for the press, were not to order. He had the inspiration to write them. The request for publication was an afterthought with him. It was almost impossible for him to write a great poem, even a mediocre poem, to order for a definite sum. He was very careful and calculating with money received from prose articles and royalties. This money belonged to his physical self, and he was not selfless when it came to his physical identity. Although once, when McKee Rankin was producing "Forty-nine" at the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco, he secured an attachment on the box-office receipts, took the money—about three hundred dollars—to the stage and distributed it dramatically among the members of the cast.

However, he would not bargain. He had the empty pocket and the generous attitude which characterized the early gold miners when it came to a trade.

In this introduction I have tried to suggest a foundation upon which to build the real personality of this man who made himself and the Sierras famous in London, which resulted in giving to American literature a recognition that older and more standardized writers had sought for in vain. I have tried to follow Voltaire's instruction to treat the living with courtesy, but tell the truth about the dead.

Introduction

This is a very informal introduction. The succeeding chapters will be even less formal. The truth is above romance and self-interest.

Joaquin frequently quoted Hamlet, "Words, words, words," and added, "We need fewer words and more ideas." I trust the reader will find not only words, but some ideas in the following pages. I will have failed unless you find in Joaquin a prophet of a new age in unconventional freedom, teaching love, romance, and beauty in a spiritual sense.

HARR WAGNER.

The Covered Wagon

Doctor Hiner, in the autumn of the year when the yellow corn was in the shock, rode to a farmhouse near Liberty, Indiana. He was the assistant at the birth of a son to Margaret Miller and Hulings Miller. The boy was christened Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, the middle name in honor of the country doctor and the first name after the patrician farmer and Roman dictator.

Before the boy with the big name was six years of age his parents started on their long journey westward with wagons pulled by oxen. The household goods were sheltered from the winds and rain by white canvas.

Joaquin poetically says "I was born in a covered wagon pointed west." His cradle was a covered wagon, rocked by an ox team; his playground a vast untamed continent stretching from the malarial swamps of Indiana to the sunset seas; his movie stars were the wild buffalo running madly over the plains; and his only alarm clock was the roar of the mountain lion.

His prenatal influence and his physical and mental environment can be traced easily in his actions and in his work. His mother, "Beautiful Margaret," as she was called in her youth, was born in 1816 in a little Ohio village named Winchester. Her mother's name was Elizabeth Fall, and her people were from Georgia. Her grandfather Fall had two wives and twenty-four children, twelve by each wife, and he lived in Wheeling. Joaquin's mother

was of Holland Dutch descent, and her family name was Witt. His father's father served with Harrison in the War of 1812, and is buried at Fort Meigs, Ohio. Joaquin's father, Hulings Miller, one of fifteen children, was born about the time his father died. He was of Quaker descent and hated war. As a young man he tried to be a storekeeper, but failed, and became a school teacher at Liberty, Indiana.

Joaquin, in his autobiography, relates in vivid detail the life of his father and mother and the small children in their battle for existence. The United States Department of the Interior, in one of its bulletins, says of this autobiography that it is one of the best human documents there is for teaching of American ideals. In "Memorie and Rime" he pays tribute to his father, Hulings Miller. In fact, there are few writers who have written so much and with such generous praise of their immediate ancestry. He is to be commended, however, for this. In America we do not give sufficient attention to our forbears. In cattle, hogs, sheep, corn, and horses, the pedigree is carefully preserved and studied. We honor the farmers of Iowa who scientifically select their seed corn, and the nation honors Burbank, who established birth control over the beauty and perfume of flowers, but those who advocate prenatal control of the human plant are put in jail. Doctor David Starr Jordan in the "Call of the Blood" and in "Heredity," establishes a scientific approach. It goes unheeded. The Declaration of Independence says we are born free and equal, but this is not true. The child born in an apartment house, or in a

maternity ward of a hospital, has not even a chance for air as compared with the boy born on a farm with the wheat turning yellow in the summer's sun about his cradle. Yes, I know there are genealogical societies that, for $25, will trace back your ancestry to some king or duke or lord, and for $100 will trace it back to an Irish policeman, but this does not contribute to the betterment of the human plant of the future.

The student can easily interpret why Hulings Miller of Quaker descent fought his way across the continent with an unloaded gun; why Joaquin in later years sang his songs of peace and would not glorify the heroes of war. It is easy to understand why Joaquin did not become a Buffalo Bill or a Wild Bill hero and make a record for killing Indians, outlaws, and personal enemies. The influence of his father as a teacher, the refinement and beautiful spirit of his mother, made him a poet, while the environment of his youth made him wear picturesque clothes.

He was born with the soul of a poet and environed with the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, the Songs of Solomon, and the Psalms of David. The costumes of the wild and woolly West, of Daniel Boone, Indian chiefs, gamblers, scouts, and adventurers of all kinds, appealed to his sense of the picturesque. His dual personality developed early in life. He carried this admiration for show with him even to the senescent period, and markedly so when, at the age of sixty, he came back from the gold fields of Alaska wearing a full suit of fur with gold nuggets of much value for buttons.

The covered wagon followed the setting sun. The boy, Cincinnatus Hiner, or "Nat" as his mother called him, had his preschool mental training in the long trail from Liberty, Indiana, to Eugene, Oregon. I wonder if the followers of Rousseau could visualize by their pedagogical philosophy the "Poet of the Sierras" in the ashes of the campfires of Margaret and Hulings Miller. I wonder if the modern educational psychologist could establish a satisfactory test of this boy's intelligence quotient?

Thousands of others came West, as children, in covered wagons; others saw the trees, the rivers, the mountains, and the midnight shadows in the canyons, but Joaquin saw beauty, majesty, and color in the natural environment. The Miller family were eleven years moving westward. For the greater part of this time they were living in a covered wagon. Joaquin relates this incident with a freedom and enrichment that makes good reading. There are those who will naturally question his veracity, and perhaps he has added a word or two here and there that may be mere poetic fancy, but there is no question as to the truth of all the essentials. For instance, he was not born in a covered wagon pointed west, but his childhood was spent largely in and about a wagon that was covered with canvas and was moving from place to place, ever westward. He tells the experience as follows:*

My very first recollection is as vivid as could be any event of yesterday. My papa was moving his little family in a covered

* The autobiography was orginally published in the Washington *Times*, and was arranged for by Allan Benson, then editor of the paper, which was owned by Frank Munsey. Benson paid Joaquin three hundred dollars for the manuscript. This was in November, 1906.

wagon from Liberty, Union County, Indiana, to a cabin in Randolph County, where he was going to teach school, but the wagon got stalled in the quicksand of a swollen stream and he had to get out into the water, to his waist, carrying us all out, one at a time, on his back. It took him and mother a long time to get the horses and wagon out and over the stream, but they were very patient and quiet about it, and built a big fire and camped there for the night. It was my first camp, the first of a lifetime mainly of camps, and I was exultant with delight. The horses had hay and oats from the feed trough that hung at the back of the wagon, and the rattling of the bridles and harness and the munching of the hay was as music I had heard in another world. Then, as we dried our clothes by the roaring fire, mother made supper and spread a tablecloth on the grass under the stars and we all sat down on the ground and papa said grace and thanked God that we were all safe across the angry waters.

The little log cabin schoolhouse, by consolidation, by the domination of city life, and by educational progress is fast disappearing. Whether the movement is upward in spiral form to a higher and better social state, or whether it rises to a peak and drops to a lower level than its starting point, I do not know; but I do know that the people cannot afford to close the door of opportunity that the little one-room schoolhouse gave to the giants of the West. This is Joaquin's description of the school:

The schoolhouse was a cabin with but one room and a huge fireplace that took up nearly the entire end of the edifice. The three big girls that came to school hung their shawls and poke bonnets on pegs behind the door. There were about a dozen big boys, and they and papa kept the big fireplace roaring and blazing. This was the only way to keep warm. The floor was the solid earth and the windows were long, narrow strips of greased

paper. This gave not such a bad light as might be imagined; nor was it at all primitive. I have seen, in the later years of my life, whole cities in the interior of China with no other windows in their finest houses than oiled paper. These big boys would snowball, whoop, and hurrah during recess, after they had cut and carried in plenty of wood; but they were good boys and tried hard to improve. Most of them were full grown and none of them aspired to anything beyond reading and writing. The writing desks were made of big puncheons hewn from maple logs, resting on enormous pegs driven into the wall. Papa made all the pens from goose quills brought in by the big boys, and set all the "copy." The big boys were good to papa and very good-natured toward my elder brother and myself, the only little ones in school.

Joaquin always used a goose quill in preference to a steel pen and holder or fountain pen. His goose quill is one of the rare and valuable relics of his estate.

One of these tall, ungainly big boys* went to Congress, then to the Mexican War, became a famous general, then was made Governor of Oregon, then Senator, and in the early sixties was chosen as candidate for Vice President on the ticket with Breckenridge, who was beaten by Abraham Lincoln. There was one big boy, Alexander, who came to school entirely barefooted, although there was frost on the ground, and often snow. Papa would not let him help get in the firewood, and in return Alec would be first at school in the morning and have a roaring big fire going by the time "the master" came. Everybody was very, very poor. The scholars had to pay their own tuition entirely; the free school had not yet penetrated the dense maple-tree wilderness of that region. The only source of income was the sugar camp, supplemented by an occasional coon skin.

* The big boy who became Governor, and later United States Senator, was Joseph Lane.

Frémont at this time was the hero of the boys and girls of America, and Joaquin, who as a boy followed his trail into Oregon, was during his entire life a great advocate of the "Pathfinder." Joaquin's first mention of Frémont is in connection with his first pair of shoes.

One day papa, who always read to us in spare time on Sunday and at night when there was no wool to pick, brought home a book from the Indian village which had been loaned to him by the agent, and began to read to us the explorations of Captain Frémont. I never was so fascinated. I never grew so fast in my life. Every scene and circumstance in the narrative was painted on my mind to last, and to last forever. Papa saw my intense interest in the story and would stop and explain to the three children at his knee, and to mother, who sat busily knitting on the other side of the big bright fireplace, all the names and new things in the book, till the story glowed like the great log fire by which it was read.

I liked the bit where Lieutenant Lee—afterward the famous Confederate General Lee—generously gave Frémont a little cannon, although against orders, for his three-thousand mile expedition. I fancied I could see Frémont's men hauling the cannon up the savage battlements of the Rocky Mountains, flags in the air, Frémont at the head, waving his sword, his horse neighing wildly in the mountain wind, with unknown and unnamed empires on every hand. It touched my heart when he told me how a weary little brown bee tried to make its way from a valley of flowers far below, across a spur of snow, where he sat resting for a moment with his men; how the bee rested on his knee till it was strong enough to go on to another field of flowers beyond the snow; how he waited a bit for it to go at its will. I was no longer a boy. In truth, I had never been a boy like other boys; had never had a ball, marble, top, or toy of any sort, but now I began to be inflamed with a love for action, adventure,

glory, and great deeds away out yonder under the path of the setting sun. Mother, too, took in something of the same enthusiasm and once stopped papa to ask what we, the United States, would do with all this land; but he, with his continual sense of justice, quietly answered that the land belonged to the Indians.

When the frosts began to whiten the fences and the yellow leaves to fall in banks of gold as if to pay Mother Earth in the richest currency that ever circulated for all the generosity of the passing year, when baby snows sifted down and made noiseless and velvet ways to walk upon, Billy Fields, the shoemaker of the settlement, came to us with a corncob pipe in his teeth and a flat little board under his arm. I was to be measured for my first pair of shoes.

It was in the month of May in 1852 that Joaquin crossed the Missouri, the wonderful river that he described fifty years later as "Mad Molder of the Continent," and began the final stages of the long, long trail to Oregon. "Crossing the Plains" is really an epic in prose. It has never been equaled by any one. It is quoted here without the change of a single word:

> Yonder in the West lies the East;
> Yonder reaches the road to India.

The distance, counting the contours of often roundabout ways, was quite, or nearly, three thousand miles. The time was seven months and five days. There were no bridges, no railroad levels —nothing of the sort. We had only the road that Nature had made. Many times, at night, after ascending a stream to find a ford, we could look back and see our smouldering camp fires of the day before.

We found the roads hard frozen on setting out in March from the headwaters of the Wabash, and the road good at first. We camped at night with settlers and fed our stock well. We

also took care that we should be in the best of strength and heart, as well as the stock.

Lewis and Clark nearly fifty years before had set down the territories of Illinois and Iowa as all under water and worthless. Later information dispelled this idea largely, but still papa was afraid of mud and mire as the spring advanced, and kept well off to the left, pointing as direct as the woods and waters would allow for St. Joe, on the Missouri, as a source of supplies for the long, long journey across the entirely unpeopled plains.

We found St. Joe, after nearly two months' steady tramp and solid tread of the honest old oxen, a sea of tents. For miles and miles up the Missouri and down were to be seen the white tents, white covered wagons, and busy people passing and surging to and fro.

On the 15th of May, 1852, we, ten miles above St. Joe to avoid the multitude and inevitable mud, crossed the Missouri into the vast wilderness, and the extraordinary march was commenced. The sundown seas were before us; civilization, such as we had known, and all sorts, lay behind us. There could be for us no turning back. We were not of that material.

We had two big, heavily laden wagons, with eight yoke of oxen to each, a carriage and two horses for mother and baby sister, and a single horse for the three boys to ride. This was particularly convenient, especially at the crossing of swollen streams, when all three could climb on together and get lots of fun and oftentimes a little wetting; for we all had learned to swim in the dear old Tippecanoe, and we did not mind it a bit if we all rolled off together in the middle of the stream. Papa had hired two teamsters to come with us and haul corn for the stock, although we found grass brisket deep and wild flowers to the waist—a perfect sea of yellow flowers, and pink and white and purple.

He gives his favorable impression of the Indians. He is consistent in his tributes wherever he came in contact with the native Americans.

The Indians were very decent, tall, fine fellows. They stood by or sat their ponies in line and marveled at the continuous stream of people—the innumerable multitude. How feeble and indifferent was our government fifty or sixty years ago! No sort of assistance or suggestion or information of any sort to this tumultuous mass of world builders. No statistics, nor attempt to enumerate them. Why, they were civilized in Egypt in the days of Exodus! Moses would have made a much better President than the ones we had then, in the early fifties.

The proud and erect Indian men would refuse all presents, but the Indian women, with their babes at back, refused nothing, although they did not beg at all as they do now. They were very fond of the white children and all the time wanted to touch and fondle them. Mother seemed afraid they would steal her little girl. She, in her eagerness to learn about the land we were about to traverse, had read a yellow book telling all about how Indians would steal little girls. The Indian women were all the time trying to lay their hands on my little brother Jimmy's great shock of frowsy yellow hair, but he would run away from them and hide under the wagons.

We began to meet people in wagons, but thought they were helpers who had gone on with corn for stock. However, soon we began to come upon new-made graves by the streams and at camping places. Then the graves were many. The cholera had broken out and hundreds were dying and thousands turning back!

I remember reading years after a pretty little sentimental tale about how an engineer of the first Pacific railroad on suddenly discovering a grave in the long grass before him tenderly turned aside and changed the course of the track out of respect for this

pioneer who fell in the conquest of the West. No such folly. No such sentimental nonsense ever entered the head of any real railroad man. The cold fact is, the new-made graves of that sad and desperate cholera year, 1852, far outnumbered the railroad ties of that first railroad.

In the midst of all this turning back, this despair and death, our parents kept steadily on, making slow marches, keeping in good heart, and as a consequence in good health. Papa would stop on Sundays and hold, in a very quiet way, some sort of services. Sometimes a preacher would come into what came to be known as the "Sunday tent," but papa did not like long sermons, and rarely asked anyone to preach lest he might preach too much.

One night on the Platte River a cyclone came and took the tent from over our heads, and had papa and the men not hastened to tie the three vehicles together with big ox chains they would have gone with the tent. Then rain in torrents, and we all got under the wagons. We had driven the cattle out on a wooded island in the river and had no fear for them. But soon there was a shout, and then a cry of despair from the deep ravine near us. The flood was sweeping the tents, wagons, women, and children all before it. When morning came there was not a vestige of life left, only a few overturned wagons half hidden in the sand. Even the oxen were gone. I heard men tell that on the other side of the Platte River a big train that had camped in a ravine had been utterly crushed by a mass of maddened buffalo during that tornado. But I did not see this. Besides, it is too terrible to tell in detail.

As we neared the summit of the Rocky Mountains another sudden cyclone struck us, but this was in open day and not so terrible. We had camped on a rocky ridge and had only then gotten the cattle down to water and grass when the cyclone took us in a whirl! Papa and the men got the carriage chained to the big wagon in time, but the lighter wagon, with its load of Connecticut clocks, went over the cliff with a crach. We all held on to the wheels of the big wagon and the wind went as sud-

denly as it came, taking only our last tent and nearly every hat. The next camp was in the South Pass, so named by Frémont, who had set up a cairn of stones there—the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The flying snow fell in our faces as we looked away toward the West. The waters were flowing towards the setting sun. It seemed to us all, weary as we were, that the rest of the way must be down hill to the vast ocean. Our camp was by the Pacific Springs. We were now drinking of the waters that flowed to the mighty ocean! What exultation! What glory and achievement!

At Salt Lake, a beautiful city and scene of honest industry, we rested long, sold some worn-out cattle, the carriage and two horses, keeping one for mother and baby. We three little fellows learned to walk well; and walk we did now all the time; all but Jimmy, who had to sleep some each day in the wagon. We joined with others, built a raft of dead cottonwood logs and crossed cold, swift Green River on a raft.

The night before descending the steep to this river we were camped in the Subletts Cut-off, from which place the mountain scene is one of the most splendid in all the Rocky Mountains, east or west. As we were about to move, a wild band of mounted Indians that I have since learned were outlaws or robbers circled about us, and were fired upon by those who had joined papa for the purpose of building the raft. Their chief, a splendid warrior in long black hair and gaudy dress, fell from his saddle. A little battle followed. I got behind a wagon with my gun and drew bead upon the nearest Indian, but as usual found there was no flint in the lock of my gun. The boys afterward said that while I had no flint I had plenty of sand—that even the barrel of my gun was full of it.

Our side as well as the Indians' suffered. All were buried in one grave, and we continued on. We had no water at all now, for this cut-off is through a desert. Our course was sharp to the right, close under the Frémont Mountains, after crossing the

turbulent and beautiful river, where one of our party who had been to California picked up bits of gold in the sand. It has all been mined since. We soon made the headwaters of the Sho-sho-nee River. It is now called the Snake River. This Indian name means "snake in the grass." There was an old fort, Fort Hall. The cholera was bad here, men, women, and children dying from drinking the cold, clear waters of the springs that bubbled up from the melting snows of the shining Frémont Mountains.

The days flitted on and we were out of the desert, but not out of trouble. About this time a very serious thing happened. A Mr. Wagoner had a beautiful girl in his large family, and a friendly Indian chief who rode a fine spotted horse asked Mr. Wagoner what he would take for her. The Indian was told in jest that he would take ten beautiful spotted horses like the one he rode. The Indian dashed off and the same day overtook us with the ten horses and a horde of warriors, and wanted the girl. Of course, everybody protested, but the chief would not be put off. The Oregonians that had been sent out to meet us were appealed to. It was a very serious matter, they said.

The chief was an honest man and meant exactly what he said, and had a right to the girl. The majority agreed and thought the best way out of it was to let papa marry them. This seems strange now, but it was the Indian custom to buy wives, and as we were in the heart of a warlike people we could not safely trifle with the chief.

The girl was about to throw herself into the river from the steep bluff where we were, at which the chief, seeing her terror, relented and led his warriors off, scornfully refusing what presents were offered him for his forbearance.

At The Dalles, about forty days further on, papa went to see the officer in command of this military post, the first one we had found, to ask about the possibility of crossing the Cascade Mountains, or rather, the Sierra Grande del Nord, at that late season of

the year. This kind officer sent a yoke of strong, fat oxen and two soldiers to see us to the summit. His name, we were told years later, was Grant—Captain U. S. Grant—afterward President. By taking this route papa landed his little family far up the Willamette River almost in the heart of the wonderful valley. This is the most poetic, gorgeous, and glorious valley in flowers and girdle of snow-covered mountains on the globe.

Papa, as a teacher, had always been rather fastidious in his dress, and mother often told me that he always wore a broadcloth suit with a flower in his buttonhole when he lived near Cincinnati, in reach of a tailor. And I well remember he always wore a leaf or flower in his lapel when teaching school, no matter what the quality of his coat. But here in Oregon, in this mild climate, seeing we were all nearly naked, he said to mother one morning as he pinned a flower in his shirt bosom: "Margaret, really and truly, we don't need any clothes in this country, except maybe some sort of thing to pin a flower on."

In this happy frame of mind papa soon after cut a stick, and, taking a small pack on his back, set out up the vast and fertile valley to find a location—a "claim." He left us under the care of a noble old missionary, E. E. Parrish, and also a Methodist preacher by the name of West. It seemed that every one of the older immigrants were either missionaries or preachers. And they were all good, God-fearing men, who did all they could to encourage and care for the stranger.

We three boys—nine, eleven, and thirteen years of age—soon found work in clearing off brush and making rails for a neighbor close at hand. Mother would go out to work with us, sitting on a stump and knitting and talking cheerily to us when not herself at work. We earned a cow in this way, and mother bought two others, giving a note bearing enormous interest. The cows cost $100 each. So when papa got back after a long quest far up the valley we had three more cows, three frisky little calves, and lots of butter to sell. Two little Jew peddlers, brothers, who had in

some way got down from Russia by way of what is now Alaska, came by every week and got the butter and gave in exchange groceries and dry goods. The merchants in those days demanded more than double the purchase price of everything; but as they paid $1 a pound for butter, which was twice what is was really worth, the thing was about even. These Jew boys carried everything on their backs at first. Then they got a horse, then a wagon; then they opened a store away up at the fork of the river, where papa had found a "claim," and flourished amazingly. Then they had a big store in the biggest city; then a bank in San Francisco. And open-handed papa wondered to the end of his days why he, too, could not have been such a "merchant."

It was a muddy, miry road away up to the Willamette Forks, with neighbors forty miles distant from one another in places, and no bridges, and few ferries across the swift, deep river; but we got there at last, and the spare neighbors, as was the custom, came to the "raising," and in a few days we had a home—a house, such as it was—let us call it a palace. For never was nobleman of high degree with all his house so happy in his castle as was proud, brave, dear papa.

The law had been meanly changed while we were en route, cutting down the donation from 640 acres to one-half, so that the ranch was not what it should have been in area and real value; but no one complained, and all went to work and worked from sun to sun, happy, healthy, and gaining in strength every day. The land, unfortunately, was not well chosen. We should have located in the middle of the valley, where every foot was fertile and tillable, but we had been used to woods and did not like the open. We wanted the wood for houses, fences, and the fireplace. In the rear a great mountain, topped with wonderful fir trees, gloried in the morning sun; the swift, sweet river glistened under the great big cedars and balm trees away out yonder in the boundless dooryard, where the cattle fed and fattened, and all was well.

Papa at first took us up the mountainside to cut down trees, cut off logs, and roll them down for rails. These rolling, tumbling, headlong logs on the steep hillsides made great sport for our little dog. But he got caught under one and was killed. Then Jimmy got caught under one. And, although he got up and laughed at our terror and dismay, papa gave up the mountain and we made rails after that from ash, maple, balm, alder, and so on, to fence our first field—worthless wood compared to the beautiful fir, but we boys were too bold and venturesome to be left alone to wrestle with the tumbling rail cuts, for papa again was going to teach school miles away.

He plowed and put in flax, corn, and a garden, even before we had a fence. As the fence around the house was finished, we put in an orchard, papa going far distant and bringing the trees home on his back. When we got the trees in the ground, a corral for the cattle, and when the corn and flax and all sorts of things began to grow and glory in their existence, mother looked on and said: "I tell you, boys, things are just a-humming!"

Lone as God and white as a winter's moon.

MOUNT SHASTA

I stood where thunderbolts were wont
To smite thy Titan-fashioned front,
And heard dark mountains rock and roll;
I saw the lightning's gleaming rod
Reach forth and write on Heaven's scroll
The awful autograph of God!

The adventures of Joaquin around Mount Shasta were sourceful copy for feature writers, due to the publicity he received in London in the seventies. Following the publishing of the "Songs of the Sierras," Joaquin wrote many autobiographical accounts of these days of adventure. The stories are very confusing. The official records of the battles with the Indians have not been preserved and the difference between Joaquin's romances and autobiographical history is not well defined. He complained once to me that the newspaper feature contributors made more money from writing lies about him than he made from the royalty on his books. This lead him to write a reply to the story that he had been indicted for horsestealing, and, after building up an elaborate denial of the crime, closed the article with these words: "Anyhow, they were not horses; they were mules." His "Unwritten History, or Life Among the Modocs," illustrated by True

Williams and published by a subscription book house, is out of print and now a rare book. An abridgement of the book was called "My Own Story." In "Memorie and Rime" he gives an account of Joe De Bloney, known as Mountain Joe; the Pit River massacre, and other incidents, supposed to be biographical. The source material for these books and the many pages written about Joaquin's life around Mount Shasta are as follows:

He ran away from his home, near Eugene, Oregon, with another boy named Will Willoughby, and worked in the mining camps as a cook. He was about fourteen years of age and did not return to Oregon until he was nearly eighteen. During those three years he lived with Mountain Joe part of the time and with the Indians part of the time. He made trips with Mountain Joe to Mexico and Arizona and across the Colorado Desert. On these trips he came in touch with material which he used for "The Ship in the Desert," "Walker in Nicaragua," "The Arizonian," and "Joaquin Murietta." By the camp fire he studied Latin and listened to the stories of Mountain Joe and others. He was keenly observant of the colors of dawn, of twilight, and the perfumed air of midnight on the lonesome desert. When you read his poetical discription of these lands, written in London years afterward, you can understand that the boy Joaquin had a sensitive mind in tune with the infinite in nature. These few years had a formative influence on his poetic expression; he saw "The Autograph of God" in the afterglow on Mount Shasta.

In "The Ship in the Desert," he wrote:

> A wild, wide land of mysteries,
> Of sea-salt lakes and dried-up seas,
> And lonely wells and pools; a land
> That seems so like dead Palestine,
> Save that its wastes have no confine
> Till pushed against the leveled skies.

The modern youth of today is being standardized in junior high school and junior college, while Joaquin's education was secured in the wide, open spaces. The educational psychologist has a puzzling problem in attempting to solve the influence of heredity and environment on the life and work of the Poet of the Sierras.

His mental attitudes, his achievements, deep love of nature, and religious spirit were undoubtedly influenced by the environment of his adolescent period, spent with Mountain Joe and the Indians in and on the deserts of the south and in the Sierras around Mount Shasta.

Joaquin's first experience after leaving the homestead of his parents was as a cook. It was not financially a success. In speaking of the experience, he would say, with a twinkle in his eye. "I cooked all winter for twenty-seven men, and every man was alive in the spring."

He was a delicate lad, and beans, bacon, coffee, and flapjacks, even of his own cooking, were not what the average dietician would prescribe for a sickly boy.

The claim of the gold miners was on the Klamath River—spelled by Frémont "Klamat"—and their trading post was Yreka, then a thriving pioneer settlement. It was while serving as a cook that he wrote his first song.

There had been considerable excitement in the camp because a visitor who had been given the freedom of the place was discovered by Joaquin filling his shoes with gold nuggets. He was caught, condemned to be hung, and, according to the miners' rules and regulations, compelled to dig his own grave. When the pit was about half dug, hearing that Joaquin was sick and that they were in great need of a new cook, he told them he knew a good woman cook at Yreka. The miners agreed to commute his sentence if he would secure her and, to avoid the scandal of having an unattached woman in camp, agree to marry her. She was sent for and a wedding ceremony was arranged. One of the twenty-seven miners was a preacher. He asked Joaquin to write a poem for the occasion and Joaquin admits that this was his first offense in the line of song:

> Now, Samson was a mighty strong man,
> A mighty strong man was he;
> But he lost his hair and he lost his eyes
> And also his lib-er-tee.
> For a woman she can do more with a man
> Than a king and a whole arm-ee.

Joaquin was familiar with the Bible, so he wrote many verses. The next was:

> Now, Solomon he was a mighty wise man,
> A mighty wise man was he;
> Aye, Solomon he had seven hundred wives
> And also a dis-pep-see-see.
> For woman she can do more with a man
> Than a king and a whole arm-ee.

This song was sung by twenty-seven men. The man and woman were ex-convicts from Australia, but appreciated the opportunity to start life anew in the mines of California. Joaquin became so ill that he went to Yreka, where he met Doctor Ream, who became his friend and remained so during his whole life.

After recovering his health, he heard about the new discovery of gold around Shasta City and went south, where he met Mountain Joe and became his companion, partner, and friend. They built a cabin near Soda Springs. These springs today are one of the great show places for tourists, and will in time be known as one of the Joaquin landmarks. Mountain Joe and Joaquin kept a roadhouse or hotel—a stopping place. It was known only as Mountain Joe's cabin. Joaquin was housemaid, bellboy, cook, dishwasher, hostler, etc. It was a stopping place for the infrequent travelers journeying on the trail from California to Oregon and Washington in the early fifties. Joaquin enjoyed telling this story: A man from San Francisco asked for lodging. Being well dressed, his bed was very carefully prepared. In the morning Joaquin was sent to call the San Francisco stranger to breakfast. He knocked on the door. The stranger said "What do you want?" Joaquin replied "Get up." "Is breakfast ready?" asked the stranger. "No," said Joaquin. "Well I never get up until breakfast is ready," said the stranger. "But you must get up before breakfast is ready this time," replied Joaquin, "because you are sleeping on the tablecloth."

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It was from this cabin that the boy of fifteen watched the dawn. He put the picture into words and wrote "The Birth of the Day" while living in London, years afterward:

Where mountains repose in their blueness,
Where the sun first lands in its newness,
And marshals his beams and his lances,
Ere down the vale he advances
With vision erect, and rides swiftly
On the terrible night in his way,
And slays him, and dauntless and deftly
Hews out the beautiful day
With his flashing sword of silver.

In 1855 there were many miners' tents in the vicinity of Shasta. The rivers were red with dirt. Fishes died. The Indians decided to drive out the white people, and Joaquin had his first experience in an Indian battle at Castle Crags.

In 1893, R. P. Gibson (who was one of the commanders in the Battle of Castle Crags), at the request of Joaquin, gave the following account of it:

In the year 1855, there being a great rush of miners here, the Sacramento River and other streams became muddy, thereby obstructing the run of fish. The Indians became very indignant on account of its stopping the run of fish, which was their principal living. They commenced making preparations for hostilities by getting into strongholds, the principal one being the Castle Crags. Captain Crook came to the east fork of the Trinity, about twelve miles from here, with a company of regulars, and went out to Castle Crags with a view to break up the band, but failed to engage them.

I sent him a letter telling him the way I was situated, so that by raising some men I could destroy them. His answer was to do so,

which I did. We had a severe fight—some men killed and a number wounded. We also found that the arrows were Modoc arrows; also amongst the dead were two Modoc chiefs. I sent word of the battle to Captain Crook, and he gave it his hearty approval and thanked me.

We had and have every reason to believe that the Indians intended to consolidate and make a general outbreak, as the Modocs did soon after do; and there is no doubt but they would have done it had it not been for that battle as aforesaid at Castle Crags. Captain Crook was afterward the famous Indian fighter, General Crook. I was enabled to reach these Indians, which Crook could not, through my father-in-law, Wielputus, the chief of the Shastas. We took twenty-nine of his men with us.

R. P. Gibson.

Joaquin's own account of the battle is written in his usual poetic prose style, but does not differ in material facts from the plain statement of Gibson. It is said to be the last battle of record where the Indians fought with arrows only.

STORY OF A BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS

Gibson broke us up into parties, putting good and bad together, with Indians at the head of each. He told me to go with Joe, whom he sent to make a show of attack on the side next to Soda Springs. When near the hostiles, Joe put me behind a tree on the edge of a small open place and told me to stay there. Then he went on, creeping through the dense brush, to place the other men.

I put some bullets into my mouth so as to have them handy, but I do not know what I did with them. I fired a few shots after Joe opened the fight, but hit only brush and rocks, I reckon. And now pandemonium! Indians do not often yell in battle; but on both sides of us now the yelling was simply fiendish. They yelled from the top of the Castle to the bottom, it seemed to me.

We had taken the enemy entirely unawares—asleep, most of them, after the morning's chase—and our first shots brought down their dozing sentinels on the rocks. Finally there was some parleying, and the yelling, the whiz of arrows, and the crack of rifles stopped. Then some Indian women came out and across the little gorge to Joe and his men, and I, thinking they had all surrendered, walked out into the opening.

Gibson called from the rocks ahead of me and to my right, "Boys, the fight now begins, and we've got to git them or they git us. Come on! Who will go with me?" I answered that I would go; for it was all a picnic so far as I had yet seen, and I ran around to him. But there was blood on his hands and blood on his face, blood on all of his Indians, and most of the white men were bloody and hot.

The enemy used arrows entirely. They could tell where we were, but we knew where they were only when we felt their sting. Gibson led, or rather crept, hastily on, his head below the chaparral. No one dared speak. But when we got in position, right in the thick of it, our men opened. Then the arrows, then the yelling, as never before! The women and children prisoners down with Joe set up the death song, as if it was not already dismal enough. The savages bantered us and bullied us, saying we were all going to be killed before the sun went down; that we were already covered with blood, and that they had not lost a man. I had not yet fired a shot since joining Gibson, and, rising up to look for a target, he told an Indian to "pull the fool down by the hair," which he promptly did.

The battle had lasted for hours. Then men were choking, and the sun was near going down. We must kill or be killed, and that soon. We must do our work before dark. The white man has little show with an Indian in battle at night.

Gibson gathered all who could or would go, and took still another place by storm. Then Lane fell, mortally wounded by an arrow in the eye. I saw Gibson's gun fall from his hand from the

very deluge of arrows; then all was blank, and I knew no more of that battle.

The fight was over when I came to my senses, and it was dark. A young man by the name of Jameson was trying to drag me through the brush; and it has always seemed to me that a good many people walked over me and trod on me. I could hear, but could not see.

An arrow had struck the left side of my face, knocked out two teeth, and had forced its point through at the back of my neck. I could hear, and I knew the voices of Gibson and Joe. They cut off the point of the arrow and pulled it out of my face by the feather end. Then I could see. I suffered no pain, but was benumbed and cold as we lay under the pines. Joe held my head all night, expecting that I would die.

Gibson had the squaw prisoners carry his wounded down to the pack trail on the banks of the Sacramento. They laid us down under some pines and pretty juniper trees on the west side of the swift, sweet river. And how tender and how kind these heroic men were! I was as a brother to them now—their boy hero. Only the day before I had been merely "Mountain Joe's boy."

He was nursed back to health by friendly Indian women. He became, and always remained, a friend of the Indians, and battled for their rights. He is on record as fighting the Indians in the eastern part of Oregon, but to him they were bad Indians. The Shasta Indians had a cause that appealed to him, and he became what was known, in the days of Indian warfare, as a "white renegade."

In the most delightful prose he tells of some adventures with the Indians in "An Elk Hunt in the Sierras":

AN ELK HUNT IN THE SIERRAS

When it was discovered that gold did not exist in great paying quantities on the headwaters of the Sacramento River, the thousands there who had overrun the land and conquered the Indians melted away. But I had been kindly treated by the Indians, partly, perhaps, because I was the only white boy in the country at that time, and partly, maybe, because I had been badly wounded in a battle against them, and was still weak and helpless after a sort of peace was patched up; and so I went freely among them. The old chief's family was strangely kind to me. He had a very beautiful daughter. But I needed the services of a surgeon, and as the summer passed I set out for the settlements, a hundred miles down the Sacramento River to the south.

Early in the fall of 1855 I reached Shasta City, in my slow journey from Soda Springs, after the battle of Castle Crags, and there had the services of an Italian doctor, who quite healed my wounds and set me once more on my feet. We became greatly attached, and this new friend of the Old World seemed resolved to be my friend indeed. He had a cabin and a mining claim near Shasta City and was counted rich in gold dust. In his cabin he established me, set me to reading all sorts of books, and began to teach me Italian and Spanish. But my heart was not always in that cabin or with my books. Often and often I climbed the highest mountain looking away toward Mount Shasta to the north. Somebody was waiting up there, I knew. I knew that two dark eyes were peering through the dense wood toward the south; two soft brown hands parting the green foliage, looking out the way that I should come, certain that I would come at last. My friend and benefactor had furnished me with a fine horse and the finest saddle that the place could boast; besides, he had armed me like a brigand, clad me in rich, wild fashion, and filled my purse with gold dust. Great plans he had for our future—going to the Old World and resting all the years in Italy. I was not strong enough or yet quite content enough to work much, and so

was often absent, riding, dreaming, planning how to get back to the north and not hurt the kind heart of my new friend. One night when I was absent thus he and his partner were both murdered in their cabin and robbed of their gold. When I returned the cabin was cold and empty.

When the spring came tripping by from the south over the chaparral hills of Shasta, leaving flowers in every footprint as she passed, I set my face for Mount Shasta, the lightest hearted lad that ever mounted horse. A hard day's ride brought me to Portuguese Flat, the last new mining camp and the nearest town to my beloved Mount Shasta. Here I found my former partner in the Soda Springs property, Mountain Joe, and together we went up to Mount Shasta.

The Indian Chief, Blackbeard, gave me a beautiful little valley, then known as Now-ow-wa, but now called by the euphonious (?) name of Squaw Valley, and I built a cabin there. As the winter settled down and the snow fell deep and fast, however, the Indians all retreated down from out the spurs of Mount Shasta and took refuge on the banks of the McCloud River. I nailed up my cabin, and on snowshoes recrossed the fifteen miles of steep and stupendous mountains and got down to winter at my old home, Soda Springs. But a new Yankee partner had got his grasp about the throat of things there, and instead of pitching him out into the snow, I determined to give it all up and set my face where I left my heart, once more, finally and forever, with the Indians. Loaded down with arms and ammunition, one clear, frosty morning in December I climbed up the spur of Mount Shasta, which lay between me and my little valley of snow, and left the last vestige of civilization behind me. It was steep, hard climbing. Sometimes I would sink into the snow to my waist. Sometimes the snow would slide down the mountain and bear me back, half buried, to the place I had started from half an hour before. A marvel that I kept on. But there was hatred behind, there was love before—elements that have built cities and founded empires. As

the setting sun gilded the snowy pines with gold I stood on the lofty summit, looking down into my unpeopled world of snow.

An hour of glorious gliding, darting, shooting on my snowshoes, and I stood on the steep bluff that girt above and about my little valley. A great, strange light, like silver, enveloped the land. Across the valley, on the brow of the mountain beyond, the curved moon, new and white and bright, gleamed before me like a drawn scimitar to drive me back. Down in the valley under me, busy little foxes moved and shuttlecocked across the level sea of snow. But I heard no sound, nor saw any other sign of life. The solitude, the desolation, the silence, was so vast, so actual, that I could feel it—hear it. A strange terror came upon me there. And oh, I wished—how devoutly I wished I never shall forget—that I had not ventured on this mad enterprise. But I had burned my ship. It had been as impossible for me to return, tired, hungry, heartsick as I then was, as it had been for me to lay hold of the bright cold horns of the moon before me. With a sigh I tightened my belt, took up my rifle, which I had leaned against a pine, and once more shot ahead. Breaking open my cabin door, I took off my snowshoes and crept down the steep wall of snow and soon had a roaring fire from the sweet-smelling pine wood that lay heaped in cords against the walls. Seven days I rested there, as lone as the moon in the cold blue above. Queer days! Queer thoughts I had there then. Those days left their impression clearly, as strange creatures of another age had left their footprints in the plastic clay that has become now solid stone. When the mind is so void, queer thoughts get into one's head; and they come and establish themselves and stay. I had some books, and read them all through. Here I first began to write.

On the eighth day my door was darkened, and I sprang up from my work, rifle in hand. Two Indians, brave, handsome young fellows, one my best and dearest friend in all the world, stood before me. And sad tales they told me that night as I feasted them around my great fireplace. The tribe was starving over on

the McCloud! The gold-diggers had so muddied and soiled the waters the season before that the annual run of salmon had failed, the Indians for the first time in centuries had no stores of dried salmon, and they were starving to death by hundreds. And what was still more alarming, for it meant the ultimate destruction of all the Indians concerned, I was told that the natives of Pit River Valley had resolved to massacre all the settlers there. After a day's rest these two Indians, loaded with flour for the famishing tribe, set out to return. Again I was left alone, this time for nearly three weeks. The Indians returned with other young men to carry flour back to the famishing, while we who were strong and rested prepared for a grand hunt for a great band of elk which we knew wintered near the warm springs, high up on the wooded slopes of Mount Shasta. Perhaps I might mention here that this cabin full of provisions had remained untouched all the time of my absence. I will say further that I believe the last Indian would have starved to death rather than have touched one crumb of bread without my permission. These Indians had never yet come in contact with any white man but myself. Such honesty I never knew as I found here. As for their valor and prowess, I can only point you to the Modoc battlefields, where the whole United States Army was held at bay so long nearly twenty years after, and pass on.

After great preparation, we struck out steeply up the mountain, and for three days wallowed through the snow in the dense, dark woods, when we struck the great elk trail. A single trail it was, and looked as if a sawlog had been drawn repeatedly through the snow. The bottom and sides of this trail were as hard and smooth as ice. Perhaps a thousand elk had passed here. They had been breaking from one thicket of maple and other kinds of brush which they feed upon at such times, and we knew they could not have gone far through this snow, which reached above their backs. We hung up our snowshoes now, and, looking to our arms, shot ahead full of delightful anticipation. At last, climbing

a little hill, with clouds of steam rising from the warm springs of that region, we looked down into a little valley of thick undergrowth, and there calmly rested the vast herd of elk. I peered through the brush into the large, clear eyes of a great stag with a head of horns like a rocking-chair. He was chewing his cud, and was not at all disconcerted. It is possible we were not yet discovered. More likely their numbers and strength gave them uncommon courage, and they were not to be easily frightened. I remember my two Indians looked at each other in surprise at their tranquillity. We lay there some time on our breasts in the snow, looking at them. The Indians observed that only the cows were fat and fit to kill. Some of the stags had somehow shed their horns, it seemed. There were no calves. So the Indians were delighted to know that there was yet another herd. We fell back and formed our plan of attack at leisure. It was unique and desperate. We did not want one or two elk, or ten; we wanted the whole herd. Human life depended upon our prowess. A tribe was starving, and we felt a responsibility in our work. It was finally decided to go around and approach by the little stream, so that the herd would not start down it—their only means of escape. It was planned to approach as closely as possible, fire with our rifles at the fattest, then burst in upon them, pistol in hand, and so, breaking their ranks, scatter them in the snow, where the Indians could rush upon them and use the bows and arrows at their backs. Slowly and cautiously we approached up the little warm, willow-lined rivulet, and then, firing our rifles, we rushed into the corral, pistols in hand. The poor, helpless herd was on its feet in a second, all breaking out over the wall of snow, breast high on all sides. Here they wallowed and floundered in the snow, shook their heads, and called helplessly to each other. They could not get on at all. And long after the last shot and the last arrow were spent, I leisurely walked around and looked into the eyes of some of those fat, sleek cows as they lay there, up to their briskets, helpless in the snow. Of course the Indians had no sentiment in

this matter. They wanted only to kill and secure meat for the hungry, and half an hour after the attack on the corral of elk they were quartering the meat and hanging it up in trees secure from the wolves. In this way they hung more than a hundred elk, not taking time to skin or dress them in any way. The tallow was heaped about our camp fire, to be defended against the wolves at night. And such a lot of wolves as came that night! And such a noise, as we sat there feasting about the fire and talking of the day's splendid work. The next morning, loaded with tallow, my two young friends set out on the long, tedious journey to the starving camp on the McCloud River. They were going to bring the whole tribe, or, at least, such of them as could make the trip, and the remainder of our winter was to be spent on Mount Shasta. I was once more left alone. But, as our ammunition at hand was spent, I was in great fear and in real danger of being devoured by wolves. They drew a circle around that camp and laid siege to it like an army of well-drilled soldiers. They would sit down on their haunches not twenty steps away, and look at me in the most appetizing fashion. They would lick their chops as if to say, "We'll get you yet; its only a question of time." And I wish to put it on record that wolves, so far as I can testify, are better behaved than the books tell you they are. They snarled a little at each other as they sat there, over a dozen deep, around me, and even snapped now and then at each other's ears; but I saw not one sign of their eating or attempting to eat each other. By day they kept quiet, and only looked at me. But it was observed that each day they came and sat down a little bit closer. Night, of course, was made to ring with their howls both far and near, and I kept up a great fire.

At last—ah, relief of Lucknow!—my brave boys came back breathless into camp. And after them for days came stringing, struggling, creeping, a long black line of withered, starving, fellow creatures. To see them eat! To see their hollow eyes fill and glow with gratitude! Ah, I have had some few summer days,

some moments of glory, when the heart throbs full and the head tops heaven; but I have known no delight like this I knew there, and never shall. Christmas came and went, and I knew not when, for I had now in my careless happiness and full delight lost all reckoning of time. But, alas, for my dream of lasting rest and peace with these wild people of Mount Shasta! As the birds of spring began to sing a bit, and the snow to soften about our lofty camp, a messenger came stealing tiptoe over from the Pit River Valley. And lo! the Indians had risen, starved and desperate, and murdered every white man there. And I knew that I should be accused of this.

The boy, Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, had this unique experience of the elk hunt. The story of it as related here may have some exaggeration in it, but it is the exaggeration of truth. He wrote the story twenty years after the experience, and it is possible that he added some color, a few additional elk, and made the situation somewhat dramatic. He, however, had the experience in the primitive wilderness, and it was an experience that cannot be duplicated in California, in this generation.

I rode along the Pit River with Joaquin on an October day in 1896, and he told me this story of the Pit River massacre. "I was living at a little camp or rancherie with Black Beard, the Indian chief, and his small tribe of Indians. The white settlers had used the squaws as beasts of burden, had murdered their fathers, brothers, and husbands. The Indians were starving in a land where a few years ago they had plenty. The Indians who saw the whites had full winter stores became restless and planned to kill the whites. It is true that I realized the condition

of the Indians and tried to help them. It is not true that I advised the attack on the whites or that I was with the Indians that were involved in the massacre."

As we drove along the Pit River he showed me some of the pits dug by the Indians, and said: "The river was named after these pits and should be spelled Pit, not Pitt." He then described the location of the massacre and the battle ground, giving in detail the appearance of certain rocks, mounds, and trees. When we arrived at the place he remarked: "I have the sense of a dog to be able to return after forty years to the exact spot." His description of the landscape was accurate, down to the smallest detail.

It was due to the fact that with two friendly Indians he made his way to the Fall River Valley and saw the white men who had been massacred by the Indians, that he was called a "white renegade." He did not know that two of the white men had escaped, and started to Yreka to notify the sheriff of the tragedy. The boy of sixteen, although called in derision Lobos, the fool, was certainly unafraid, and Joaquin and the two friendly Indians with him had a narrow escape from capture and death by the hostile Indians. It was not only a narrow escape, it was a thrilling adventure. He never talked much about the Pit River incident. It had made too deep an impression on his adolescent mind. The battle at Castle Crags, the episode of the arrest and escape from jail, and his experience as a cook, were quite minor events in these few years of adventure compared to the Pit River massacre. In this affair

he was with friendly Indians, but was in danger of hostile tribes, and also of the white settlers who believed that he was a renegade. The situation was such, that the boy turned his face northwest and escaped into Oregon, and never returned to the Shasta region and the people who had known him as Mountain Joe's boy, until he had achieved fame in London. The white renegade, and Lobos, the fool, had either been forgotten, disappeared or had passed on; and Lobos, the fool, had not only become famous, but he had given Mount Shasta, the Sierras, the rivers, the canyons, and the Indians a place in the literature of the world.

After we had gone a few miles beyond the little settlement in the valley, he said: "It was near here that the white men hung the Indian chief. He tried to convince them that he was not a party to the massacre, but it was no use. They placed the rope around his neck, and over the limb of a tree, and just before he was pulled up from the ground he motioned to his daughter to approach. She was tall, well muscled, her bosoms curved, her long black hair hanging over her shoulders. The Indian chief said not a word, his form erect, but with his arm outstretched he pointed towards the North. The Indian maiden turned and without a sigh or tear walked away, silently, to the North. Yes, the Indians are stoical."

In 1896 I visited Yreka with Joaquin. The people gave him great honor and had interesting anecdotes to tell about him in the days of '57. Every saloon claimed to have the identical bullet that Joaquin fired at the Sheriff

and which hit him in the knee. It was claimed he had stolen a horse and the Sheriff was trying to capture him.

D. R. Jones, a well-known educator, resident of Siskiyou County, made a careful research of Joaquin's activities in Scott Valley. It is authentic that he lived at Deadwood, on Indian Creek, for a while, and that he also worked as cook for a Mr. Hurd, who lived on what is known as the island section of Scott Valley. Joaquin, with poetic justice, took a horse, because the man failed to pay him for his labor. He was pursued by the Sheriff and his men, and made a wild ride to Millville, Shasta County, where he left the exhausted horse he was riding in a corral, and took another horse belonging to Thomas Bass. He was finally captured and placed in the jail at Shasta.

There is a document signed by James B. Dix, district attorney of Shasta County, and D. D. Harrell, foreman of the Grand Jury, which states that on July 16, 1859, Cincinnatus Hiner Miller was charged with stealing, driving, and taking away from one Thomas Bass, one gelding horse valued at $85, one saddle valued at $15, and one bridle valued at $5. A posse followed, recovered the horse, and brought Miller back and lodged him in the jail at Shasta. In the middle of the night an Indian girl came and sawed through the bars and liberated him. There is no doubt that he led a wild, free life among the Indians and miners, and the settlers of the Shasta region from 1855 to 1859. He also, during these years, made several trips to Mexico, across the Colorado desert, and the poppy-covered plains of California.

How did his wild free life affect his creative work? How did it influence his character?

In answer to a question I asked about his life in the Shasta region he plaintively replied, "I could not have been a very bad man. I was less than seventeen years of age when I left this country."

Soon after the Pit River massacre Joaquin escaped from California and returned to his parents in Oregon. A new personality dominated him. The change in him was radical and complete. He had arrived at the crossroads of life and traveled both roads to the end. His delinquency from the high moral rules and regulations of society was no little detour. His physical self traveled a long, long trail with death at the end, and his spiritual self took a road that led to the stars and his championship of the right. He was a real Sir Galahad. The wild life of the cabin, the wigwam, and the camp was eliminated, and he became a student in a classical college in which the president and the professors were of austere morals. A new personality now dominated him. He became the poet of his class, a student of the bible, of Trench on words, and of Shakespeare. The horse thief became a teacher in a rural school, the cook became an editor, and the white renegade became a Judge. What brought about this change? Perhaps his narrow escape from death in the Pit River massacre. Perhaps his hereditary urge to peace, poetry, and teaching dominated him as he edged out of his underdone years.

After teaching school for a brief term in Clarke, Washington Territory, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1861 by George S. Williams, formerly Mayor of Portland, and ex-Attorney General under President Grant. In 1862, with Isaac Mossman, he established the Pony Express. He was known as the best horseback rider in the country. The Pony Express was one of the most picturesque and romantic features in the development of the West. Joaquin rode the Pony Express of Millersburg, Idaho, to Walla Walla, Washington. He rode along some historic trails of Lewis and Clark, the explorers of 1805–1806. It was a profitable enterprise, and when he and Mossman decided to dissolve partnership it was done in true western style. The gold dust was placed on a table, Joaquin separated it in two parts, and Mossman was given first choice. Isaac Mossman, thirty years later, hunted up his old partner on The Hights. He held out an empty hand to Joaquin. Joaquin filled it, gave him a home, work, and money.

The money Joaquin accumulated in the Pony Express he used to purchase a paper in Eugene, to pay off a mortgage on his father's farm, and to marry Minnie Myrtle Dyer. The newspaper was suppressed by the government. He expressed in his editorials a plea for peace and sympathetic consideration for our brothers south of the Mason–Dixon line. Since he was not permitted to issue his paper, he moved to Canyon City. Then he began to take himself seriously as a poet, and began the study of expression that led to the production of the songs that made him

famous. The Indians in Eastern Oregon threatened to exterminate the white settlers. The people elected Joaquin as their captain, and he led a body of troops against the Indians. The following interview with Joseph D. Myers, by Beatrice B. Beebe of Eugene, gives an interesting account of the campaign against the Indians:

CAMP LINCOLN,
South Fork of John Day's River,
April 17, 1864.

SIR: For the information of the general commanding the district, I have the honor to submit the following report of events which have transpired in this vicinity since my arrival: With fifteen men of the cavalry detachment under my command, I reached Canyon City on the nineteenth of March last, and learned that a few days previous about one hundred animals (mules and horses) had been stolen from Mr. Davis's ranch—two miles below the town—and about half of them driven off into the mountains to the westward. Mr. Davis, with about thirty men, was in pursuit of them with a few days' supplies. . . . On the twenty-second a messenger advised me that Mr. Davis had returned for provisions and reënforcements, having tracked the animals to the vicinity of Harney Lake, where they had found much Indian sign, and where twenty of the pursuing party were encamped awaiting supplies. I was further informed that a party of thirty men would go out from Canyon City immediately to assist in carrying on the pursuit. I immediately wrote the chief of the party requesting that a guide be sent me, that I might meet and coöperate with them. . . . On the twenty-fourth, with eighteen men and twenty days' supplies, I began the march. We reached Harney Valley—about sixty miles south of Canyon City—on the thirtieth. We found a body of fifty-four citizens under command of C. H. Miller, whom they had elected as captain.

So read sections of the first portion of a report made by Lieutenant James A. Waymire, then adjutant of the First Oregon Cavalry, stationed at The Dalles. Serving as a corporal under Lieutenant Waymire was Joseph Myers, then a youth of twenty-five. Today, at the age of eighty-nine, he retains a very clear picture of C. H. Miller, mentioned in the report as leader of the

civilians—the man who was later to become known throughout the world as the "Poet of the Sierras."

The country in which the soldiers under Waymire, coming from The Dalles, and the volunteer company under Miller, coming from Canyon City, met to combine forces against the Indians, was made up of a number of valleys, dry during the winters but fed by streams of the melting mountain snows during the warmer portions of the year.

As the party progressed they frequently sighted Indian horsemen at a distance, and on many occasions found traces of Indian encampment. Among these latter were bones and bits of half-cooked horseflesh. The number of abandoned furs and blankets, and the fresh remains of fires, all pointed to the fact that the Indians had decamped in haste. Their trails led ever toward the mountains to the west.

Finally, in the early dawn of April 7, smoke arising about three miles from where the whites were camped caused Waymire to send four of his men under Sergeant Casteel to investigate and report as soon as possible, following Waymire's men and the citizens under Joaquin Miller.

Indian tracks were thick over the valley, but by this time the horses of the whites were worn out and half starved, so progress was necessarily slow. The trail led at length to a gulch. About a hundred yards from this a body of Indian horsemen filed out of a narrow canyon and took position on a prominent sage ridge—a point that extended down almost to the gulch and was covered with a thick growth of sagebrush.

It was plainly evident that the Indians had been surprised and had determined to stop the further progress of the whites, as they realized if the whites gained the canyon—through which it was necessary to pass to reach the level country beyond—the latter, although few in numbers, could hold it against even a large force.

Meanwhile Sergeant Casteel and his four men had been taken by the Indians. It was later learned that the men had been killed,

but that Sergeant Casteel escaped and made his way to Southern Oregon. The Indians at Klamath Falls claimed to have followed him some two hundred miles to the Umatilla Reserve, where they killed him.

Waymire opened fire on the red men and an all-day skirmish followed. In the late morning, with the odds greatly against them, the whites decided to make an effort to gain a hill about three-quarters of a mile to the east, which would afford a spot of comparative safety. Accordingly, Corporal Myers and five men were ordered to take that hill at all hazards. One of Miller's men had been wounded by an Indian bullet earlier in the day, and a physician and six of the civilians had carried him to a bench on one side of the hill. Toward this spot the whites, many of them on foot, their horses having been wounded, made as rapid a march as possible. It was feared that the Indians had already reached the other side. The whites must take that hill or they would be lost. Myers and his men reached there just in time, and met the Indians at the top, making it only by a few seconds.

On the top of this hill was a huge rock, large enough to hide a company of horsemen. If the Indians had made that it would have been all up with Myers and his soldiers. Here the remainder of the whites soon joined them for about an hour's rest.

Just after the battle thirty-seven Indians marched by on horses, but their supply of ammunition was running low, so the whites did not open fire again.

"We had but forty rounds of ammunition assigned to each man for the 400-mile round trip, so we had to go easy," said Mr. Myers, as he told me of his experience. "We had only about fifteen rounds per man left, so you see we were darned lucky to get back home at all. The odds were against us at all times, as we were outnumbered by the Indians, who, in addition, knew the country and could make use of all the gaps and canyons to surround the whites."

"Did the Indians have any means of signaling to each other for the perfecting of their attack?" I inquired.

"Yes, they had a mode of telegraphy made by waving a blanket up and down over a smoldering fire to cause puffs of smoke to rise high in the air."

"Were the Indians using guns or arrows?"

"Both. They seemed to be well supplied with good guns, and had plenty of bullets cut from wagon end-gate rods."

"Did the Indians fight like the whites?" I queried.

Mr. Myers's eyes danced as he replied, "Well, not exactly. You see, the Indians advanced with a yell such as fairly raised the hair on my head. Bloodcurdling it was. But soon the whites followed their example and evolved yells of their own, which, I have no doubt, struck as much fear into the hearts of the Indians as theirs did into ours.

"When the Indians fought on horseback they discarded their blankets and advanced attired only in breechcloths. As one came within gunshot, all that could be seen of the rider was one foot. They certainly could ride."

Evidently the Indians lacked a leader, for the whites were able to retreat in safety through the one unguarded gap.

Waymire's report continues:

We reached camp an hour after dark, and late at night the remainder of the command, except Sergeant Casteel's party, arrived. Our loss was very light. One of the citizens was wounded in the breast, but not seriously. Some of the horses were wounded, and several belonging to the citizen volunteers gave out and were left behind. As the enemy held his ground it is impossible to ascertain his loss. Many of the Indian warriors, and several of their horses, were seen to fall, either killed or seriously wounded. . . . On the sixteenth we arrived at this camp. Our expedition had occupied twenty-four days, the road in many places was almost impassable, the grass had just begun to grow, and it is not good for feeding purposes before the first of July. It is my opinion that we encountered no less than 150 Indians on the seventh instant, and possibly twice that number. They have many animals, most of which have been stolen from the whites, and they may number several hundred strong.

"Did you have much to do with Joaquin Miller?" I asked.

"There wasn't time for anything but fighting. Of course the Indians never attacked at night, but we were too exhausted by that time to do anything but get some sleep. I do remember that Miller, who was about my age, rode a mule which was crippled in the fight, and that he fought bareheaded, having tied his hat to the saddle. He was only Cincinnatus Hiner Miller and not at all famous then, you know, and there was no time for poetry, so I never dreamed then that some day he would be world known. I saw him but once in later years, just after he was back from Alaska. At that time he remarked that sometime he would write up the battle, but he never did."

Fort Harney was founded on the spot where Joaquin Miller met the force under Lieutenant Waymire, and the trail followed by the whites is now known as the Joaquin Miller trail. At present this is being improved by public funds. Thus did Waymire, Miller, Myers, and their confederates contribute a chapter to the history of the winning of the West.

The following extracts from Joaquin's "True Bear Stories," published by Rand McNally & Co. of Chicago, are typical of his keen observation of animal life during his adolescent period around Mount Shasta and in Oregon.

An Indian will not kill a rattlesnake. But to break the charm, in this case, they caught their companion by the shoulders and forced him back flat on the ground. And there he lay, crying like a child, the first and only Indian I ever saw cry. And then suddenly: Boom! Boom! Boom! as if heaven burst. It began to rain in torrents.

And just then, as we began to breathe freely and feel safe, there came a crash and bump and bang above our heads, and high over our heads from off the ledge behind us! Over our

heads like a rocket, in an instant, and clear into the water, leaped a huge black bear, a ball of fire, his fat sides in flame! He sank out of sight, but soon came up, spun around like a top, dived again, then again spun around—but he got across, I am glad to say. And this always pleases my little girl, Juanita. He sat there on the bank looking back at us quite a time. Finally he washed his face, like a cat, then quietly went away. The rattlesnake was the last to cross. The beautiful yellow beast was not at all disconcerted, but with the serenest dignity lifted her yellow folds, coiled and uncoiled slowly, curved high in the air, arched her glittering neck of gold, widened her body till broad as your two hands, and so slid away over the water to the other side through the wild white rain. The cloud-burst put out the fire instantly, showing that, though animals have superhuman foresight, they don't know everything before the time.

MUSIC-LOVING BEARS

No, don't despise the bear, either in his life or in his death. He is a kingly fellow, every inch a king; a curious, monkish, music-loving, roving Robin Hood of his somber woods—a silent monk who knows a great deal more than he tells. And please don't go to look at him and sit in judgment on him behind the bars. Put yourself in his place and see how much of manhood or kinghood would be left in you with a muzzle on your mouth, and only enough liberty left to push your nose between two rusty bars and catch the peanut which the good little boy has found to be a bad one and so generously tosses to the bear.

Of course, the little boy, remembering the experience of about forty other little boys in connection with the late bald-headed Elijah, has a prejudice against the bear family; but why the full-grown man should so continually persist in caging this shaggy-coated, dignified, kingly, and ancient brother of his, I cannot see, unless it is that he knows almost nothing at all of his better nature, his shy, innocent love of a joke, his partiality for music, and

his imperial disdain of death. And so, with a desire that man may know a little more about this storied and classic creature which, with noiseless and stately tread, has come down to us out of the past and is as quietly passing away from the face of the earth, these fragmentary facts are set down.

But first as to his love of music. A bear loves music better than he loves honey, and that is saying that he loves music better than he loves his life.

We were going to mill, Father and I and Lyte Howard, in Oregon, about forty years ago, with ox teams, a dozen or two bags of wheat—threshed with a flail and winnowed with a wagon cover—and were camped for the night by the Calapooya River, for it took two days to reach the mill. Lyte got out his fiddle, keeping his gun, of course, close at hand. Pretty soon the oxen came down—came very close, so close that they almost put their cold, moist noses against the backs of our necks as we sat there on the ox yokes or reclined in our blankets around the crackling pine-log fire, and listened to the wild, sweet strains that swept up and down and up till the very tree tops seemed to dance and quiver with delight.

Then suddenly Father seemed to feel the presence of something or somebody strange, and I felt it, too. But the fiddler felt, heard, saw nothing but the divine, wild melody that made the very pine trees dance and quiver to their tips. Oh, for the pure, wild, sweet, plaintive music once more—the music of "Money Musk," "Zip Coon," "Ol' Dan Tucker," and all the other dear old airs that once made a thousand happy feet keep time on the puncheon floors from Hudson's bank to the Oregon! But they are no more, now. They have passed away forever with the Indian, the pioneer, and the music-loving bear. It is strange how a man—I mean the natural man—will feel a presence long before he hears it or sees it. You can always feel the approach of a—but I forget. You are of another generation, a generation that only reads, takes thought at second hand only, if at all, and you would not under-

stand; so let us get forward and not waste time in explaining the unexplainable to you.

Father got up, turned about, put me behind him, as an animal will its young, and peered back and down through the dense tangle of the deep river bank between two of the huge oxen which had crossed the plains with us to the water's edge. Then he reached around and drew me to him with his left hand, pointing between the oxen sharp down the bank with his right forefinger.

A bear! Two bears! And another coming! One already more than halfway across on the great, mossy log that lay above the deep, sweeping waters of the Calapooya! And Lyte kept on, and the wild, sweet music leaped up and swept through the delighted and dancing boughs above. Then Father reached back to the fire and thrust a long, burning bough deeper into the dying embers and the glittering sparks leaped and laughed and danced and swept out and up and up as if to companion with the stars. Then Lyte knew. He did not hear, he did not see, he only felt; but the fiddle forsook his fingers and his chin in a second, and his gun was to his face with the muzzle thrust down between the oxen. And then my father's gentle hand reached out, lay on that long, black, Kentucky rifle barrel, and it dropped down and slept once more at the fiddler's side, and again the melodies; and the very stars came down, believe me, to listen, for they never seemed so big and so close by before. The bears sat down on their haunches at last, and one of them kept opening his mouth and putting out his red tongue, as if he really wanted to taste the music. Every now and then one of them would lift up a paw and gently tap the ground, as if to keep time with the music. And both my papa and Lyte said next day that those bears really wanted to dance.

I go mostly to his own writings for his early life and activities. He was always indefinite in relating his experiences and adventures. In his novels and long poems he gives pictures of scenes and events, but as they say of some

modern writers for the screen, his continuity is not good. There is frequently absent a middle and an end. He has so many different approaches to his adventures in his life that it is very difficult to get a clear vision of the same without a careful analysis. He admits that if you allow for poetic license, his stories of his life are literally true. His youngest brother, George Melvin Miller of Eugene, Oregon, in an interview with Beatrice B. Beebe gives a graphic account of his early life, in the *Oregonian* of Sunday, October 23, 1928, which differs somewhat in the method of approach—but not in the essential facts from his autobiography. The poem of four lines from his diary is worthy of Dorothy Parker, author of "Sunset Guns," or a gem from Edna St. Vincent De Milay. This may be his first poem, but I doubt it. Anyhow, first poems are not necessarily an indication of genius, and are not sufficiently standardized or classified to be the basis of an intelligent test.

". . . But you see, he and another boy, Will Willoughby, started out to school together one morning, and what happened en route made them decide to run away from home. The road to the schoolhouse wound about the foot of a crag that towered high over the peaceful valley. There were many nice large rocks planted at the top of that cliff, seemingly for the special delight of small boys, so the two lads climbed up and amused themselves by rolling rocks until disaster happened that put an end to their fun and the fear of dire consequences into their hearts. One lovely big rock was not careful where it was going and collided with a gentle cow, doing considerable damage to her pride as well as to her anatomy. The boys fled in terror, which increased as the day passed, so, after their school hours were finished they

talked things over and decided to make their way as speedily as possible to the southern part of the state, where they were sure they could secure work in the mines.

"We waited for Nat to come home, and when a few days had passed and neither of the boys had put in an appearance, the two fathers set out on horseback to overtake them; but the boys had too good a start, and so the men returned home alone. Father had great faith in Nat. He was always reliable and old for his age. We did not see him again for some years.

"He found work in the mines, but was not strong enough to do a man's labor, so he helped with the cooking and the washing of dishes in the camp. He kept a diary all this time. I remember one of the entries ran like this:

> " 'You ask me when shall I go home?
> I really cannot tell, sir.
> I really haven't half the chance to go there,
> As I have to go to hell, sir.'

"So I imagine there were times when he longed to see the home folks, although he was never really lonely when with Nature.

"I was but a very little chap when he did return, but I can see him yet in his beaded buckskin costume. After the work in the mines had proved to be too heavy for his strength, he lived among the Indians and had hoped to be able to aid the red man in his dealings with the whites toward the securing of equity. But the violent opposition and prejudice of the white people made this work impossible and so he came home to continue his schooling.

"He attended the old Columbia College, forerunner of the University of Oregon, located on what was then called College Hill—now the College Crest district of Eugene—and became an excellent scholar of Latin and Greek. When he graduated in 1859 he

was valedictorian of his class and wrote his valedictory address in poetry. One stanza only of it do I recall:

" 'We are parting, schoolmates, parting,
And this evening sun will set
On gay hearts with sorrow starting,
On bright eyes with weeping wet.'

"Shortly after this occasion the college building was destroyed by fire."

"And did he then give his life to writing?" I asked, as Mr. Miller sat lost in reverie.

"Not immediately. He followed in the footsteps of my father and became a teacher, going to a little school not far from Vancouver, Washington. While there he became interested in the Salmon River mines. He soon joined forces with a man by the name of Mossman and ran the Pony Express from the mines to Walla Walla. This he did winter and summer until he had accumulated $10,000 in gold. Then he came home, spread the money on the floor, and told my parents to take what they needed. He always thought of them first. With the remainder he set up a printing establishment in Eugene and published the Eugene City *Review*. On the side, he studied law. All went well until the government forbade him the use of the mails on a charge that he was a sympathizer with the Southern Confederacy."

Eugene must have been a small enough place at that time, for Mr. Miller told of an incident he and his brother had in ridding Nat's woodshed of an intruding sow and her numerous litter of baby pigs. The town of Eugene was not yet incorporated and the cattle were allowed to run at large.

"My brother Joaquin lived then on the southeast corner of what is now Fifth and Oak streets. The butcher's hogs seemed to take particular delight in housing themselves at night in the woodshed, and the continuous squealing of the young porkers

was very annoying. At length, Joaquin decided to rid the place of the pests, and so called on me to assist him by driving the animals out of the barn. My brother was an excellent shot, but my father never fired a gun. On the way across the plains his only weapon of defense was the bible. And it did more to protect his family, father often told us, than any gun could ever have accomplished. On one occasion hostile Indians circled the wagons, to the terror of my mother. But when they saw my father's reverent attitude of prayer, they were so impressed with the belief that he was actually talking to the Great Spirit that they rode away, leaving behind them a little family thanking God for deliverance.

"But Joaquin could shoot, single or double. I remember once when he and father were driving in the wagon and I was coming along on horseback, that he shot grouse without having the wagon stop even for an instant. That was a wonderful feat in the eyes of his young brother. Well, to get back to the old sow. I drove her and her brood out as per Joaquin's order, and as she rushed across the yard with flapping ears raised, he fired a bullet which passed through both ears. She was not badly hurt, but bled profusely and was a sorry looking sight. The butcher was furious and threatened to bring suit for damages. But my brother's knowledge of the law served him well, for he made the butcher understand that the sow was a trespasser on his property."

"Did he ever practice law?" I asked.

"After the government stopped the distribution of his paper through the mails, he sold his press and with the money bought cattle and fruit trees, and started out over the McKenzie pass to Canyon City. I helped him pack the horse with young fruit trees, which later were planted in the new home, the first orchard in that section, and which stands there to this day. He must have been popular with his associates, for he was elected County Judge of Grant County at a time when that included approximately one third of the State of Oregon.

"It was while he lived in that section that the Indians raided and stampeded the white men's pack horses. Stationed in Canyon City at the time was a small detachment of regular soldiers, and Joaquin organized an additional company of thirty men, and the two groups set out to overtake the Indians and recover their horses. Whites and reds met in Harney County, but the end was a disastrous one. Four of the regulars and two of the volunteers were killed and the horses were not recovered.

"It does not seem to be generally known that my brother received severe wounds in skirmishes with the Indians, which left ugly scars on his neck. It was to cover these that he cultivated the long beard which may have been regarded by those unacquainted with this fact as merely the result of personal eccentricity.

"It was also while he lived in that section of the state that he wrote his first book which he entitled 'Specimens.' From then on his life was devoted to writing, although he had to go to England to get a real literary start. But the world knows all about that."

"As you think of Joaquin, Mr. Miller, what is your most vivid recollection of his personality?" I queried. I was curious to know. The answer came with a promptness that almost startled me.

"His respect for his parents. No boy ever better obeyed the commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' than did my brother. His brief autobiography pays tribute to them which came from the bottom of his heart. I can remember to this day how he would stop at some house long before he reached home and change his clothes, always wearing the best he had in honor of his parents. Not many boys would think of doing that. But then, he lived up to all the commandments, it seems to me. I never heard him speak unkindly of another, no matter what the occasion for criticism."

The following tribute, written a few years after the death of Joaquin's father, repeats some of the experiences

given in the excerpts from his autobiography. However, the approach is so different, and the tribute of a son to his father so rich in sentiment, and so characteristic, that no part of it is deleted. Monuments of stone have but little meaning compared to such testimonials as Joaquin wrote. The last paragraph of this tribute brings out in dramatic relief Joaquin's belief in God and immortality.

HULINGS MILLER

Died in Oregon, March, 1873

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

I always liked the ancient Roman custom where the son said some last farewell words of love and sympathy over his dead; and I ask you to let me say a few words in memory of my father who died last year on his little farm in Oregon. For who are nearer to me than those to whom I have given my best thought, the best years of my life? Who can better sympathize with me or will bear with me better than those who have been with me so long and borne with me in the battle of this life through all these pages? My father's father lies in a forgotten grave at old Fort Meigs, Ohio, where he fell, under Harrison, in the War of 1812; and my father was born about that time, in Cincinnati, where he received a good education—for that day—and where he afterward became a merchant. But his singularly shy and sensitive nature quite unfitted him for commercial intercourse with his fellows, and giving this up, he retired to the little village or settlement called Liberty, Union County, Indiana, and began life in the wilderness as a school teacher. Here he married. My mother's name was Witt. But my quiet, Quakerlike father did not seem destined to prosper in this world's ways, anywhere, or in anything at all, and after vibrating between Cincinnati and the little village on the Ohio and Indiana line for three or four years, during which time

I and my two brothers were born, he set out, with his wife and three infant children, to push his way still farther into the wilderness.

He settled in a dense forest in what was then called the Miami Reserve, near the Mississinewa River, Marion, Grant County, Indiana. Here, alone, and with his own hands—quite unused then to such toil—he, with the help of my mother, built a little log cabin and cleared off a little patch of ground. The first recollection of my life is that of waking up suddenly one night and looking out of the little open window at the burning brush heaps, where my parents, side by side, were still toiling away while the world rested. And from that time forth I search my memory in vain for one day of rest from hard manual toil for these two patient and uncomplaining people, outside of the Sabbath, which, of course, was always kept sacred. How snowy white was that cabin floor, hewn out of the forest by my father's hand; how clean and bright the blazing hearth; how cheery the few flowers that struggled up out of the strange wild soil about this lonely little cabin door!

But the fever and ague fell almost continually upon us all, and we did not get on. My poor parents gradually became discouraged, and a gloom and sadness settled down upon them forever; but I never heard one word of impatience or complaint. Never was one unkind word spoken in that little cabin. I never knew there were such things as tobacco, whisky, oaths, or cross words until years afterwards, when we fell in with the great caravans crossing the plains; but I can see now that my parents were sadly, hopelessly discouraged.

As the country slowly settled up about us my father again taught school; but his three little boys he kept quite exclusive and all to himself. Sometimes, it is is true, we were allowed to go with him to school, along the path through the thick wood; but it was a long walk and we did not go often. He taught us to read by our cabin fire, and he read to us during all the spare time he

had. He never allowed us to mix with other children, and, indeed, I think we did not care for other company than ourselves. He put us to work, as soon as we were able, picking brush or pulling weeds, and we never knew what it was to play. For my own part, I know I never had a top, or marble, or toy of any kind in my life, and never knew any of the games familiar to children.

My mother spun and wove our scant clothing out of the flax which she grew in a corner of the little clearing, and I remember it seemed to me the grandest day of my life when the shoemaker came late one fall to measure me for my first pair of shoes.

But all this time my poor father seemed to grow more sad, silent, and thoughtful each year. By and by there was talk of the land coming into market, and, as we had no money yet to pay for it, he went out to work by the day at a mill which was being built over on the river, three miles away. It was a lonesome walk through the woods, and my father would have to set out before daylight and return from his work after dark. A day's work then meant the whole day. One night, as he neared home, the wolves chased him, and he had to take shelter in a tree. Mother heard his cries for help, and she took a hickory-bark torch and went out and frightened away the wolves and brought him safely to the cabin. His wages were fifty cents a day, a small sum; but he counted it a great favor to get the job, for it enabled him finally to secure one hundred acres of land. And oh, how happy he was to have this, his first home, for his little family!

They made him justice of the peace. The people were always making him justice of the peace as long as he lived; but he never would allow any trouble to come to trial. I know he sometimes spent half the night, after his day's toil, running about among the neighbors, settling up misunderstandings which they wanted to settle by law.

The first year we planted corn on the new, wild land so full of stumps and snags and trees, so rank with nettles and thistles and

all the thousand nameless weeds. The squirrels seemed to come by thousands. They sat down in siege around that little field, as if determined to take up the last grain. My father had encouraged these little squirrels about the place. He liked to see them, to hear them chatter in the boughs above, and rustle through the leaves. They broke the awful monotony and solitude, and gave his sad and patient soul companionship; but now it seemed as if they would be his ruin. He borrowed a gun, and one sultry spring afternoon he took the gun on his shoulder, and, taking me with him to carry the game, we set out to go around the field and destroy the squirrels; but, as we went on around the field, he did not try to shoot them. Back of the field we sat down in the dense woods, and there he began to threaten them with the gun. "Bunny! Bunny! Don't you go in there! If you do I will shoot you dead!" He would raise the gun, and with great show of anger, frighten them away. And so the sun went down while my father was trying to get courage to break the hush and sweet tranquillity of the scene by shooting one of his little companions of the wilderness.

Mother met us at the door, and handing her the gun he said, timidly and half regretfully, "No, no, Margaret, I can't shoot them, and I won't try to do it any more." Nor did he ever again take a gun in his hand. My father never fired a gun in his life. I know it is hard to understand how a man can live the best half of a century in the wilderness, among wild beasts and wilder men, and never have use for arms or ever get angry. But such was my father, and it was this sweet nature of his that makes his memory so dear, and speaks more for him than all that tongue or pen can ever say. And yet my father was the bravest man I ever knew. I know of not another man in the history of the West who ever set out—unarmed and almost alone—with his little family, to cross the plains. I remember some Indians came into camp one Sunday while we were at prayers. They did not speak, but soon passed on. We were never disturbed the whole weary seven

months' journey. But many men who were armed and constantly on the alert were killed.

But I am anticipating, and ought to tell here what became of the little bit of land so hardly won in the Indian Reserve in Indiana. Hardly had it been paid for and a good foothold established when a clock peddler, with his son, came along with a wagonload of clocks. This sort of incipient Jim Fisk professed to fall ill, and, being so very eager to get rid of his clocks and return to Boston, persuaded my sympathetic and simple-hearted father to give him a mortgage and take the load of clocks. And so it was that the little home was lost and we set out for Oregon; but, being still poor, we had to stop a year or two in other places and work for teams and supplies before venturing across the Missouri.

When we reached Oregon and settled, the government gave father and mother each 160 acres of land, as it did all settlers at that time, and here we again built a cabin and planted flowers and fruit trees in the dooryard. But the terrible journey, the peril, the care of three little children—all this had been too much for mother. Her mind gave way at intervals now, and father's life was the saddest, loneliest in the world.

It was a pleasant spot we found—a high, long, grassy ridge, running down from the great dark wooded Sierras in the rear, through the rich, level Camas Valley. And here my father lived and toiled for more than thirty years. I think he never, in all that time, went a hundred miles away from his home. He had had travel enough crossing the plains; and then he was at work all the time, working with his hands, plowing, planting—making beautiful the new world about him. He grew a little forest of fir and pine and locust on the bare, grassy ridge; and the grouse and pheasants and quails came down out of the dark Sierras and made their homes there. And they ate his fruit and berries—the old story of the squirrels. But the most ungrateful of all the creatures that he encouraged to come and live around him was the

eagle. One spring my father and brothers kept missing the lambs. The Indians were set on the watch for wolves. My brother scoured the country with dogs. Still the lambs grew fewer in number each day. One morning my father heard a loud bleating in the air. Looking up, he saw one of his long-cherished and greatly admired eagles sweeping away toward the Sierras with a crying lamb in his claws.

It would seem that anyone ought to have grown rich here in these early days. Many did; and, indeed, my father oftentimes was far from poor; but when he had anything ahead worth plotting for, the old story of the Yankee with the clocks, in some form or another, would be repeated, and my gentle father's sympathies would again run away with him and his money, so hardly earned. And then poor, dear mother!

When secretly setting out for London, to publish a book, I went to pay my poor parents a visit at the little farm on the ridge, I found my father plowing in the field, and he seemed to be in great trouble. Finally he stopped the team, and as we sat down on the plow to rest he told me that he had been helping somebody, and had, unknown to us all, got a debt of near a thousand dollars on his shoulders, which he could not pay without giving a mortgage. Well, I figured over the probable cost of my trip, and found that by taking second- and third-class tickets, I could make the journey and save the thousand dollars. And so there, sitting on the plow, the sweet-smelling plowed ground under our feet, and his great, proud eagles circling overhead toward the dark summits of the Sierras, we solved the great little financial trouble, and I got his tears of gratitude in ten thousand times compensation. But soon he was again trying to help somebody, and this time there fell a mortgage on his bit of land. How glad I was, in less than a year, to send back to him such a story of glory and success through the newspapers as to make him believe that we should never again need a dollar. And he was permitted to go to his grave in the full belief of the innocent fiction that one of his family, at least, had

escaped from the thraldom of poverty in the wilderness and had fame and fortune for his own. And for this I am thankful. It cheered him and, with true and unselfish pleasure, lightened the last days of the gentlest being I ever knew.

My friends, this is all. Pardon this rambling sketch; but I am not equal to any eulogium. And then, somehow, I think he would not like it. You can see, by what I have already said, what kind of a man he was—good to others, all the time good to others; so unselfish, so hard-working; a very humble man, it is true, and working in humblest ways. But God manages that, I think. Let me conclude with a few lines of my Oregon brother's letter.

"His work is over. The poor, tired hands that labored so long and faithfully are now crossed to rest forever. The weary feet that wandered so far to find a home, wander no more now. Peace! Peace! Peace!"

Shall the dead live again? My friends, I cannot prove to you that the dead will rise again. I cannot prove to you that the sun will rise again. But I surely believe it will. And I as surely believe the dead will rise again. Oh, why should man perish utterly? Blow a little thistle seed far away, a little thing no bigger than a pin's point; let it fall on the dark earth, even though it be in the farthest corner of the world, yet it will in the springtime come forth a lovely flower, perfect in its kind. And man is surely as much to God as a little thistledown.

Joaquin became so popular in Eastern Oregon that his name was proposed for a place on the supreme bench. His wife had gone to her parents at Port Orford. She had become dissatisfied with his devotion to his books and his writings. She felt that she was neglected. Joaquin presumed that she would return. He went to Portland in the interest of his candidacy for Supreme Judge and to his utter surprise and consternation his wife filed, on the morning

of the convention and on the advice of her attorney, suit for divorce without seeing him. Oregon was settled largely by men of strong religious principles, and a divorce suit meant political disaster to Joaquin. He withdraw his name as a candidate, bought a ticket to San Francisco, and began a journey that took him to all parts of the world and brought him international fame as a poet.

The following letters are of unusual interest. These letters give an insight into the character, personality, and activities of Joaquin after he had given up the wild free life around Mount Shasta and became a Judge and a man of affairs. These few letters show the influence of the education at the little pioneer college at Eugene, and the home environment and hereditary influence. They also contradict the persistent rumors that Joaquin was financially irresponsible. The original copies of these are held by Phrene Miller, niece of Joaquin, and a daughter of James Miller.

Canyon City, Oregon, April 28, 1868.

Mrs. Ella Luckey, Warm Spring, Res.

Dear Sister: I don't know as you have a photograph of my face, therefore enclose you this. You will please preserve it. I may not have any more taken. Last week I sent you a small volume of my poems.* I desire that you have them *bound* so that you can keep them while you live. You will direct the binder to put heavy state and fly leaves on the sides so as to give it bulk. If finely bound with the title "Specimens" and the author's name on the side, it will be a nice ornament for your center table. They can be bound in Portland.

*This book was evidently "Specimens." "Joaquin Et Al." was published later.

If I live another year or two, I will publish a large book and have it bound and put in market.

Had a letter from Minnie this week. She has been very ill—is better—will start on to the Coast soon.

I hope this letter will find your health improving and you completely and happily arranged in your new home. How far are you from The Dalles,—or the Canyon City House? I propose to travel around this summer all I can and possibly will visit you after the June term of court.

You will give my love to Mr. Luckey and please to be so kind as to answer my letter and let me know if you received the little book,—how you like it, etc. Though I believe you never were much of a hand for such reading.

I met James Luckey and Lady in Portland and suppose they are with you at the reservation. I suppose, my little sister, you are too kind hearted to need to be told to treat Emma as a sister, regardless of her misfortune of birth. I think Emma is a dear, good girl, and from the way she has tried to get along she has shown herself worthy not only of respect, but *admiration*. I hope James Luckey will do all in his power to make her comfortable and happy.

Patiently waiting to hear from you all, I remain, my dear sister, truly your brother,

C. H. Miller.

Canyon City Oregon
January 10, 1869

Dear Towheaded Sister:* I see by the *Mountaineer* that James is in The Dalles. I don't see why he has not written to me, but suppose he is well and in good spirits. Captain McKay told me you had got very healthy. Very glad am I to hear it. I am about well

* This is the sister to whom he wrote the poem "When Little Sister Came," published in the *Century* and the favorite poem of Stuart P. Sherman, editor of "The Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller," published by G. P. Putnam & Sons. The sister died while quite young. His suggestions to his sister about his photograph and book are certainly quaint and typical of his childlike simplicity and delightful ego.

I think, but I have suffered *awful* in the last year or two. I am doing extraordinarily well and hope sometime to leave these mountains and live in civilization. Read my New Year's editorial in the —— —— —— paper and tell me how you like it.

John writes me very long letters. He is well and doing well, I believe.

This is a sweet winter sure, and we are enjoying ourselves. I am writing a book. The babies and puss are up at Dixie visiting. They will stay about a week. I took them there in a buggy yesterday. It is the first time they have been from home since they came up.

No snow here yet and but little ice.

Give my compliments to John and James and Lucy, and write to me at your first leisure. Truly your brother,

C. H. Miller.

WHEN LITTLE SISTER CAME

We dwelt in the woods of the Tippecanoe,
In a lone, lost cabin, with never a view
Of the full day's sun for a whole year through.
With strange half hints through the russet corn,
We three were hurried one night. Next morn
There was frost on the trees, and a sprinkle of snow,
And tracks on the ground. We burst through the door,
And a girl baby cried—and then we were four.

We were not sturdy, and we were not wise—
In the things of the world, and the ways men dare;
A pale-browed mother with a prophet's eyes,
A father that dreamed and looked anywhere,
Three brothers—wild blossoms, tall-fashioned as men,
And we mingled with none, but we lived as when
The pair first lived, ere they knew the fall;
And loving all things we believed in all.

The following letters to his brothers James and George reveal his many-sided personality, and the generous and financial interest he took in his relatives. He did not even forget his horse "Jeff."

Canyon City Oregon
November 17, 1868

James H. Miller, Esq., Warm Springs, Res.

Dear Brother: Your letter of late date from the above place, finds us all well as usual and enjoying life as well as possible in this remote place. Minnie and babies arrived "right side up with care" four weeks ago. I will keep them here till about June next, then will probably take them back to Empire. You see, I have no intention of settling here or staying a day later than is absolutely necessary to recuperate my fortunes. I will probably settle in California near the sea and by some city. I do not contemplate staying here more than about one year longer. Fortune has been kind to me of late and I have now about four thousand dollars available means which, with my habits of economy, will do me for a long time—in fact for life—if well managed with the income of my profession, or pen—I write.

We are well as *usual*—tut—tut—you know I have not been *well* for a year or two, and am now about so so. I do not stop in town or attend to business, but live eight miles out on a fine ranch and hunt and fish all the time. Certainly a very easy life you will say, and yet I had rather work twelve hours a day and study six of the remainder, if I could be as well as a few years ago.

Come up if you can make it pleasant and profitable. By the way, don't work old Jeff too hard, please. He has been a faithful old brute. Like his old master, he had a wonderful energy—but like me he is worn, and like me he is entitled to some repose. Don't part with him under any consideration and when I see you I will give you a *good young* horse in his place if you want it.

My compliments to Eleanor, John, Lucy, and James and his wife, and believe me, truly yours.

Minnie and Maud send their love. Truly your brother,

C. H. Miller.

Sunny Ridge, Oregon
April 12, 1869

James H. Miller.

Dear Brother: Received yours before I left Canyon City but was too busy to answer, and as I had nothing important to write, put it off till now. Was a little disappointed that you did not take up with my stock enterprise, though of course you know best. I shall not now buy stock, but will probably invest in land, or loan my spare change.

Am publishing *a Buke*. Will send Ella one.

All well here. Mother is better than for years. The old place is beautiful. I go back to Canyon soon.

Kiss Ella for me and remember me to John and to Lucy. Faithfully thine, C. H. Miller.

P. S. Father is buying you some cattle, I believe. C. H.

P. S. 12 April.—Came over to Eugene today with Father. He tells me he is making arrangements to let you have a lot of cattle, and is in fine spirits about your enterprise in Ochaco. Thine,

Miller.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL—J. B. Sprenger, Prop'r.
Front Street, Portland, Oregon
March 19, 1870

James H. Miller: Arrived safely last night. Today I deposited $400.00 Gold Coin with Ladd & Tilton for R. Grant & Co. to be paid to you. They will not charge you any commission or expressage. Be sure and make good use of it.

I will be defeated for Judge by the tricks and treachery of one-horse politicians.

I will return to Canyon the last of April and will be in Ochaco in May or June. Yours truly, C. H. Miller.

P. S. If Johnny should not want this money, let it lay where it is and I will get it. If you have not gone to Dallas I can bring it to you when I come to Ochaco.

San Francisco, California
New Year's Day, 1872

Dear Brother George: I received your letter and was glad to hear that you and James were so well. Take good care of yourselves. Save your health and time and money, but do not think too much of the latter.

I am in pretty good health and will start for the Tropics soon. Write to me to this place, for anything that is sent me here will reach me, no matter where I am. Tell James to please write to me here. I will return here by Spring, I think, and will perhaps not go to Europe for a year yet. I send you and James a picture. What do you think of it? You will both of you be good to our parents, particularly to Father, for he is not strong and is failing fast. I fear the poor old man has a hard time of it and will not last long unless care is taken.

My love to you both, and write me. Your affectionate brother,

C. H. Joaquin Miller.

Portland, Oregon
November 27, 1871

Dear Brother: I am on my way to California again. Left all well at home. Did not get any money from Father as I thought best not to bother them about money at home, as they did not have it on hand to spare—so I have been looking for some from you. John Luckey told me you were doing quite well, and if you did not have it at hand, you could get it from Jim Luckey. Now if you can spare a little, please send it to me to San Francisco. You can send by post office order—that is, if you can send soon. I have not much money on hand, but am not poor and can get along, so do not rob yourself. Still, if you have money you can spare, or get hold of conveniently, please send it to me, for if you do not I shall have to borrow, as my publishers do not settle with me till after New Year's, so I shall depend on you somewhat.

If I had got to Eugene before George started, I would have gone over to Ochaco with him and spent the winter with you. Am sorry I did not get to see you, as I shall probably not get back here again till after I have gone to Europe and published another book.

Give my love to George, Jim Luckey, and Lally Dunbar and wife, and believe me truly, your affectionate brother,

C. H. MILLER.

P. S. Do not know how long I will be in San Francisco, but think I will stay there a month or two and then go to Mexico, South America, and on to the East and Europe from there.

Easton, Pennsylvania
September 15, 1871

To James H. Miller, Esq., Ochaco Valley, The Dalles, Oregon.

Dear Brother: I have sad news to write you. Our dear brother is dead. I send you a paper which contains the particulars. He died at eleven o'clock on the evening of the ninth, very peacefully and in his full mind. He told us to write and say that in his last moments he thought of you all in Oregon. He did not suffer much and died happy and resigned, and said he was going to see our sister in heaven.

I cannot write you a long letter now, my brother, but will write to you soon again. I am in fine health, but by no means well. I think I will be in Oregon soon, but am not certain. I may do well on my books. I will send you one soon. I hope you and Lucy are well and doing well in Ochaco. I would not buy too many cattle. In fact, I would sell off, and keep out of speculation as much as I could. Cattle are bound to be cheap soon.

Adieu, dear brother. God bless you. C. H. MILLER.

European Experiences

Ina Coolbrith, who belonged to the group of which Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Joaquin Miller were the most famous members, took Joaquin in charge when he came to San Francisco in 1870, on his way to Europe.

Joaquin's wife had filed suit for divorce. His ambition to be a Supreme Judge in his adopted state was ruthlessly thwarted. He was almost broken-hearted. However, he had with him the story of "The Tall Alcalde" in which he told of his love for the beautiful Indian girl who helped him in his climb from the adobe prison walls to the top of Mount Olympus. Ina Coolbrith gave him a new name, and henceforth, except in deeds, copyrights, etc., Cincinnatus Hiner was forgotten and "Joaquin" was adopted to fit his picturesque figure, and his unconventional career.

Miss Coolbrith also gave him a wreath to place on Byron's tomb. In New York he secured a second cabin in a steamer bound for Glasgow. The price of his ticket was sixty-five dollars. How keen must have been Joaquin's eagerness to see the land of Burns and Scott! For twenty-nine years he had been in the wilderness, on the desert, and in the gold mines, longing for a sight of the land of Burns, of Byron, of Hugo, of Goethe, of Dante, and of the author of the Sermon on the Mount. His poetic nature, his mind—so impressionable—reacted at

once to the impressions of the old world. And in a diary which he kept of his European experiences and impressions, he wrote as follows:

September 10—God bless these hale and honest Scotch down here at peaceful Ayr! Did not stop an hour in Glasgow. It looked too much like New York. But here I have come upon the edge of Godland; mountains and rivulets and cold, clear skies. It looks like Oregon. Only I miss the trees so much. A land that is barren of trees is old and ugly, like a bald-headed man, and ought to get ready to die. . . . I have made lots of friends. One man showed me more than one hundred books, all by Ayrshire poets, and some of them splendid! I have not dared tell anyone yet that I, too, hope to publish a book of verse. . . . I go every day from here to the "Auld Brig" over the Doon, Highland Mary's grave, and "Alloway's auld haunted kirk!" . . . Poetry is in the air here. I am now working like a beaver, and shall give up my journal. If my mind is not strong enough to hold what I see, or if my thoughts and notions are not big and solid enough to stick together and stay with me, let them go . . . Heigh-ho! what a thing is the mind—a sieve that catches all the ugly things, stray and wreck and castaway, all that is hard and hideous. But lo! our sieves will not hold the sweet pure water. . . .

September 12—Am going from here to Byron's tomb in Nottingham very soon now. I have a wreath of laurel sent by a lady from San Francisco for the great poet's grave, and I go to place it there. Shall take in Scott's home and tomb. . . . Goodby, Burns, brother. I know you, love you. Our souls have wandered together many a night this sweet autumn-time by the tranquil banks of the Doon. . . .

September 16—They say Carlyle lives near here on a farm. I like Carlyle—that is, the parts of him which I don't understand. And that is saying that I like nearly all of Carlyle, I reckon.

September 18—In the sunset today, as I walked out for the last time toward the tomb of Highland Mary, I met a whole line of splendid Scotch lassies with sheaves of wheat on their heads and sickles on their arms. Their feet were bare—their legs were bare to the knees. Their great strong arms were as shaply as you can conceive; they were tall, and their lifted faces were radiant with health and happiness. I stepped aside in the narrow road to enjoy the scene and let them pass. They were going down the sloping road toward some thatched cottages by the sea; I, toward the mountains. How beautiful! I uncovered my head as I stepped respectfully aside. But giving the road to women here seems unusual, and one beautiful girl, with hair like the golden sheaves she carried, came up to me, talked and laughed and bantered in words that I could not understand, much as I wanted to. . . . And then the beautiful picture moved on. O Burns, Burns, come back to the banks of bonny Doon! It is worth while.

How beautiful she was! Why, she
Was inspiration. She was born
To walk God's summer hills at morn,
Nor waste her by the cold North Sea.
What wonder, that her soul's white wings
Beat at the bars, like living things?

I know she sighed, and wandered through
The fields alone, and ofttimes drew
Her hand above her head, and swept
The lonesome sea, and ever kept
Her face to sea, as if she knew
Some day, some near or distant day,
Her destiny should come that way.

Joaquin certainly expresses the enthusiasm of youth as he writes at Byron's tomb in Nottingham.

AT LORD BYRON'S TOMB

O master, here I bow before a shrine;
Before the lordliest dust that ever yet
Moved animate in human form divine.
Lo! dust indeed to dust. The mold is set
Above thee, and the ancient walls are wet,
And drip all day in dark and silent gloom,
As if the cold gray stones could not forget
Thy great estate shrunk to this sombre room,
But lean to weep perpetual tears above thy tomb.

He soon arrived in London without money or friends, and in despair, because the money that he had arranged for failed to come. He took lodgings at 52 New Street, later at a place called "The Poet Cowley's House," and began to search for a publisher. He applied to Murray, but Murray would not read his manuscript. Joaquin quotes him as saying, "No, no! no! No use, no use. Don't you know poetry won't do?"

In a few months Joaquin had his poems published, but without an imprint. In his journal he tells this story:

March 20, '71—Published! And without a publisher! No publisher's imprint is on my little book—a sort of illegitimate child, I have sent it forth to the press for a character. The type still stands, and if this goes well I can get a hearing and shall have a lot more of my rhymes set up, make a big book, and fire it right at the heads of these stolid Britons.

March 26—Eureka! The St. James *Gazette* says "Arizonian" is by Browning!

Walter Thurnbury, Dickens's dear friend, and a better poet than I can hope to be, has hunted me up and says big things of "Pacific Poems" in the London *Graphic*. Two splendid Irish

enthusiasts from the Dublin University are at my side, stanch and earnest in their love. Now, the new book must come out! Yesterday I submitted a list of names for it—nine names—and one of my Irish friends settled on "Songs of the Sierras." And that, it is agreed, shall be the name of the new baby. Good! Good!

The dinners, receptions, and enthusiastic reviews were such that, like Lord Byron, he was famous overnight, and Joaquin at the age of thirty became the most talked- and written-about literary lion of the English-speaking world. Julian Hawthorne, who was living in London at this time, wrote to the writer in a letter of January 14, 1929: "The English recognized him before we did, and valued him more highly and justly; and he said, like a child, 'England, I thank you!' He always had a childlike naïveté. Once, as we were sitting before an English fireplace at evening, he said, 'Wonderful, that while I sit here gold is being given me thousands of miles away over yonder!' Genius works night and day, and the antipodes do not affect it."

This renegade white boy from an Indian camp at Mount Shasta had become the welcome guest in the castles of England. Pages were written to prove that he told the story of his own adventuresome life in his poems, until finally in self-defense he wrote "Unwritten History or Life Among the Modocs." This book is not history, any more than his poems are to be taken as a literal translation of his deeds and the deeds of the men and women he celebrates. If you travel today through the matchless scenery of this region, you come under the spell of his accurate and marvelous descriptions. You will also become

convinced of his sincere desire to help the native American Indian. He was given a dinner when "Unwritten History" was first published. The printers had much difficulty in interpreting Joaquin's handwriting. Joaquin used a goose quill which was never especially legible, and the wound in his arm gave him a very cramped style. His scrawling handwriting was always considered a topic of discussion in social circles. If anyone happened to have a letter from him it was submitted to the various experts for translation or interpretation. The foreman of the printing shop where "Unwritten History"* was put in type proposed a toast to him at a dinner given in Miller's honor. Joaquin arose, holding a copy of "Unwritten History" in his hand, and said: "Gentlemen, when I die and go to heaven, this book will be my vindication for having lived." "I hope," said the foreman, "that when you die and go to heaven, Mr. Miller, you will take along a printed copy of the manuscript, for God Almighty himself could not read your writing."

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* It was to this book that he referred in this letter to his brother James:
Longmans & Co., Publishers, 39 Pater Noster Row, London, England. July 12, 1873.—My Dear Brother: How is our wild old Ochaco? Please write and tell me how it looks and how you are getting along. Are you still on the old place? And how are your cattle? And how many have you? How are the winters now? I have half a notion to return and go into the cattle business with you, for I am tired of writing books and am getting baldheaded from overwork. Please take life easy, my dear boy. Life is like swimming in a strange river. If you get fretted and vexed and try to swim too hard against the current, you tire yourself, get battered, and perhaps drown yourself. Take it easy and float with the tide as well as you can, and don't get discouraged, for no matter how poor you are, you are perhaps as happy as most of the just and wealthy men I see around me here. I have been so hard at work that I have not had time to write, but I have sent you some papers and pictures. Write to me. I have just finished a large book about the Indians. If it pays well, I will come home and go to raising cattle. Yours affectionately, JOAQUIN—C. H. MILLER.

Perhaps the outstanding event of his life in London was the dinner given by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Joaquin was one of the principal guests. The radio, victrola, and jazz music in this modern age make dinner conversations almost impossible.

The conversation at this dinner, however, was of a literary character. There was no discussion of stock, bonds, scandal, or gossip, but actual wit and repartee. The young writer will find in Joaquin's account of the dinner suggestions and advice of much value. Joaquin wrote in his diary this very interesting account of the dinner in 1871.

September 28—I cannot forget that dinner with Dante Gabriel Rossetti just before leaving London, nor can I hope to recall its shining and enduring glory. I am a better, larger man because of it. And how nearly our feet are set on the same way. It was as if we were all crossing the plains, and I for a day's journey and a night's encampment fell in with and conversed with the captains of the march.

But one may not give names and dates and details over there as here. The home is entirely a castle. The secrets of the board and fireside are sacred. And then, these honest toilers and worshipers of the beautiful are shy—so shy and modest. But I like this decent English way of keeping your name down and out of sight till the coffin lid hides your blushes—so modest these Pre-Raphaelites are that I should be in disgrace forever if I dared set down any living man's name.

But here are a few of the pearls picked up as they were tossed about the table at intervals and sandwiched in between tales of love and lighter thoughts and things.

All London, or rather all the brain of London, the literary brain, was there. And the brain of all the world, I think, was in

London. These giants of thought, champions of the beautiful earth, passed the secrets of all time and all lands before me like a mighty panorama. All night so! We dined so late that we missed breakfast. If I could remember and write down truly and exactly what these men said, I would have the best and greatest book that ever was written. I have been trying for a week, in vain. I have written down and scratched out and revised till I have lost the soul of it, it seems to me; no individuality to it; only like my own stuff. If I only had set their words down on paper the next day instead of attempting to remember their thoughts! Alas! The sheaves have been tossed and beaten about over sea and land for days and days, till the golden grain is gone, and here is but the straw and chaff.

The master sat silent for the most part. There was a little man away down at the other end, conspicuously modest. There was a cynical fat man, and a lean philanthropist—all sorts and sizes, but all lovers of the beautiful of earth. Here is what one, a painter, a ruddy-faced and a rollicking gentlemen, remarked merrily to me as he poured out a glass of red wine at the beginning of the dinner:

"When traveling in the mountains of Italy, I observed that the pretty peasant women made the wine by putting grapes in a great tub and then, getting into this tub, barefooted, on top of the grapes, treading them out with their brown, bare feet. At first I did not like to drink this wine. I did not think it was clean. But I afterward watched these pretty brown women"—and here all leaned to listen, at the mention of pretty brown women—"I watched these pretty brown women at their work in the primitive wine press, and I noticed that they always washed their feet after they got done treading out the wine."

All laughed at this, and the red-faced painter was so delighted that he poured out and swallowed another full glass. The master sighed as he sat at the head of the table rolling a bit of bread be-

tween thumb and finger, and said, sitting close to me: "I am an Italian who has never seen Italy. Bella Italia!" . . .

By and by he quietly said that silence was the noblest attitude in all things; that the greatest poets refused to write, and that all great artists in all lines were above the folly of expression. A voice from far down the table echoed this sentiment by saying: "Heard melodies are sweet; but unheard melodies are sweeter." "Written poems are delicious; but unwritten poems are divine," cried the triumphant cynic. "What is poetry?" cries a neighbor. "All true, pure life is poetry," answers one. "But the inspiration of poetry?" "The art of poetry is in books. The inspiration of poetry in nature." To this all agreed.

Then the master very quietly spoke: "And yet do not despise the books of man. All religions, said the Chinese philosophers, are good. The only difference is, some religions are better than others, and the apparent merit of each depends largely upon a man's capacity for understanding it. This is true of poetry. All poetry is good. I never read a poem in my life that did not have some merit, and teach some sweet lesson. The fault in reading the poems of man, as well as reading the poetry of nature, lies largely at the door of the reader. Now, what do you call poetry?" and he turned his great Italian eyes tenderly to where I sat at his side.

Joaquin always objected to having artists illustrate his lines. He claimed the reader could, if the poet's expression were correct, visualize a more perfect picture than could be painted with a brush.

"To me a poem must be a picture," I answered. Proud I was when a great poet then said: "And it must be a picture—if a good poem—so simple that you can understand it at a glance, eh? And see it and remember it as you would see and remember a sunset, eh?" "Aye," answered the master, "I also demand that it shall be lofty in sentiment and sublime in expression. The only rule I have for measuring the merits of a written poem, is by the height of it.

Why not be able to measure its altitude as you measure one of your sublime peaks of America?"

He looked at me as he spoke of America, and I was encouraged to answer: "Yes, I do not want to remember the words. But I do want it to remain with me—a picture—and become a part of my life. Take this one verse from Mr. Longfellow:

> And the night shall be filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away.

"Good!" cried the fat cynic, who, I am sure, had never heard the couplet before, it was so sweet to him. "Good! There is a picture that will depart from no impressible clay. The silent night, the far sweet melody falling on the weary mind, the tawny, picturesque Arabs stealing away in the darkness, the perfect peace, the stillness, and the rest! It appeals to all the Ishmaelite in our natures, and all the time we see the tents gathered up and the silent children of the desert gliding away in the gloaming."

A transplanted American, away down at the other end by a little man among bottles, said: "The poem of Evangeline is a succession of pictures. I never read Evangeline but once." "It is a waste of time to look twice at a sunset," said Rossetti, sotto voce, and the end man went on, "But I believe I can see every picture in that poem as distinctly as if I had been the unhappy Acadian, for here the author has called in all the elements that go to make up a perfect poem."

"When the great epic of this new, solid Saxon tongue comes to be written," said one who sat near and was dear to the master's heart, "it will embrace all that this embraces; new and unnamed lands; ships on the sea; the still deep waters hidden away in a deep and voiceless continent; the fresh and fragrant wilderness; the curling smoke of the camp fire; action, movement, journeys; the presence—the inspiring presence of woman; the ennobling

sentiment of love, devotion, and devotion to the death; faith, hope, and charity—and all in the open air."

"Yes," said the master thoughtfully, "no great poem has ever been or ever will be fitted in a parlor, or even fashioned from a city. There is not room for it there."

"Hear! hear! you might as well try to grow a California pine in the shell of a peanut," cried I. Some laughed, some applauded, all looked curiously at me. Of course, I did not say it that well, yet I did say it far better. I mean that I did not use the words so carefully, but I had the advantage of action and sympathy.

Then the master said, after a bit of reflection: "Homer's 'Ulysses,' out of which have grown books enough to cover the earth, owes its immortality to all this, and its outdoor exercise. Yet it is a bloody book—a bad book in many respects—full of revenge, treachery, avarice, and wrong. And old Ulysses himself seems to have been the most colossal liar on record. But for all this, the constant change of scene, the moving ships and the roar of waters, the rush of battle and the anger of the gods, the divine valor of the hero, and above all, and over all, like a broad, white-bosomed moon through the broken clouds, the splendid life of that one woman; the shining faith, the constancy, the truth, and purity of Penelope—all these make a series of pictures that pass before us like a panorama, and we will not leave off reading till we have seen them all happy together again, and been assured that the faith and constancy of that woman has had its reward. And we love him, even if he does lie!"

How all at that board leaned and listened! Yet let me again and again humbly confess to you that I do him such injustice to try thus to quote from memory. After a while he said: "Take the picture of the old, blind, slobber-mouthed dog that has been driven forth by the *wooers* to die. For twenty years he has not heard the voice of his master. The master now comes in the guise of a beggar. The dog knows his voice, struggles to rise from the ground, staggers toward him, licks his hand, falls, and dies at his feet."

Such was the soul, heart, and gentleness of this, the greatest man that I ever saw walking in the fields of art. After a while they talked about the construction of poetry. "As for the construction of a poem, I hold that there never was a long poem written continuously," said the master. "As a rule great poems are built like Solomon's temple, section by section, and put together without the sound of the hammer. This brings us back to the assertion that all poems are pictures, and long poems only a succession of pictures strung together on some sweet story of devotion and love." And with this the master was a long time silent.

"Shining beads on a blessed rosary," piped in a little poet not before heard from, away down among the bottles, as he lifted his beaded glass of wine high in his hand and adjusted the glasses on his nose preparatory to drinking, lest they might fall into the glass.

"I find," said one, after a good deal of skirmishing and idle talk, "that great poems are oftener born of accident than design. In looking over the original manuscripts of Childe Harold at Newstead Abbey last summer, I noticed that Lord Byron had first written it Childe Byron, instead of Childe Harold. And it was clearly evident that it was not meant for publication at first, but only as a brief chronicle of his own sentiments and sad life on setting out on his pilgrimage."

Again the advocate of silence, the master, was heard: "To me every man or woman who loves the beautiful is a poet. The gift of expression is a separate affair altogether. I am certain that the greatest, sweetest, and the purest poets upon earth are silent people—silent as the flowers. Pictures of the beautiful are as frequent to all really refined natures as are the flowers of the field. Yet only one in millions has the gift and power of expression."

"To me the savage or the negro is a truer poet than the scholar of Oxford," cried a lover of Walt Whitman. "They may have been alike born with a love of the beautiful, but the scholar, shut up within the gloomy walls with his eyes to a dusty book, has for-

gotten the face of Nature, and learned only the art of utterance. He has been at school all his life."

"Been at school all his life! Poor man! How ignorant he must be!" sighed the fat cynic.

A great deal of merriment followed this, and finally some one talked of alliteration. But the great master sat silent, and did not venture to talk on this theme.

"As to the verbal construction of a poem," piped the little man among the bottles, "add all the decoration you can without covering up the proud proportions of your structure. The world is round, and we are getting back to the soft vowel sounds of the old Greek kings of thought who, if they ever knew the art of rhyme, had the good sense to disdain it, and use only alliteration and soft, assonant words. Tennyson, Browning, Morris, Swinburne, and the master, Rossetti, though they disagree in many things, are unanimous in alliteration and soft sounds. Take a familiar example from Tennyson:

> I hold this true whate'er befall;
> I feel it when I sorrow most;
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.

Here is not only soft, liquid alliteration, but the vowels fall in, all through the little couplet, in a sad, musical sort of a way that gives us both sentiment and song together." Then the man beyond the bottles gave a verse from Atalanta and Calydon:

> Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
> There is help if the heavens have one;
> Though the skies be discrowned of the sunlight
> And the earth dispossessed of the sun;
>
> We have moonlight and sleep for repayment,
> When, refreshed as a bride and set free,
> With the stars and sea winds in her raiment,
> Night sinks on the sea.

I remember a long pause here; some changed seats; the dinner resolved itself into a sort of mass, or a blending together of souls that attracted souls; there was more wine, much smoke, some laughter, and some stories of love. But over all that was said or done or thought shone like a halo this one delight—the love of the beautiful.

By and by the master began, half sad, half humorously, and carelessly and indifferently threw out this little thought: "Thousands of years ago a poet said, by way of illustration, and in a forceful argument for charity for all, for the good in all things, beauty in all things, that even the toad—repulsive as it seemed—has a jewel in its head. And so the dull, passive world accepted it literally, and has gone on saying, 'The toad hath a jewel in its head.' I suspect millions of toads have been killed by seekers after the traditional jewel. O my friends, go out in the cool of the evening in your garden, and there in the green grass of the fence corner fall down on your knees, and look the panting little toad in the face—look in his soft, tender, love-lit, and liquid eyes, and you will understand. No, no. All jewels are not to be worn in rings and weighed in scales and sold at a pawnshop. The prettiest jewels, God hangs on the grass, hides in the light of the soft eyes of the toad, and forbids you to touch them. Oh, it is a beautiful, beautiful world! Only let us have capacity to see the beauty that is in it, and we will see nothing that is ugly at all—nothing that is evil at all."

But I have gone too far in this already. I have profaned this great man and occasion quite enough, and shall attempt to quote no more of his wonderful utterances. Yet I shall go on with this thought—these thoughts and fancies—further still. As one, who has set out upon a journey and finds that the sun has gone down before he has reached the end, continues to go on the way he was directed by the light of the moon, so I, for a few paces more, shall try to express something of these teachings, so in accord with my own early notions of poetry and taste.

Robert Browning was especially kind to the young poet. The beautiful round tower built on The Hights in honor of Browning is Joaquin's expression of appreciation of his friendship. Browning invited Joaquin to dinner. After the dinner was over the servant gave him the information that the cart had arrived to take the loan of books to the hospitals. Browning said, "I am sent so many books by young authors that there is no room for them in the house, and I send a cartload every few weeks to the hospital."

Joaquin hurried home and took the wrapper off his new book that was already addressed to Browning. And he made a resolution never to send complimentary books to popular authors.

Lord Houghton, Richard Monckton Milnes, the poet, was a friend and generous critic of Joaquin. And he pays him this tribute:

I was vain enough to be persuaded—London, 1877–8—into publishing two fat volumes of my "complete" poems. The work was dedicated to Lord Houghton, who generously gave permission without looking it over. But he had the good taste to dislike the empty verbosity, imitations, and all such weaknesses of the mass, and had the gentility to tell me so promptly. Better still, he took a pencil and struck out much. Braver still, he heartily endorsed many descriptions of men and things in the West, and here and there wrote "Pictures! Pictures!" And so, in memory of the most helpful friend I ever had, I have put these bits together here, along with some others of like character, and called them "Pictures."

Yet Houghton was not so stoutly my friend at first, and came forward only tardily as the rightful and undisputed head of liter-

ary and social London, after I had my first success. But on my third and fourth visits to Europe, and when the pitiful jackals were loud in my land, then he took me to his heart and to his hearthstone. So that I am indebted to the small enmities of America for his great friendship. You may remember it was he who was first to know Keats; and the last, too. For he it was who set up that stone with the poetical inscription, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." And for half a century Houghton kept that lowly grave the greenest and pleasantest in all Rome—literally kept "The daisies growing over me."

I see in the first volume of his biography, newly out, that he and Gladstone had some exchange of letters about myself; and from this I suspect I owe this brave nobleman far more than he ever let me know. In his last letter, written from Greece when no longer strong, he says: "I command you to accept the invitation to spend a season with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle. It is your duty to yourself and your great country to learn how the real King of England lives."

The Encyclopedia Britannica states that Lord Houghton's chief distinctions were his keen sense of literary merit in others, and the judgment and magnanimity with which he fostered it. He was surrounded by the most brilliant men of his time, many of whom he had been the first to acclaim. His chief title to remembrance rests on the part he played as a man of influence in society, and in molding public opinion on literary matters in connection with his large circle of talented friends. He secured a pension for Tennyson, helped to make Emerson known in Great Britain, and was one of the earliest champions of Swinburne. He was, in the old sense of the word, a patron of letters, and one who never abused the privileges of his position.

Joaquin's interesting acquaintances with Lord Tennyson, Rossetti, William Morris, Tom Hood, Jr., Browning, Swinburne, Edward, Prince of Wales, Queen Victoria, Gladstone, and Lily Langtry were largely due to Lord Houghton.

Julian Hawthorne's version in "Shapes that Pass" of the meeting of Joaquin and Lily Langtry is of interest because we have Joaquin's version, and also Lily Langtry's version:

It must have been on this lawn* that I had the pleasure of introducing the Poet of the Sierras to the Jersey Lily. She was in her most captivating phase then—a strong, handsome girl, of a healthy country type, her ruddy cheeks and great blue eyes shown off by her white dress; and she had already acquired a queenly manner. I left them talking prosperously near the entrance of the marquee tent; but Joaquin came hastening after me in a few moments. "Have you got a bit of paper? I have a pencil. She wants me to write her a lyric." I found an old envelope in my pocket; he seized it and squatted down on the turf, where I left him scribbling and went back to keep Lily till he was ready. It seemed hardly five minutes before he came stalking toward us, smiling in his yellow beard and waving the envelope. "No, Julian must read it first!" he said, when she stretched out a hand for it. Except for the Sierra spelling, this is what I read:

If all God's earth a garden were,
  And all the women flowers,
And I a bee that buzzed there
  Through all the summer hours,
Oh, I would buzz the garden through
  For honey—till I came to you.

* At Lord Houghton's.

I approved it, and I suppose Lily has that old envelope still; I don't think it has been in print till now.† Their parting, I believe, was tender; and when I congratulated Joaquin on his promptness, he said: "Well, I was always pretty quick on the trigger—when I had to be!"

Julian Hawthorne in the same book describes the Poet of the Sierras as he knew him in London in the early seventies.

Joaquin Miller and I were, I think, the only Americans in the Savage Club at this date. Joaquin, a licensed libertine, charming, amiable, and harmless, amusing the club and himself by costuming his part as Poet of the Sierras, sombrero, red shirt open at the neck, flowing scarf and sash, trousers tucked into spurred boots, long hair down over his shoulders, and a great blond beard. "It helps sell the poems, boys!" he would say, "and it tickles the duchesses." He would tell us tall tales of "My California"; of buffalo running wild down Beacon Street, Boston; of wild adventures with Walker of Nicaragua, with his big hat tipped on the back of his head and a nip of whisky at hand. When his tall figure appeared in the doorway, up would go an arm with the Indian sign, and "How!" The club understood him and approved his dramatizations and Munchausenisms, though to uncredited outsiders it was apt to be a little frigid.

I was present at one of these sudden coolings of the atmosphere on a warm day in the June season. A person obviously exotic entered—a typical Pall Mall exquisite, in fact, on a slumming adventure, apparently, from his proper haunts. He twirled a slender, ebony cane, seated himself upon a chair which he had dusted off with a monogrammed handkerchief, crossed his aristocratic legs, revealing patent leathers with spats, unbuttoned the black Prince Albert, and took out a silver cigarette case from the pocket of his white waistcoat. After patting the white camellia in

† Joaquin printed these lines in the 1898 edition of his poems, also in 1909.

his buttonhole, and without removing his silk hat, he held up a gloved forefinger to the waiter. "A whisky and soda!" Such conduct was infuriating to the normal savage.

The waiter was disconcerted, but Willie Dixon came forward. As secretary and manager he knew his duty, and would do it; but he was courteous to the core. He wore his disarming smile. "Pardon me, but it is a rule of the club that refreshments can be served only to visitors regularly introduced." The stranger fixed an insolent monocle in his eye, surveyed Willie up and down, stroked his smooth chin, twisted his pointed mustache, and suddenly burst into a shout of laughter. "What's eating you, Willie? Don't you like my new rig? Move up, boys, I guess the drinks are on you!"

Yes, it was really Joaquin! A Bond Street tailor and Truefitt, the hairdresser, can do wonders. It was years before Joaquin's hair and beard grew to their right length again, but the success of his stratagem compensated him.

I love my own land, where the rabbits dance measures
At night by the moon in the sharp chaparral;
Where the squirrels build homes in the earth, and hoard treasures;
Where the wolves fight in armies, fight faithful and well;
Fight almost like Christians; fight on and find pleasures
In strife, like to man, turning earth into hell.

Calais, France, October 30, 1870—Been to the war! Brutes! Shuttlecocked between the two armies, and arrested every time I turned around. I am sure the Germans would have shot me if I could have spoken a word of French. I am doubly certain the French would have sabered me if I had been able to speak one word of German. As I knew neither tongue, nothing about any language except Modoc—although I am trying to pick up the English—they contented themselves by tumbling all my manuscript—which they could not read—and sending me out of the country. And such heartlessness to each other! By the road one day I found a wounded soldier. He had got out into the hedge.

Hundreds passed—soldiers, citizen, all sorts. He was calling to all, anyone. I got out of the mass of fugitives and tried to help him. Then, when it was seen that some one was at his side, others came up, and he was cared for, I reckon. . . . Everybody running away! I running faster than ever cripple ran before. This would not sound well in Oregon. I must put it in better form. I will merely say I came on in haste. . . . I am no great talker, but do like to be in a land where I can talk if I want to. . . . I found a wounded horse on a battlefield one day, trying to get on his feet. I helped him. He was bleeding to death, and soon sank down again. But I tell you he looked at me like a human being. Poor horses! I am more sorry for them than the men.

Joaquin Miller was in Paris during the siege of 1870. He was invited to dine at the American Embassy. E. B. Washburn of Illinois was the American Ambassador. Food was scarce and luxuries were not available. Horse-meat pies, and it was even hinted that rats and other non-food animals were being used for the table. Joaquin loved to recite how the American Ambassador offered them chicken pie—it looked like chicken pie, and it tasted like chicken pie—and then he would say, "I will give a dime to anyone who can guess what kind of a pie it was." After a lot of guessing including horse pie, rat pie, etc., he would laughingly say, "It was chicken pie."

Joaquin kept no diary of his trip to France, to Italy, or to Jerusalem. In the "Songs of Italy" he came under the spell of the beautiful scenery around Lake Como, Venice, and other places. There was not the background for him, not the imagery or the vast sweep of the wilderness of his own West in his poems of Italy. Yet there are lines that present pictures of unsurpassing beauty.

COMO

The lakes lay bright as bits of broken moon
Just newly set within the cloven earth;
The ripen'd fields drew round a golden girth
Far up the steeps, and glittered in the noon;
And when the sun fell down, from leafy shore
Fond lovers stole in pairs, to ply the oar;
The stars, as large as lilies, fleck'd the blue;
From out the Alps the moon came wheeling through
The rocky pass the great Napoleon knew.

Charles Warren Stoddard and Joaquin were in Rome together. Thirty years later they met at Monterey, California, and exchanged reminiscences. "Dear friend," said Stoddard, "do you remember when we had breakfast together in Rome, and you asked me what the name for 'hard' was in Italian, and I told you 'Duro'? You then called the waiter and said, 'Take away the biscuits. They are too damn duro!' "

Joaquin Miller enjoyed telling a story of how near he came to having a real title. While he was in Rome a young and rich Englishman offered to take him in partnership in the purchase of an island for the purpose of breeding and raising horses. With the ownership of the island went the title of Duke. The young Englishman insisted that half the title should belong to Joaquin, thus each one should be half a duke. Unfortunately, before the purchase was made, the young Englishman died of the Roman fever and so the poet lost his chance of becoming half a duke.

His visit to Palestine and Jerusalem resulted in the volume of poetical prose entitled "Building the City Beautiful." It is fine tribute to the spirit of the Jews and to the teaching of Christ. The poems "At Bethlehem," "La Notte," "In Palestine," "Beyond Jordan," "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity," "The Last Supper," and "A Song for Peace" are among the most beautiful in the English language. He never talked much about his personal experiences in the Holy Land. I am under the impression that it affected him so deeply that silence was his best tribute. He never talked much about the things that were nearest his heart. Few people understand the value of silence, and at times an environment would force the physical senses into absolute passiveness.

He went to Jerusalem to write "A Life of Christ." Some parts of it were completed, but he did not like the monotony of the measure in which it was written, so that is was never finished. He did learn the truth of Swinburne's lines, however, "Change never lays its hand on Truth," and "In the desert a fountain is springing. In the wild waste there is still a tree."

He returned to this country, edited his books for Roberts Brothers, and came West, but dared not remain on account of the newspaper publicity given to Minnie Myrtle as a deserted and neglected wife with his two children, of the stories of his squaw woman, and of his outlaw life among the Indians. The attacks upon him were coarse and unscrupulous. The American critics of that period were also unusually severe on his poetry. He said:

"I am thankful the snow blindness that came upon me in carrying express to miners in Idaho who were in need of food came back, so that I could not read the falsehoods. I was glad that my work abroad had garmented my mountains with a new glory."

At one time I went to W. H. Mills, who had charge of the free transportation for the Southern Pacific, and asked him for passes for Joaquin from New York to San Francisco. He was a free conversationalist and dynamic. He said, "Why should he be given free transportation?" And I replied, "He is the Poet of the Sierras." "Well, suppose he is. He did not make the Sierras, God made them." "Maybe," I answered, "but Joaquin made them famous throughout the world." Mills touched his buzzer, and when his colored clerk came in he said, "Arrange free transportation for Joaquin Miller from New York to San Francisco."

Joaquin's life in Europe had a tremendous influence in the West. It brought the kind of publicity that made the rapid development of the West possible. The scenery, the climate, the orange, the vine, the tawny hills, the quiet vales, and the sundown coasts made the lands touched by the waters of Balboa's seas a new, mysterious, romantic world. Modern salesmanship has not yet realized the potentiality of poetry and art in indirect appeal.

Here was his invitation to his readers, written in London:

Come to my sunland! Come with me
To the land I love! where the sun and sea
Are wed forever! Where the palm and pine
Are filled with singers, where tree and vine
Are voiced with prophets! O come, and you
Shall sing a song with the seas that swirl
And kiss their hands to that cold white girl—
To the maiden moon in her mantle of blue.

Ella Sterling Mighels, Aurora Esmeralda, the first literary historian of California, and compiler of "Literary California," met him in San Francisco in 1871 and wrote the following account of his personal appearance and of his experience with the British:

When he returned to San Francisco in 1871, I happened to be at the Grand Hotel and saw him at a table in his red necktie and with his flowing hair, trying to assume the grand manner which was expected of him. He was in his first manhood, very youthful, and naturally affected by his intercourse with court circles into a new being. How could he help it? No one can live in London without coming under its influence. He had learned there was nothing so cold on the outside as the British heart, and there was nothing so warm as it on the inside.

And he knew the *inside of the British heart.*

He sang a new song to them, and they counted him in!

Room! Room to turn 'round in, to breathe and be free
And grow to be giant and sail as at sea,
With the speed of the wind, on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway, or route or a rein!
Room! Room to be free where the white-bordered sea
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;
And to east and to west, to the north and the sun
Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one,
And the buffalo comes like a cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main.

And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe
Offers rest, and unquestioned you come or you go.
My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!
From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,
I turn to you, lean to you, lift my hands!

Joaquin gives the following very personal account of his visit to Tennyson during his residence abroad:*

His house, a rambling, modest country place in a thick wood with wide walks, lay under the high headland of the Isle of Wight. The high, barren headland, where innumerable rabbits dance their fairy ring dances at night, protects the house and pretty grounds from the fierce sea winds which have, through ages, cut the naked rocks there into long and curious shapes called "The Needles."

Across the little bay from the house you can see Southampton on the mainland, where Artemus Ward died. The roads all over the Tennyson end of the Isle of Wight are cut five, ten, and fifteen feet deep in the soft, white chalk beds. They tell you this was done as a means of defense by the Romans who held this end of the island long and stubbornly and made their last stand here. It is sweet and restful all about here at all seasons of the year. The Queen lets no year go by without taking breath at some place on the Isle of Wight.

I think Tennyson left the place much of the time to avoid people, but he was too gentle to say so. He was a great tree planter. You hear him speak of

"A well-disordered garden."

I was told that he had a gardener to begin with, who planted everything in a most methodical and military fashion. But the poet said the little trees looked too much like soldiers in a line of battle, so he had the whole thing turned upside down. Then he took handfuls of white beans and, throwing them in the air, told

* From San Francisco *Chronicle*, October 8, 1892.

the gardener to plant a tree wherever a bean fell. "But if one falls in the road?" "Then make the road go around it." And so, in time, the little forest looked as natural as if sown by the sport of winds.

My allusion to this pleased him, and that is how I came to learn he was a lover of trees and a planter of trees, and how I came to know about the white beans.

The first time I saw Tennyson's house and grounds was in company with George Francis Armstrong, now of Queen's College. This was more than twenty years ago. The now famous professor was only a boy then, like myself, so far as fame or name went; so we did not propose to intrude on the poet in his pleasant retirement. But we did so much want to see the place where he wrought his wondrous melodies.

We heard, up the tortuous road through the trees, the rumble of a lumber wagon, and looking about we found a gate open. Then we heard the sound of carpenters. We did not like this idea of the great man building a bigger house. It took away a deal of poetry from our ideas of seclusion, and we grew bolder and followed the track of the lumber wagon and waited in the woods till the team turned about and went out. Then the carpenters stopped work and went aside to lunch, and we looked about the grounds from one side till we saw the carpenters coming back. Then we each took a handful of chips and left. We did not see anybody but the carpenters. Tennyson was, perhaps, not on the island.

Nor did I see the poet on my second visit a year later. I went up on the bold headland above his house and lay down there in my cloak and spent the night among the dancing rabbits in the sweet moonlight.

Later, when I told him of these two visits, he not only figuratively, but in fact, gathered me to his heart. Yet I was never much to him, never with him much; not nearly so much as many

others. And then this is hardly the time to tell what little I know of him personally, anyhow.

Tennyson, to my mind, was simply peerless as a poet and as a man. If anybody cares to hear it, I despise the qualified way in which the great English papers are now speaking of him as a poet. I repeat, he was for half a century or more without a peer!

To say he was less a poet than Shelley, or Browning, or any other poet, living or dead, of modern days, is simply outrageous. Such utterings are well worthy the age of pots and kettles and ironware and earthenware.

This grading—railroad grading—of men of melody and thought by little sandpipers on the edge of the river is pitiful. You had as well try to compare one bird with another, one flower with another, one tree with another.

Don't you see that the ostrich would be at the head in one case, the sunflower in another, and the sequoia in another? But we would have no melody, no perfume, no fruit at all.

Tennyson was not only the most melodious of all men of thought, but he was the most manly and most unselfish and fearless of all such men.

How long ago was it that all the little wits of America were trying to stick pins in stout-hearted, empty-handed, and harmless old Walt Whitman! About ten years, I think.

Anyhow, whenever it was, Tennyson sat down and wrote him to come to him and live with him on the Isle of Wight. I never saw tears in Walt Whitman's eyes but once, and that was when he read me this letter from the laureate. His voice trembled so that he could hardly read it.

No, Walt Whitman had not written to him; never sent his "Leaves of Grass" to make a path by which to lead up softly to the laureate's sensitive heart, or anything of the sort. Tennyson simply dared to defy all of America, and quite half of England, and offer honest old Walt a resting place at his own fireside.

He didn't know that Walt Whitman cared as little for the buzzing of the flies as did the bull in the fable of old. Still, the thoughtfulness, the courage, the kindness, all that goes to make up the manhood of man, is far the more conspicuous from the fact.

Were I asked to put my finger on the man who has borne the world forward, the bravest and the best of all men of this century, outside of science, I would place the name of Alfred Tennyson far ahead of all others, Victor Hugo next.

His life, like that of our Longfellow whom he most nearly paralleled in good example, inspiring instruction, and perfect melody, was one continual stream of absolute peace and love and harmony, and that was because he simply earned it and deserved it. Let us abandon the foolish notion, fit only for the pagan age from which it sprung, that the poet—the real poet—is either eccentric or unhappy or any other than the manliest of men. He is poet, prophet, priest, judge, and soldier, all in one. As his calling is the highest earthly calling, so is his character the highest and purest if he attains nearly to perfection. And on this high plane I beg to place the name of Alfred Tennyson.

New York and Washington Experiences

Joaquin Miller on his return from Europe located in New York. He remained in the East until he came to California in 1885 and was reborn to new life in the Golden State. His literary output during his residence in the East was taken largely by the Frank Leslie publications, then at a high peak.

He conducted a regular column in the New York *Independent,* a semi-religious literary and political weekly paper that was edited by Theodore Tilton, and later by Lyman Abbott. This contract with the *Independent* gave him an opportunity to give news and comments of men and measures, and descriptive writing of an interesting character. He visited Mexico City, Canada, Washington, D. C., New Orleans, Boston, Chicago, and Honolulu in search for material of news and literary value.

This was the period also in which he produced his plays "The Danites in the Sierras," "49," an idyl drama of the Sierras, "Tally-Ho," and "Oregon Idyl." "The Danites" has been pronounced by students of the drama, a perfectly constructed play. McKee Rankin, starred in this play, and in "49," for several years. It was not only a success for a season, but for many seasons. Joaquin sued Rankin for royalty and secured judgment for a large sum, but collected a very small amount. The money he

did receive was obtained by traveling with the company and taking his share from the box office receipts. McKee Rankin claimed that "The Danites" was his own play, written by him and his associates. "The Danites," however, appears in Volume VI of Miller's complete works, practically as produced by Rankin. The play was also copyrighted by Joaquin Miller, and copies of it were placed in the Library of Congress at Washington, D. C.

"Tally-Ho" was produced in Washington, and Julius Kahn, afterwards Congressman from San Francisco, and chairman of the Military Affairs Committee during the strenuous times of 1916–17–18, was one of the principal actors in the cast.

During this time he wrote "The Baroness of New York," "The One Fair Woman," published by G. W. Carleton & Co., "Destruction of Gotham," and "Memorie and Rime," published by Funk & Wagnals.

"The Baroness of New York," a long rambling poem, detracted from his reputation. "The Destruction of Gotham" was severely criticized in America, but the *Times* and other London journals were very enthusiastic in their praise. "The Destruction of Gotham" was written in a vindictive spirit against the money kings of Wall Street. It was reported that Joaquin lost $90,000 in the stock market. The story of the incident was told as follows: Joaquin was a dinner guest of Jay Gould, and during the meal Joaquin said to Mr. Gould, "I am anxious to invest in the stock market. What do you advise?" Gould replied, "I never give advice on investments, but I am

selling Western Union and buying Vandalia Railroad stock." Joaquin purchased Vandalia Railroad stock. The road went into the hands of a receiver, and the stock proved worthless. Had Joaquin invested in Western Union he would have become a millionaire.

This was the period in his life that brought him the condemnation of literary reviewers like Hamilton Mabie. They acknowledged the poetic imagery in the "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sunlands," and "Songs of Italy," but criticized his later work. The fact that his finest poetry was produced at "The Hights" from 1890 to 1910 has always been overlooked by his severe critics. A storm of personal abuse broke over his head at this time. The San Francisco *Chronicle* and the Sacramento *Union* were the leaders in the campaign of denunciation. He was called a horse thief, a faker, a poser, an imposter, a white renegade, and a deserter from his home. The local history of Siskiyou County contained a sketch of his life that was an open attack on his veracity, and furnished material for more abuse. Great emphasis was placed on the fact that his book "Unwritten History or Life Among the Modocs," was fiction, because the tribe of Indians he lived with was not the Modocs, but a Shasta or Pit River tribe. He was profoundly grieved by this indescribable publicity, but was silent.

It was during this period that he met Abbie Leland of New York, a sister of the Lelands of hotel fame. Miss Leland was a popular elocutionist and well known in New York social circles. They were married. It was not

long after the wedding that Minnie Myrtle, the first wife, arrived in New York. She was ill, and died within a few months. The death of Minnie Myrtle, his marriage to Miss Leland, and his new publishing experiences seemed to have changed again his physical and spiritual attitude towards life. The following beautiful poems were the outgrowth of his New York experience. The ugly truth of the first poem is mellowed by the strangely beautiful truth of the second one.

The gold that with the sunlight lies
  In bursting heaps at dawn,
The silver spilling from the skies
  At night to walk upon,
The diamonds gleaming in the dew
  He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold, dug from the mud,
  Some silver, crushed from stones;
But the gold was red with dead men's blood,
  The silver black with groans;
And when he died he moaned aloud,
  "They'll make no pocket in my shroud."

Honor and glory forever more
  To this good man gone to rest;
Peace on the dim Plutonian shore,
  Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
  That ever drew sword in war;
Nobler, better than king or khan,
  Better, wiser by far.

Aye, wisest he is in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

The first poem is supposed to have been written on the death of Stewart, the great New York dry goods merchant. He belonged to the type that opened his store early, kept it open until late hours, and overworked, overtaxed, and overbossed his clerical help and sales force, and so Joaquin wrote the poem, "They'll make no pocket in my shroud," and followed it with a poem, the antithesis of the first one, on the death of Peter Cooper, who made his money as a manufacturer. Cooper was a philanthropist, both in his business and private affairs, and left a large fortune for founding the Cooper Institute, an institution for cultural welfare of the masses. The two poems were originally published in the New York *Herald,* then in "Memorie and Rime," and later in his autobiography.

Joaquin then located in Washington, D. C. Cleveland had been elected President, and his sister, Miss Cleveland, was made mistress of theWhite House. She devoted much of her time to literature and at one time was the editor of *Literary Life,* a Chicago publication.

Joaquin in politics, if he had any politics, was a Democrat, and he had an unexpressed desire to be Ambassador to Japan. Cleveland offered him the position of Indian Agent in some distant section of the country, and he indignantly refused it. He built a log cabin, somewhat similar to his log cabin in the Shasta country in which he and

Mountain Joe had lived. This cabin home did not appeal to Mrs. Miller, who had been accustomed to attractive hotel apartments in Saratoga, New York, and other places. It is reported that Joaquin sent for her. She arrived, and when her trunks were unloaded, they were larger than his cabin. She returned to New York immediately. The cabin became quite a curiosity. He had elk horns, bear skins, and bows and arrows nailed on the outside, and the inside was fitted up as a real mountaineer's home. Senators with constituents from their home towns would drive by and point out the log cabin home of the "Poet of the Sierras." He became a fad in Washington. Then a man bought land adjoining his, on which there was a large tree. He built a home up in the tree. He would climb up a ladder and pull the ladder up after him so as to bar out effectively all callers except birds. This was long before the day of the airplanes. The Senators would stop at Joaquin's cabin and ask, "Where is the man who lives up in a tree?" This humiliated the poet. It penetrated his brain that it was curiosity and not his poetry that attracted visitors, and that the man who lived up in a tree was a bigger curiosity than himself. About this time he received the telegram from me offering him a position as associate editor of the *Golden Era.* He accepted, not because the position appealed to him, but because he wanted to return to the land he had glorified in song. Soon after he came to California he became associate editor of the *Golden Era,* purchased the tract of land near Redwood Peak, back of Oakland, and began to

develop it as a permanent home. He named it "The Hights," not "Heights."

Joaquin, after establishing a home, made but few trips to Eastern points. In 1897 he went as far as Cleveland; in 1900 to New York on the Keith vaudeville circuit; and in 1906 to Washington, D. C.

Allan Benson, then editor of the Washington *Times,* employed him to write his autobiography for his paper. Recently he related in the *Dearborn Independent* some interesting incidents. He said:

One of the most interesting works of prose that Joaquin Miller ever wrote was his autobiography, which I got him to write and for which I paid him $300 of the late Frank A. Munsey's money.

It happened this way: I was at that time editor of the Washington *Times,* which Mr. Munsey owned. One day in November, 1906, Joaquin walked in with a letter of introduction from an old friend of mine, B. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena Magazine,* which was then published in Boston. Mr. Flower wrote to inform me that Joaquin was touring the East, expected soon to be in Washington, and that perhaps I could get him to write something for me. The letter of introduction that he sent along was entirely unnecessary, as no one who had ever seen Joaquin before could ever forget him, and I had seen him back in the '90's, in the Bohemian Club in San Francisco, at which time I had conceived quite a vigorous boyish disgust for such nonsense as his long hair, streaming down over his shoulders, and his brown corduroy suit, the trousers of which were tucked into his high boots.

All of this disgust disappeared the moment Joaquin spoke. He was very nice, very amiable, and gentle.

I noticed that on the ring finger of Joaquin's left hand he wore

a tremendous diamond, as big as a carbuncle and flaming like a star. I had never before seen anything like it except one that Sam Shortridge used to wear when he was a young fellow in San Francisco, and probably before he had ever dreamed of going to the United States Senate. A gunman would go crazy now to see such a ring as either of these—worth $600 then, $2000 or more now.

Then we got down to business. Would Joaquin write something for the paper? He would write anything I said. "All right then," said I, "write your biography, and I will print it serially in the *Sunday Times* and syndicate it through other papers all over the country."

A few days later he brought down the first batch of manuscript. I looked at it and was dumfounded to see that I could not read a word of it. It was the worst writing I ever saw. He did not seem surprised or humiliated when I uttered these professional remarks. Instead, he said he would have his wife decipher it and copy it on the typewriter.

He also tells of Joaquin's visit to the President, Theodore Roosevelt, and the reception he received, as follows:

Joaquin had proposed that an international exposition be held in Washington in 1912, to celebrate the hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States since the War of 1812. Joaquin arranged to show the proofs of the article to the President and get his approval. The President received him, not as a kinsman in the relationship of letters, but as President of the United States, with forty or fifty others in line waiting to see him. Roosevelt looked at the proof sheets that Joaquin held in his hand, and when asked to read them replied that he could not take the time, but that Joaquin might leave them. Joaquin was disappointed and was silent until he was out of the building, and then said: "I would not have had that happen for the world."

I have been with Joaquin when he was greeted as a superior by the world's greatest men, and can understand how the reception by Roosevelt must have hurt his sensitive pride. He not only admired Roosevelt, but loved him, and Roosevelt's literary friendships with Charles F. Lummis and other Western writers had no doubt given him confidence of a more than official greeting. In fact, Joaquin nursed the secret hope, and had the suppressed complex, of receiving not only the endorsement of the exposition idea, but an appointment to a diplomatic mission. Benson was right in claiming that Joaquin was ambitious to represent the State of Oregon in the Senate of the United States. Again his sense of physical and political power was entirely separate and distinct from his great gift of poetry. Senators, presidents, and kings are only great because the poets and historians have celebrated their deeds in literature.

The cabin located on Meridian Hill, Sixteenth Street near Crescent Street, was moved in 1912 to the picturesque Rock Creek Park of the National Capital by the California State Association, and dedicated and presented to the United States on June 2, 1912. He had sold the cabin and site and used the money to purchase The Hights in 1886. Honorable Henry White, at one time Ambassador to France, who lived on Meridian Hill, donated the log cabin. Joaquin built the cabin from logs brought from Rock Creek. Congressmen Knowland and Kahn were among the speakers. Joaquin wrote a poem for the occasion entitled "To My Log Cabin Lovers."

TO MY LOG CABIN LOVERS

Dear, loyal lovers, neighbors mine,
What word of mine or deed or sign,
Can compensate what ye have done.
This housing in your hearts my home,
My lowly old log cabin home,
Aye, dear the friends and memories
Of London, Dresden, storied Rome,
The Arctic, the Antipodes,
But dearer far than all of these,
Your holding of my hearth and home,
My lordly, kingly, cabin home. . . .
Yea, many hands have been most fair,
Yea, many trumps of fame and faith
Mine ears have heard both here and there
That said as only true love saith,
But nothing ever seemed so dear,
As this, your brave log cabin cheer.

Each year the California State Association of Washington, D. C., holds memorial exercises at the cabin in Rock Creek Park. Honorable James D. Phelan, Senator Samuel M. Shortridge, and others have been speakers. This cabin is indeed an appropriate memorial to Joaquin. A place in the Hall of Fame, beside the others who have achieved distinction in politics, literature, and commerce, would not have appealed to him as keenly as the preservation of his log cabin home.

California and The Hights

On October, 1885, I noticed in newspaper dispatches that Joaquin Miller had sold his cabin in Washington, D. C., and was going to locate in California. I immediately wired him, "Will give you twenty-five dollars per one thousand words and title of associate editor on the *Golden Era.*" He accepted this offer, and when he arrived in California he came to the little half-furnished, bleak, but Hobohemian office of the *Golden Era* at 420 Montgomery Street. I remember his appearance at this time very distinctly: his piercing, sky-blue eyes, his Emperor William mustache, long yellow hair, and with it all an indescribable personality that filled and dominated the little one-room office. He wore a large-rimmed Stetson hat with a tassel, a Prince Albert coat, high-heeled boots, and his trouser legs tucked into the top of his boots with part hanging carelessly on the outside. He said: "Boy, I have your telegram, but you do not want me as associate editor. I have been an associate editor of six different publications and they are now all in newspaper graveyards. There is a hoodoo on me, and I do not want to see the *Golden Era* die. I will write for you." I had to confess that my financial ability to pay depended on getting new subscribers and advertisers, and that I would have to limit him to 1000 words. With a wonderful smile he replied, "I thank you for your frankness, boy. That is all right. I am revising my poetry and will let you have

all you can use, without charge, but the twenty-five dollars for the one thousand words I want when I bring you the manuscript." He was always that way, for poetry to him was a gift, while prose represented to him real hard labor. He later sent me an installment of "Bricks" by express, C. O. D. The arrangement was made, and the editorial announcement had in it all the egotism of a callow college youth, which I evidently possessed in a notable degree. Here is the announcement:

A NEW DEPARTMENT

With the issue of this number, Mr. Joaquin Miller assumes the permanent editorship of a department in the GOLDEN ERA. We are pleased to be able to make this announcement; pleased because we have succeeded in bringing back to his country one of so wide a reputation; pleased because the spirit of our action has been so warmly reciprocated by that gentleman.

* * * * * * *

The GOLDEN ERA does not make any pretensions; it is just the simplest of publications; it seeks no press comments, asks no favors. And yet there are hundreds of people who love it for this very simplicity. It is the landmark of many an old Californian, waking each month reminiscences of bygone days.

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The GOLDEN ERA in its day has been the ladder to fame of many great authors, and if there are any more Bret Hartes or Joaquin Millers amongst us we will surely find them out. But no amount of the success that has of late been slowly but surely overtaking us will induce us to set simplicity aside. Simplicity is the oil that lubricates the wheels of the complex affairs of life. A crisp crudity is preferable to abstruseness or dryness. The GOLDEN

ERA has been called a magazine of inspiration by a good many authors; others have said that it is the most original of publications. But we hope that as each stage of success presents itself we will be able to produce something more original and more valuable.

Joaquin's association with the *Golden Era* brought it some prestige, but very few additional subscribers. Those were the days when Montgomery Street, between Jackson and California, was the literary center of San Francisco. The *Overland Monthly* with Millicent Shinn and Charles H. Shinn; the *Ingleside* with Harry B. McDowell; the *San Franciscan* with Arthur McEwen; the *Wasp* with Ambrose Bierce; the *News Letter* with the Marriotts; the *Call;* the *Bulletin;* the *Post;* the *Report;* the *Examiner* with William Randolph Hearst at the very beginning of his newspaper career; the *Vanity Fair,* and the *Golden Era,* which had on its staff at this time Madge Morris, Ella Sterling Cummins, Carrie Stevens Walter, and Eliza D. Keith, were all published within a few blocks of Clay and Montgomery streets. Frequently, at noon, young law students, poets, and artists would meet in the *Golden Era* office and listen to the reading of good, bad, and indifferent manuscripts. We would pool our small change and adjourn to Hjul's coffee shop, that has occupied the same location from 1881 to the present time, 1929. Among the young men who gathered there that achieved more than local fame were James G. Maguire, Judge George Cabaniss, Franklin K. Lane, E. E. Cothran, and Robert Duncan Milne.

Joaquin's first contribution to the *Golden Era* was en-

titled "Bricks." He was especially fond of this word, and used it in the first line of "Walker in Nicaragua." The content is typical of his thought and the style is a good illustration of his plea for the use of short, simple Anglo-Saxon words:

> He was a brick! Let this be said
> Above his brave, dishonored head.

BRICKS

There are bricks of gold, silver bricks, bricks without straw, and bricks to be hurled at mad dogs. Ergo, bricks.

I am persuaded to try and fill these pages for a year or so. I hope to do a little solid good in my crude way. I can only promise to do no harm.

Maybe I could or should have chosen some powerful publication in one of the older centers of the earth. But the world is round, and the luxury of the sentiment in coming back to the white sea doors of the land I love, and setting up on the same magazine at which I began life a quarter of a century ago is a great deal to me.

And then, to be frank about it, you cannot tear your heart entirely out of a place like this when your life and your work is all woven in with its history. Back of this is the fact that this is the one place in the world to write. The brightest writers are of the the Pacific. With a little more Faith and Hope and Charity for all, they would surpass even themselves.

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No, not ambitious. I do not desire to make the scope of this pretty little publication broader than it now is, but I do hope to have it read and respected as it was when my first and best friend in letters sat in this same chair, with all his brilliant staff about him.

Yes, I shall be a bit lonesome, I shall be bumping my head against the tombstones of dead friends all the time that I am here

But my future is not yet behind me. And so, with something to say each month of the year to this new and strong and splendid generation which has sprung up in my absence and stands on the threshold of life by these shoreless, sundown seas, let us go forward for a little time together.

* * * * * * *

Do you know what an interest the world has in this new race—the children of the Argonauts? This new race is a type of mankind in itself. The flowers of California—the Pacific—are like gold. The hills and the mountains are the hue of gold. At the first dash of our early and ardent summer you see a tinge of bright, new gold on the crown of a hill of green. Then the gold widens—deepens. It deepens in hue, and it widens till the whole tawny hill is tossing its yellow mane like some mighty lion recumbent in the winds.

Well, this race by these Balboa seas, it seems to me, has something of that splendid sense of strength, that gorgeous and luxuriant and varied hue of gold. Tall and willowy, as of sea-wind and sun, these children, with this land subdued and ready for possession, ought to—if fairly directed—surpass all other people that have been. I have seen young girls here with hair yellow like beaten gold. One would think that this new race should be dark, for we are nearly under the path of the sun here. The South settled here. The dash of tawny Moorish blood which swept over Spain is still here. But there are so many young men and young women here that wear the hue of gold as a crown, that it is at least notable; as if men and women, everything, were turning to gold here.

* * * * * * *

Yes, I know the people of California will turn to gold as the sunflower turns to the sun, and think themselves very brilliant. But this is the land where people have galloped their horses over mountains of gold and have never got down to pick it up. And let me say right here that this feeble disposition to make fun, this

childish attempt to laugh at all things, like the horseplay of the modern drama, is one of the most melancholy things in literature.

Surely this world was not all made to be laughed at. And yet the young humorist, in his dismal way, is doing his best. Oscar Wilde went to a cowboy theater in Texas and was terrified to read "Please don't shoot any more at the fiddlers, for they are a doin' their level bests." This was only a joke, put up for the gentle Oscar; but it illustrates my point.

To return: The glorious colors, the grand and lazy old leonine hills, this wondrous beauty that is here, the majestic Sierras, these shoreless seas—all these have done much. But they must do much more, for the focus of the world is here. The eyes of the world are on us. We must keep our faces lifted to the majesty of nature about us; not bowed down to petty quarrels and personal reports of men.

* * * * * * *

I know a man up in the mountains where I spent my boyhood, whose head seems always encircled in a halo of glory. I could say almost the same of a woman whom I have known in this city for nearly thirty years. She is nearing seventy, yet she was surely never so beautiful as now. And all the world loves her, for she never says a harsh word of anyone; and as she sees beauty in all things, so is she always beautiful. And this, it seems to me, is the way to grow old, more beautiful each day, like a pine on the mountains to which we lift our faces in the love and adoration of the beautiful.

And so here, as the New Englander holds himself—and rightly, too—to be of better metal, of a nobler temper drawn from the best metal of the earth, and tried in the battle fires of Bunker Hill, so, it seems to me, this new people by these vast seas shall insist, in a quiet and forceful way—by example rather than by utterance—that civilization took quite as long strides forward when stepping from the Mississippi Valley to the banks of

the Balboa seas as when they stepped from Plymouth town to Plymouth Rock.

* * * * * * *

These two things I shall try, in an unobtrusive way, to teach: The love of the beautiful world about us and the love of man. For all things are beautiful and all men are good. The fault is so often in ourselves if we do not see the beauty and the good, that it is best to accept both and believe both; best for all.

We must have this large belief in man, like the old man I spoke of who is companioned with the peaks, and the old lady down here by the sea, not entirely because it is right, but really in order that we may have that large trust and mental peace and rest which will enable us to grow and go forward. Better to be betrayed every year than spend one's life as a sort of special policeman.

* * * * * * *

I know it is not easy for even the bravest of us to live up to this truth, for there are so many weak and diseased minds that see only weakness and disease and sin in others. But it is none the less right. And year by year man is slowly but certainly rounding up to that high plane of belief in man. And if even the best men fall from this faith in man now and then, and give back blow for blow, it is only evidence of their own weakness; not of the weakness or untruth of the Sermon on the Mount.

"If any man sue thee at law and take thy coat, give him thy cloak also." I never was sued, and I never sued but one man in my life. I got my judgment after years of battle and bother, and as the man—who, by the way, is now a manager in this city—never offered to pay the judgment of the court to which he appealed, he surely must have been wrong; wrong in head and in heart. Yet I write it as the cold, clean truth, that it would have been much better to have given him the cloak also, for I certainly would have saved myself much trouble and small, mean anger; and maybe I could have conquered him with kindness. At least,

I would have done what I, in my better moments, knew to be right, by appealing to the eternal equity of Time.

* * * * * * *

My early youth, with some exception, was spent in the heart of the Sierras—where I have now bought a bit of land and hope to divide my days between that and my home in Washington—and life was often terrible there, where so many races in their roughest days were constantly grinding together. And so it has been hard for me to grow up through it all to this clearer light, and I rather need to hear a sermon on peace than give it. For I was in many battles there, and twice badly shot; and the archives of the state will show that I served through the Pit River War, furnishing my own horses and equipment, and am the only one that never accepted pay. And this is some satisfaction—to have disdained pay for fighting—yet, it had been tenfold nobler not to have fought at all.

But enough of this. Maybe I should have remained abroad and died abroad. But I am not a Byron, a Keats, or a Shelley. Surely I had temptations to remain abroad. But

> With a tear for those who love me
> And a smile for those who hate,

I have come back to the land I love. I have come back to stay, if it please me to stay. But whether I go or stay, it seems to me it is not for one who has kept the city in turmoil for years, and sent so many away in quest of peace, to say. I shall try to keep these two ideas uppermost in these pages, as they are in my books: the world is beautiful, and man is good.

Truly, if I can have the encouragement to do this, to point out the beauty, the splendor, and the salubrity of this westmost world, all the grand armies, all the fraternities, shall make this shore their Mecca, and these sea banks shall be crowded with great and good people who appreciate beauty and love peace.

* * * * * * *

The Talmud tells us of one, like Christ, who, walking through Jerusalem, came to where a jeering crowd of thoughtless boys were hurling stones at a dead dog in the gutter. "What beautiful teeth," said the passing stranger. The refined soul sees something beautiful even in a dead dog.

But we of these open and immense seas, these exalted mountains, this splendor of color, need not walk the gutters nor look down. Room and a sense of rest, glory, beauty, majesty, eternal strength, are forever before, above, about us. Let us become acquainted with them, make friends with them, love them. They will never die, they will never desert us. But, like the lilies of the field, we must bear life tranquilly, hopefully, trustfully, believing in God, believing in man, knowing that up the spiral stairways of white tomorrows we shall not suffer for raiment or for bread.

These are the keys that unlock happiness to the troubled world; the open door to large and restful and eternal delight. The secret of sublime character is forever found in the love of man and a solid belief in the manhood of all men.

* * * * * * *

The conviction that every man is doing his best in his poor, blind, and selfish way will help you much. It will help him infinitely. He may be your one bitter enemy; his way may be a very bad way, but, God pity him, it is his best, his very best, according to the light, the strength, the blood, and the breeding that he has. And I implore you for the same charity which I try to teach and to give. For surely I need it; both as to my work and walk.

THE WORLD IS A BETTER WORLD

Aye, the world is a better world today!
And a great good mother this earth of ours;
Her white tomorrows are a white stairway
To lead us up to the star-lit flowers—
The spiral tomorrows that one by one
We climb and we climb in the face of the sun.

Aye, the world is a braver world today!
For many a hero will bear with wrong—
Will laugh at wrong and will turn away;
Will whistle it down the wind with a song—
Will slay the wrong with his splendid scorn!
The bravest hero that ever was born!

Joaquin selected Oakland as his place of residence. In crossing the bay his keen eyes noted the treeless condition of Goat Island, and the tawny hills of Marin County. No doubt the example of his father planting trees, always planting trees, was reborn in him. He came to my office and full of enthusiasm said, "We will plant a Greek cross on Goat Island. Come along."

We called on John P. Irish, the editor of the *Daily Alta,* located on Bush Street near Kearny. Mr. Irish had three distinctions: He had been the Democratic candidate for Governor of Iowa, he was a brilliant orator, and he never wore a necktie. This meeting was the beginning of a life-long friendship. Mr. Irish entered into the plan of having a day set apart for tree-planting with enthusiasm. A conference was arranged with Adolph Sutro, who established Sutro Hights, planted the Sutro Forest, and built at Virginia City, Nevada, the Sutro Tunnel, and later was Mayor of San Francisco. Sutro agreed to donate the trees if the children would plant them. Joaquin addressed the following letter to General O. O. Howard, the one-armed Christian soldier, who was in command at the Presidio:

GOLDEN ERA OFFICE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
August 19, 1886.

General O. O. Howard, Com. Dept. Pacific.

DEAR SIR: The better sense of this state has long been struggling toward some positive form of expression for an Arbor Day. Finally a few members of the press have delegated me to write you for permission to plant some trees on Goat Island. We desire to begin this, and speedily, because in the first place our work and example would be seen and maybe followed by others; and, in the second place, because this ugly island could easily be made beautiful by forest trees. We, of course, ask permission to plant only in prescribed limits, and remote from all interference with marine or military operations.

Trusting to your well-known desire always to do good, we hope not only for an early but a favorable answer, as it may encourage others in this good work wherever our land is emptied of forests, etc., etc.

And to Sands W. Forman, secretary of the Board of Forestry, he wrote:

"Plant a tree, dig a well, rear your offspring, and die." This was the old Arab ideal of life as far back, perhaps, as the days of Abraham.

And while it now seems clear that we will surely have an Arbor Day, I do not think anyone should wait for that to plant his tree. It has been agreed by a few of us that on the twenty-seventh day of November we will go, with the approval of the officers of the government who have charge of Yerba Buena [Goat] Island, and on midday set the Greek cross in small trees on the apex of the island. We will have no ceremony or leader or organization, perhaps. Our only purpose is to plant the trees and leave them there to grow and do good. We will need no fund other than that which each person is pleased to expend in buying

trees or in having holes dug to set them in. Some few ladies have offered to subscribe money, and one man has offered to send some trees. The money has been declined, and the trees should be brought and set out by the gentleman who offers them.

It will be dull, prosy work, maybe wet and windy on the day appointed, but the foundation of every noble edifice ever built was laid in the loam and mud. And we will set our trees there on that day and at that hour whatever happens, barring only earthquakes and the interference of a political government which has not yet attained to the earliest civilization of the Greeks; else these islands and the headlands of the Golden Gate had not been left barren to this day.

Finally, permit me to assure you that on the twenty-seventh day of November next—a day that has been adopted by the advice of Honorable Adolph Sutro, the greatest tree-planter on the Pacific Coast—at 12 m., the prime movers in this enterprise will meet and plant many a tree. General Howard, the one-armed Christian soldier, will, on that day, lay off his uniform and, like another Cincinnatus, plant a tree.

And now let me suggest to the young patriots of the republic that it would be a glorious and a good thing to plant a tree with General Howard. No matter where you are, or where you may find place to set your tree, let me beg you, both for the sake of the sentiment and the good you may do, to plant a tree with the brave and grizzled old hero.

And Mr. Sutro, the greatest engineer of his age, will also on that day and on that hour plant many trees, and do his best to establish permanently an Arbor Day for this great state of ours out here by the windy seas. In conclusion, let me remind the young ladies and gentlemen that for the past fifteen years you have persistently written to me for an autograph, and I have always been obliging. In all these years, at least five thousand have asked me to answer letters. Well, plant a tree with me!

You profess to admire me and my work. Show it, then, by doing your state some noble and unselfish service on that day. Why, if you only plant and nourish ten trees each, there will be at least fifty thousand planted by this means alone. I make this appeal a personal one. And, if you are true to me and to yourselves, you will gladly respond and plant a tree with me.

Joaquin wrote of the trees for the *Golden Era* as follows:

Oh, the glorious, all-protecting trees! The birds, the squirrels, the deer—all creatures, even man when the sudden storm is upon him, flies to the friendly woods. The hardy and healthy oak tree has given us in its very name the one *robust* word in all our solid Saxon tongue.

But for my part, if I were in a position to choose my friends from over the face of the earth, I would, if consulting my own comfort and congenial taste, have no man or woman near me who did not love and have daily intercourse with trees and flowers.

No poem of nature, no great picture of the past, no story of Eden ever has been or ever can be without these grand old orators, the trees, standing up in stately majesty and telling nearly all there is to be told by their very presence.

A tree standing to the four winds of heaven, holding up its great strong arms in mute prayer, waiting the rain and the sun, and the majestic march of the seasons, how grandly upright, patient, appealing, faithful, and true!

No architect that ever has been could build a tree. Artists can paint men; but even the Titanic Titian hardly dared call attention to the trees he tried to paint as a groundwork for his figures.

Joaquin kept writing until the city and entire bay region were interested in tree planting. He said, "Of all the beautiful things in this purely beautiful world, there is

nothing in all inanimate nature nearly so grandly beautiful as a tree."

> In the desert a fountain is springing,
> In the wild waste there still is one tree—
> In its branches a sweet bird is singing,
> And it calls to my spirit of thee.
>
> Sweet Paradise was sown with trees—
> The very name-born Nazareth
> Means woods, means sense of birds and trees,
> And song of leaves with lisping breath;
> For this, where Balboa's waters toss,
> Here in this glorious Spanish bay,
> We plant the cross, the Christian cross,
> The crusade cross of Arbor Day.

The newspapers gave columns of publicity. The children of the public schools were given a holiday to plant trees. Joaquin and I called on Senator George C. Perkins for a donation and a boat to take children to Goat Island. We also received donations from George Hearst, father of William Randolph Hearst; James G. Fair, the millionaire; James V. Coleman, and others to secure funds for the successful financing of the work. Hearst and Fair each gave twenty-five twenty-dollar gold pieces. It was almost an embarrassment for us to carry the sack containing the gold.

The enthusiasm for this first Arbor Day in California was so great, and Joaquin's name was so conspicuous in the newspapers, that it was proposed to change the name from Goat Island to Joaquin Miller Island, but he replied: "Do not name anything after me—not even an island.

My life is still before me. I might commit some overt act that would disgrace the island." He suggested that we condemn the use of the name "Goat Island," and call it by its original title, "Yerba Buena."

November 27, 1886, arrived and more than three thousand men, women, and children were transported to Goat Island, and many thousands gathered in the Presido. The trees were planted in the form of a cross. General M. G. Vallejo, whose name was so interestingly connected with the history of California, made next to his last public appearance on this occasion. He planted a tree. Ina Coolbrith, Cali-Shasta, Joaquin's Indian daughter, Carrie Stevens Walter, Madge Morris, Mrs. John Vance Cheney, Jennie L. Wagner Havie, and many others planted trees.

Stuart Taylor, in his speech, said: "So let us strive to make the children worshipers of nature. Let us help their hands. They are planting temples of God. Let us teach them in this prosaic age—this age when money is so much a king — that while gold and silver can build houses, railroads, canoes, and churches, and can create schools, and buy pictures and statutes, they cannot build trees or make glorious forests. This must be done with human hands, and care and toil and watchful protection."

It was an event, but the "hope" that was planted grew. The Presidio is now almost a forest, and beautiful trees grow on Goat Island, although the trees that were planted there on California's first Arbor Day were burned to the ground. The school children, on March 7 of each year, are by legislative act requested to plant trees in honor of

Luther Burbank. But, unfortunately, it is largely an indoor activity.

Joaquin never lagged in his interest in tree-planting. About this time he received five thousand dollars from the sale of his log cabin in Washington, D. C., and with this money he began to look around with the desire to find some cheap acreage that he could develop into a permanent home. He finally selected the eighty acres now known as The Hights. It was a barren hillside, rocky, very little soil, and practically treeless, except the canyon, which was wooded, even including a number of redwood trees.

The beautiful lesson of the trees was, in later years, enacted into law, and the forest on The Hights will forever remain, as a park owned by the City of Oakland, as a realization of the inspiration and enthusiasm of that November day, 1886.

George Sterling, the poet, in the *American Mercury* described The Hights as follows:

When Miller bought those precipitous acres for his home, they were, on their western side, but a rocky acclivity, showing only patches of poison oak and southern wood. He made of the place a green paradise of roses, acacia, and a hundred kinds of shrubs, flowers, and trees. Much of this labor he performed himself; sometimes he had an assistant, whom he dignified with the title of foreman. At the lower end of his estate, which he called The Hights, bordering on the road, he built four cabins or cottages, all facing the west. In the southernmost of these his mother lived; the next was a guest house; the next a combined dining-room and kitchen; and in the last he himself slept and

worked. And always under the bed lay a small keg of moonshine whisky, the semiannual gift of a Kentucky admirer.

Well I remember that clear and potent liquid, for I was to feel its power more than once. The happiest of those occasions was perhaps when I drove up to his home to select a Christmas tree in the green acres farther up the road. I had as companions Jack London and Herman Whitaker, the novelist, and drove an ancient horse of great size and strength, called Ungabungus. Our vehicle was an ordinary wagon such as grocers used at the time, and we occupied its wide front seat.

There were springs on the place, and Joaquin always was sincere in his belief that Frémont had camped at one of these springs in 1848 and saw the beauty and the glory of the entrance to San Francisco Bay, and named it "The Golden Gate." Mrs. Frémont wrote him in a letter this interesting bit of information, in reference to the proposed monument to Frémont, and establishing his interest in the Contra Costa hills. Mrs. Frémont says:

When Bierstadt went to California to study its scenery (and the Rocky Mountains en route), we gave him letters to Starr King and other friends. It was about April of 1863. In giving him a commission to paint for us the Golden Gate, with the setting sun lighting the pathway into it, both of us, Mr. Frémont and myself, gave him fully our feeling. I clearly remember Mr. Frémont saying he must see the sunset from the Contra Costa hills, as he had to realize the force and splendid appropriateness of the name in its scenic sense, apart from the other idea of the gateway of commerce. Bierstadt made a grand picture. When we had to sell what would bring needed money, Commodore Garrison bought this for $4000, just what we had given Bierstadt.

My daughter, who was from her seventh year a constant companion of her father on long horseback rides and days of work-

ing explorations on the Mariposas, as well as many a long ride around San Francisco—as often in quieter times on the Hudson —remembers many and many a talk on views, on physical geography, on beautiful camps, for she has her father's silent delight in nature and is his true child in loving to read, study, and inform herself of geographical travel. She says she is sure you are right.

The great rock stamps it. He loved a mass of detached rock. When I was written to by a New York friend of an intended monument to the general, I asked that they would spare him the commonplaces that made such sad mourning stones usurp our finer ideas. If they must, then put up a great rock, a rough mass of granite, such as he had carved the emblem of the cross upon, according to the custom of early travelers—for he felt the strong, invisible power that grasped the heavens and the earth—and on it put only his name.

Joaquin, as soon as he secured possession of the land, began to plant trees and improve it. He said: "The public may not appreciate it if I make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but the cows will." He also said: "One place is as good as another, and a little bit better if it is your own."

His first idea was to establish a colony, and he invited me to join him. It was not, however, until eight years later that I built Moon Lodge on The Hights. Edwin Markham selected a building site, but never completed his plan of building or residing, although for some years he lived near The Hights. A. W. Darling, a Wisconsin veteran of the Civil War, purchased several acres from Joaquin and became his foreman, built a comfortable home, and he and his family lived there for many years. Isabel Darling, the wife of A. W. Darling, was an excel-

lent writer, and prepared much of Joaquin Miller's manuscript for the printer. Joaquin, in his "Hints From The Hights," speaks of his monument to Frémont and tree-planting as follows:

My manager, the old soldier, not only planned and directed the building of the Frémont tower on the spot indicated by Mrs. Frémont, but he directed the building of stone walls and terraces—miles of them. It is wonderful how much work can be done here in twenty years when there are nearly three hundred and sixty-five days in the year in which to work.

As for my own part, I have, during these twenty years past, when at home, put in the first few hours of the day with my books and papers and the rest of the time at planting and trimming or helping to plant and trim the forest trees. And, oh, the dignity of a tree, the truth, the courage of a tree! The companionship of a tree is the most inspiring in all the world. The very name Nazareth means the place of woods. These trees I planted with my own hands where there was only dust and desert when mother and I began here. Think of fifty thousand such trees and you can have some idea of the satisfaction of planting and growing a Nazareth—"a place of the woods."

To all those up and down the earth who are solicitous about my fortunes—and they are many—let me say frankly that I am one of the richest men at this moment on this continent; and that my wealth consists mainly of content—content and great good health, born mainly of hard work and simple common-sense habits of life.

Here on my shelf of the mountains that look down upon the Golden Gate I have a wilderness of wood, a dozen flowing springs, air of the best on earth, and a place for every man to pitch his tent who wants to share my wealth freely. But this is no airy, fairy Brook Farm. Here is required not only hard work and incidental health and content, but here is demanded solid

common sense—as my first requirement here is a lot of good, plain common sense. And were you to press me to say perhaps a little more—and a better quality of such common sense.

More than twenty years ago I sat down here on a mountain side with mother and began to plant trees. Men and women came to work with us and to rest with us, men and women from colleges and universities. No one was ever asked to come, no one was ever asked to go. Not a dollar was ever passed between us. The young men were ready to work when anything was to be done. The women were useful as companions for my venerable mother.

Some students, not attached to schools, stayed a long time. One woman with her son stayed five years. Another stayed three years. They were a benediction for mother. Some men stayed one, two and three years. One, a Nipponese, now famous, stayed seven years. The stranger always found a cot—oftentimes a cottage all to himself. He always found a storehouse with simple supplies, and, even after the place was planted to trees and built up, there was always wood to get, cows to look after, horses, hens, and so on—and a gentle foreman—Captain A. W. Darling, who had the management of the place from the first—to tell what should be done. His effort always was to keep students from doing too much work rather than too little.

These students, after having helped to plant more than fifty thousand forest trees, decided to build a monument on the spot where Frémont had camped at the time when he named the Golden Gate.

Tree planting was not a pose any more than was Joaquin's costume, or his dynamic speech. He was taught the lesson in the environment of his boyhood. He saw the pioneers in the wilderness cutting down the forests, and early learned the usefulness of the trees for building the log cabins along the trails to the West, and the value of

sugar from maple trees for food. His father planted apple trees on his Oregon claims and trees everywhere about him. Joaquin saw the beauty and the practical use of trees, and he had the vision of a poet that made his life a great adventure, teaching by example and by precept the planting of trees for beauty and for usefulness.

The interior of his cathedral cabin home, called The Abbey, was unique. The illustration elsewhere in this book gives a definite idea of the outside of his home, but not of the interior. There was no ceiling. The rafters were visible. The walls, however, were covered with clippings from newspapers of articles about himself, illustrated poems, some original drawings which illustrated his verses, photographs of poets, actors, actresses, statesmen, and friends. There was a picture of Abbie, his wife, and one of Juanita. These pictures were tacked indiscriminately on the walls of unfinished boards. The bed was in the far end of the room. It was an old-fashioned bedstead with four posts. A lion's skin was on the floor. Sometimes he used it as a top cover for the bed. The head of the lion seemed like a death mask of his own tawny head and beard. England's lion figured frrequently in his expressions, and you could almost imagine he was getting inspiration from the lion as he roared at the intrusion of visitors with red parasols, umbrellas, and lunch baskets. He even twisted the lion's tail in his "Chants for the Boers."

It was his habit to write in bed. He was accustomed to a very light breakfast, and then, his brain and body rested

after a good night's sleep, he would write. His physical senses were passive. His imagination, like that of Tagore, was environed only by the spiritual aura. He did not want anyone about him when he was writing a poem like "The Passing of Tennyson." There was the solitude of genius in his work.

A jug of wine and a bottle of rye or corn whisky were within easy reach, but they usually were not touched until he had completed his writing for the morning and was ready to do hard physical labor on the place. While his mother lived he usually had dinner about three o'clock. He was not a slacker. He, Mr. Darling, and Isaac Mossman would work until he could say with realistic truth, "I earn my bread by the sweat of my brow." It was well he did so, because it was the hard physical labor that kept him in such good condition in spite of careless and almost reckless habits of drinking and dining. He enjoyed life, living alone in this small house and able to close the door against all comers, including servants, visitors, relations, and friends. However, when he opened the door his hospitality was the kind that made the days of "forty-nine" famous in California.

Joaquin frequently entertained his guests with a bandit luncheon. He would build a fire out of doors and would fill the big kettle with meat, onions, carrots, and all kinds of vegetables, and serve it in tin cups. His Hungarian bandit luncheon consisted of a small steak, a piece of bacon, and a slice of onion strung upon a green branch or switch of a tree or shrub, and held over the fire until bar-

becued. The meat was taken in the fingers and eaten with a relish. He entertained about one hundred members of the Sequoia Club at one of these barbecues. He was an active member of this club, and enjoyed its dinners and social and literary activities.

The Sunday dinners in his mother's cottage were always an event. He usually had a number of guests. He was not only a good listener at his own table, but was adroit at getting his guests to talk freely, and usually on informational subjects as books, drama, and politics, but not religion. If anyone wanted to talk religion, he told them to read the Ten Commandments and forget everything else except the Sermon on the Mount. His Independence Day barbecues in the Redwood Canyon were always a great feature. John P. Irish, Benjamin Fay Mills, J. H. E. Partington, Ambrose Bierce, George Sterling, and Herman Whitaker were among those who would aid him in his celebrations.

George Wharton James, a friend of the Indians and of Joaquin Miller, was a frequent guest at The Hights. As a writer and lecturer he achieved national fame, and his prose writings, like Joaquin's poetry, were descriptive of the entire Pacific Coast. A few years before his death he wrote and published a very keen analysis of Joaquin Miller's life and activities. The following extract is all the more interesting on account of the contrast to the description of The Hights, written by Elbert Hubbard:

> Many years ago, soon after he had settled in his present home, I asked Joaquin where he lived. His reply came promptly:

"Three miles east, one mile perpendicular!" In that expression you have a graphic, symbolic statement of Joaquin's mental habitat. He lives nearer the rising sun than most people, and his normal dwelling place is "a mile perpendicular." His nest is on The Hights; his eye far-seeing, blue, prophetic, keen, kind; and his soul attuned when he sings to the harmony of the spheres.

Long after my first visit to him on The Hights, I asked him how it was that, with all his great love and desire to be with his fellows, he isolated himself on a mountain top. With tears in his eyes and the solemnity that comes only when a man is giving expression to the thoughts of his heart, he stopped, and looking me full in the face said: "I have always known that I was a poet and that God had messages that He wished me to deliver to men. I may not know all my own weaknesses, but I know some of them, and I knew that the only way I could listen uninterruptedly to the voice of God would be to come up here, or to some other remote spot, where I could hear the Divine Voice without interruption."

He has made The Hights as individualistic as is his own physical and mental appearance. The first thing he did was to plant a number of thousands of pine and fir trees, so that they form an immense cross that one can clearly see from the train as it passes through the valley miles away. Many of them he planted with his own hands and daily dug about them and watered them, carrying the water up the steep slopes, so that he became familiar with each tree. He then proceeded to build a pyramid to Moses, a tower in honor of Robert Browning, a monument to Frémont, and a funeral pyre.

Joaquin's well-known wish is that he shall be cremated here. He has written his own funeral address and has expressed the hope that all the people who care to will attend the ceremony, especially the school children. His undoubted thought is that his death should serve as a lesson to the world of his belief that

death is only a part of life, is a natural change, and is therefore not to be regarded as a matter for deep grieving, but for rejoicing at the improvement of the condition of the one who has passed on.

More than twenty years ago he brought his mother to The Hights, built a special cottage for her to live in, and thenceforth devoted his time and attention to making her last days happy and comfortable. They were a devoted couple—she, proud as a mother could possibly be of him, he, the same irrepressible joker and boyish jester he had ever been, always making her laugh at his antics and never so happy as when she seemed to forget her age and lived in the joyous present. Half the time she never knew whether to take him seriously or not, and I was often immensely amused when she took his greatest jokes as serious realities.

When he first went to The Hights he had great dreams of making it not only a refuge for indigent poets and writers, but also a place where homeless tramps of any character, or no character, could find at least a bed and simple fare. In his "Building of the City Beautiful"—which, by the way, is one of the most idealistic civic dreams ever penned, and which every believer in true progress should read and study—he clearly outlines his thoughts in regard to these matters. When it came to the practical carrying of them out, however, he found that the tramps stole his bedding and were actually too lazy to chop firewood, and destroyed his furniture for that purpose, so that he was compelled to abandon his altruistic endeavors. Indeed, some visitors made themselves so obnoxious that he put up a sign on his gate refusing general admission to everybody. Part of the sign quaintly intimates "There is nothing to see up here except down yonder."

But, if tramps and irresponsible visitors were excluded, his unbounded hospitality has never failed. Especially has he loved to have with him the poetic representatives of the "little brown

men of Japan." When Yone Noguchi first came to California from Japan the poet built a little addition to his own cottage that he might keep the poetic Japanese—his fervent soul struggling to find expression through the intricacies of the English tongue —under his constant and loving supervision. Many times have I occupied this room, dedicated to Yone. Its roof was of tin, and to the pattering of the rain on it one night I owe one of the most remarkable exhibitions of memory power it has ever been my good fortune to witness. On the occasion of this particular visit every room and bed in Joaquin's various cottages was engaged, and there was nothing for it but that I should sleep with the poet himself. No sooner was I stretched out comfortably by his side than it began to rain, and as the fierce pattering continued, Joaquin exclaimed, "Do you know what that pattering reminds me of?" He then began to quote passages from the Bible, Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Tasso, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, Cervantes, Lope de Vega Carpio, Hans Christian Andersen, Ibsen, Victor Hugo, Racine, Molière, and many English and American poets and writers. I made a list the following morning, as near as I could remember, and later on hunted up nearly two hundred of these quotations. One seemed to suggest another to the poet, and they came forth in a perfect string without either hesitation or delay.

Joaquin Miller always wanted to be a humorist, but his reputation was not greatly increased by his attempts at comedy. It did, however, add to his enchanting ability as a conversationalist. "Talk that I may see," said Socrates. Joaquin sparkled.

Joaquin Miller revealed in his face that he wanted to be a humorist in conversation. If he ever envied anyone, he envied Mark Twain for his wit and humor. A few hundred yards from his modest cathedral home he erected a

fountain and called it the "Fountain of Truth." He had a hidden faucet and could stop the beautiful spray of water at will. He enjoyed telling young people who sat at this fountain of truth that the water would cease as soon as one or the other told a lie. Many young men were embarrassed when they told their sweethearts that they loved them, and the beautiful spray of the fountain ceased to flow as if by magic. Another of his practical jokes was the song of the Rain Bear. He had the water pipes and sprays so fixed that he could produce a perfect imitation of rain. He loved to gather his visitors around his chapel home and chant the song of the Rain Bear, and the rain would pour down on them although the sun was shining, and he would rush out with umbrellas to protect them from his magical rain. He would ask his visitors this question: "Do you know why I built a bay window in my barn?" He would give the answer, "to match my bay horse." "Do you know why nature provided that little cataract?" And he would answer, "for my cats, of course." He also tried chicken raising. He would say, "I have named my hen-houses after one of the kings of England." "What king?" he would ask, and when you failed to answer he would say "King Henry" (Hennery).

Hamilton Mabie, the noted literary critic; George Sterling, the poet; and Ambrose Bierce, the satirist, always insisted, both in public print and in personal relationship with Joaquin Miller, that he was a liar. One Sunday morning I took a full page article from the San Francisco *Examiner,* written by Ambrose Bierce on Joa-

quin, showing his tendency to be and logically proving that he was the greatest liar this country had produced. I told Joaquin about the attack and I said "You should not read it." He replied, "Ambrose Bierce can't hurt my feelings. What is the article about?" I said, "Joaquin, Bierce has written a whole page to prove that you are a liar." "Then," he laughingly remarked, "Why take a whole page. I will admit I'm a liar in three words." Then he said quite seriously, "I am not a liar—I simply exaggerate the truth." In that last statement Joaquin Miller gave the real truth about himself as a poet and prose writer. He exaggerated the truth, but neither in his prose nor in his poetry would he color and beautify that which had no foundation in fact. There must be the substance of truth for his poem and his story.

He may not have fought with Walker in Nicaragua, but he knew Walker personally, and he and Mountain Joe were in the same part of the West Coast of Mexico in the early fifties when Walker was getting his men together to establish an independent republic. Mr. Hewitt of San Jacinto, who was with Walker in Nicaragua, invited Joaquin to visit him. This was in 1888, when Joaquin was my guest in San Diego.

Mr. Hewitt gave him an autograph of Walker and exchanged reminiscences of their experiences. One time Joaquin was asked the point-blank question: "Were you with Walker in Nicaragua?" And Miller made this reply: "Was Milton ever in hell?" Joaquin must have had very close and intimate association with the desert and the

tropical splendors of Mexico and the lands far to the south, or he could never have written "The Ship in the Desert" or "Walker in Nicaragua." I never knew him to lie, and his exaggeration of the truth, which he had admitted, was a very simple illustration of high-pressure salesmanship.

The hospitality of Joaquin Miller at The Hights will ever be remembered by those who were entertained by him. Elbert Hubbard wrote and published "A Little Journey to the Home of Joaquin Miller," and closed it with these words: "We crossed the stile and followed on down the winding pathway that ran through the grove of citron and orange trees." When Joaquin read these lines he complained bitterly and said: "Why did Hubbard lie? He could just as well have said olive and silver prune trees. I did have a few of them." He would have been satisfied if Hubbard had said there were hundreds of olive trees, because he did have a few, but to say orange trees, when there was not an orange tree on the place, annoyed him. He did not like a lie. Hamilton Mabie, the eminent literary critic, insisted that Joaquin always acted a lie, and that his limp and wounds were assumed, and that he was a deceitful poser. Mabie was not correct. Joaquin was a poser, but a natural one. His limp was due to a wound in the hip, and the long hair covered a scar on his neck. A stranger walked up to him in a hotel in Seattle, when he returned from the Klondike, pulled his hair aside, laid his finger on the scar, and said: "You are Joaquin Miller. I was in the battle of Castle Crags and pulled

out the arrow that made that scar." I personally saw the scar on the hip and knew that the slight limp was due to the old wound. Joaquin would not tell a lie, and neither would he act one.

The Hights was visited by thousands of people during his lifetime, and has now become a literary shrine. The city of Oakland has named one of its most attractive boulevards Joaquin Miller Road. Elbert Hubbard, who visited The Hights, published the following account under the title, "A Little Journey to the Home of Joaquin Miller":

We took the street car to the end of the line, and the conductor pointed to the road that led up the hill. "Take that road and sail on," he said, and smiled in a way that indicated he had sprung the allusion before and was pleased with it.

We followed the road up the hillside.* The day was one of God's own, done by hand, just to show what He could do. The sun was warm and bright; a gentle breeze, cool and refreshing, blew in with messages from the sea.

The road wound around the hill, and led upward by a gentle rise—back and forth, around and back, and soon we saw the roadway over which we had passed, a hundred feet below, with gardens between. Gardens everywhere! Gardens lined off with boxwood and fenced by nodding roses. Just above were orange and acacia trees, white with blossoms that showered their petals upon the passer-by

And still we climbed. Up and up by that gentle ascent, up and up and up we went. The air was full of perfume and drowsy with the hum of bees. Birds twittered in the thick foliage, and at a bend in the winding road we saw a flock of quail run-

* Benjamin Fay Mills, the celebrated preacher was with Hubbard.

ning ahead of us, and suddenly disappear among the masses of green.

* * * * * * *

"The collection will now be taken," came a deep bass voice from out the greeny gloom of the close-growing oaks.

We started, looked, and there on a seat not twenty feet away sat the poet. You could never mistake him—he looks like no other man on earth; personality surrounds him like an aura. We stared.

"Come here and sit down, you rogues," called the voice.

The poet did not arise—why should he? We had always known each other, though we had never met before. We shook hands and Ben and I took seats on the rustic bench beside him. Brudder lay on the grass at his feet, while Sandy renewed his interest in quail.

"Here I've been waiting an hour," said the poet. "I put on my Sunday clothes and came down to meet you, but I had about given you up. Ben said you were coming, but preachers are such damn liars. They talk Paradise and mansions in the skies and all kinds of things which they can never supply—I was afraid that you were not coming!" He arose. He is six feet high to an inch, and, in spite of his sixty-two summers, straight as Sandy and just as strong.

He stood off and talked to us. He knew we were admiring him—how could he help it! His white beard fell to his waist, and his mustaches were curled up savagely after the manner of Emperor William, while his wide sombrero was cocked carelessly to the northwest. His long yellow hair fell to his shoulders. The suit he wore was of yellow corduroy that matched his hair, and his russet-top boots, fringed at the side, matched the corduroys. The buttons on his coat were made of nuggets of Klondike gold; his belt was of buckskin with a big silver buckle, and between the bottom of his vest and the top of his trousers was a six-inch interregnum of blue flannel shirt. A bright red necktie

blew out from under the white beard; the trousers were caught over the ears of the dainty boots; one hand wore a gauntlet and its mate was carried in a small, white hand, upon the middle finger of which was an immense diamond.

* * * * * * *

Joaquin Miller is the most charming poseur on this terrestrial ball, but he has posed so long and so well that his poses have now become natural, so he is no longer a poseur.

* * * * * * *

The nearest cottage to the one occupied by the poet belongs to his mother, a Quaker-like old dame, ninety years young, who fully realizes that she is part of the exhibit.

There was a whispered conference between mother and son, and then the old lady asked, "Which one is it, did you say, that writes the 'Little Journeys'?" I saw I was being pointed out, and so I modestly scrutinized the surrounding landscape, while the old lady scrutinized me, walking around me twice. Then she sighed and remarked, "He doesn't look so very smart to me," and went on solemnly with her knitting. Later, we became good friends—the old lady and I—although I was conscious that I was being compared furtively with the son of his mother—much to my disadvantage.

"He is greater than Shakespeare," said the old lady to me once, confidentially—"only, do you know, he is such a fool that he is going to write his poems over, but he never does."

And then she explained how this son went off to the Klondike two years ago, and was now planning to go again. "But I've set down my foot! I found out about it and just put a stop to the whole business—the idea!" and the good mother sighed in a way that showed she had troubles of her own.

We stood by the stile, waving the final goodby. The old lady had come down, too. "He tears up the best things he writes," she said to me. "Now tell him he has no sense!"

"And if you should," said the son, "she would be the first one to dispute it."

"Thank heaven, I haven't another son like you!" was the answer, and the boy of three-score dodged the old lady's cane and said, "Don't worry, sweetheart, you never will!"

We crossed the stile and followed on down the winding pathway that ran through the grove of citron and orange trees. Looking up after five minutes walk, we saw the poet standing on a slightly jutting cliff just above, his arm around his mother. The old lady leaned over and called aloud to me, in a voice touched with falsetto, "Don't go to the Klondike—it is a fool idea!"

Joaquin Miller took a special delight in his Japanese students. Yone Noguchi, the poet, spent several years on The Hights, and made an intensive study of poetry. He was a realist with a keen imagination. In order to be in close touch with nature, one night, he slept in the canyon under a redwood tree. It rained during the night, and in the morning he brought Joaquin this poem:

> The beautiful high born rain,
> God's white rain,
> It falls to earth, it strikes,
> Oh, tragedy.

Joaquin never insisted that his students should work, and Yone Noguchi, though not of the working class, was very industrious. One night a polecat visited the house in which Joaquin slept. I was passing by the place the next morning, and Noguchi was scrubbing and hosing the front steps with great energy, and as he saw me he exclaimed, "Whew! what a memory that bird doth have." Noguchi lived at The Hights for three years. He is now

recognized as one of Japan's greatest poets, and for years was a teacher of English in the University of Tokio.

When at The Hights he was a frequent visitor at Moon Lodge, the home of Madge Morris. He had a courtesy, a charm, and an understanding heart. He loved Joaquin, and the poet had a great influence on his mental attitude. Noguchi did not try to imitate Miller in his style of writing or in his manner or methods. In fact, Joaquin was inimitable. Another prominent student of Joaquin was Kano, the Japanese philosopher and poet. He married Gertrude Boyle, the sculptress, and lived at The Hights for many years. He was a different type from Noguchi. Kano was not light brown in color, like Noguchi, but very dark. Noguchi was vivid, gay, sparkling, romantic, with a lightness and brightness of manner that was very pleasing. Kano was serious, morose, silent, introspective, sad. There was in his eyes the somberness and mystery of a wooden image of Buddha. Gertrude Boyle made a wonderful head of Mrs. Margaret Miller, a bust of Joaquin, a number of plaques, and other work. She met Kano and married him. Joaquin welcomed the bride with her Japanese husband on The Hights, and gave them the guest house, rent free. They lived on The Hights until they moved to Carmel-by-the-Sea. Gertrude Boyle, the talented sculptress, attractive in appearance and with cultured charm, was in odd contrast to her Japanese husband, with long black hair, dark skin, and with—to quote a long worn-out phrase because it fits him worthily—his philosophical mien. He certainly did not have the appear-

ance of a chrysanthemum grower or a picker of strawberries.

Ike Mossman is the same man who rode the Pony Express with him out of Idaho. He was a rough, queer little man who, homeless and in poverty, was given a great welcome by his old partner on The Hights. Joaquin treated him very generously. Unfortunately, Mossman was not well, and Joaquin objected to having sick people about him. He would say dramatically: "The Hights is no place for a hospital." However, he shared his home, his purse, and his time with his old partner of the Pony Express.

There were no wild parties staged at The Hights. Joaquin objected to noise. He loved the silences, parties of two in the moonlight, or wandering over his hills and down in the deep shadows like unto midnight in the canyon. There were occasions, however, that the chain of life was broken and the links were scattered all about. I climbed up to The Hights one Sunday afternoon, and as I came to the bend in the road I got the perfume of the wild oats and the spring flowers. I heard a deep gutteral voice with a delightful English accent say, "I am Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews." I looked down the embankment and there was a well-known English artist rolling in the wild oats, pulling up a bunch here and there, chewing it, and crying out, "I am Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews," and then turning to graze like the beasts of the field. Joaquin had given him too much of his liquor and wine. This noted English artist, in spite of the

wild oat incident, was always a gentleman, and even when Joaquin's mixture of liquors was too much for him, he felt he was no ordinary man, but a king.

When I arrived at The Hights I found Joaquin and W. V. Bryan, the editor and publisher of the *Traveler,* a paper that has ceased publication, but on account of its careful editorial and art work deserves a permanent place in the field of class publications. The two men were in a happy and religious state of exhilaration and were trying to read the Bible. Bryan would read, "And his neck was closed with thunner." Joaquin would interrupt and say, "Not with thunner, but with thunner." Their tongues were so thick that neither Joaquin nor Bryan could articulate the word "thunder" correctly.

In the years that I knew Joaquin intimately I never saw, but this once, that his worship at the shrine of Bacchus brought him either physical or mental incapacity.

He was invited to speak in a church at Livermore, Cal. The club of women who had charge of the affair mistook his picturesque style of talking as an evidence of intoxication. And again at the State Teachers College at Chico, Cal., there were some people who interpreted his speech and flights of fancy, his curious moods, and an abruptness of speech, as indications of having over-indulged in strong drink. They were in error. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Bidwell for dinner, and he respected the temperance views of his host and hostess, and his informal, unconventional manner was misinterpreted by the people of Chico.

Joaquin did drink, but he was not a drunkard. He was not a periodical drinker like Edgar Allen Poe, nor would he submerge his ego in a two weeks' forgetfulness like James Whitcomb Riley. He drank like a gentleman. He could not be persuaded to take a drink before noon, but from twelve o'clock to three o'clock and before dinner, he would enjoy immensely straight high-proof whisky. Then he would work at planting trees, building stone fences, making hay, or other seasonal work, until the perspiration would roll off him. He would then "wash up" and dine like a gentleman with a ravenous appetite. He never wrote under the influence of liquor. He always wrote in the morning when his mind had no physical stimuli and his other self was dominant. Joaquin's guests were not always students or old pals.

He was sent from The Hights as a special commissioner of the *Examiner* to interview Chris Evans, the notorious train robber and bandit, of Sontag and Evans fame. Evans was in hiding in the Sierras between Mount Whitney and the foothills. He wrote an entire page of his adventure with accurate description of the landscape, sympathetic interviews with Mrs. Chris Evans and the daughters, and what Joaquin insisted was a true story of his interview with Evans, the train robber. Whether he actually saw Chris Evans or not is of no great importance. He did write an interesting story, and invited the Evans family to live in the guest house at The Hights, after the train robber had been captured and sentenced for life in the Folsom penitentiary.

This was the only time that he slipped back to the days of Joaquin Murietta and to his association with men of the bandit and renegade type in the Shasta region. He never wrote or talked much about the Evans family as his guests. And I doubt if he enjoyed his association with Mrs. Evans and her daughters. He never even mentioned the fact that the Evans family took care of his two sons for several years in Portland, Oregon. Joaquin paid fifty dollars per month for their board and care.

The Hights as a picturesque home for the poet was a success; but as a place to produce an income it was a failure. Mrs. Stevenson and her son located on The Hights and for several years paid Joaquin a very good sum for ground rent. The Civil War veteran, Mr. Darling, and his wife, Mrs. Darling, paid him for two acres of land. Edwin Markham, the poet, paid him several hundred dollars for a home site that he never used. The fruit trees, especially the prunes, produced good crops, but not in commercial quantities. He raised violets for several seasons, but took a delight in showing a dime that he fastened up beside his tax receipts. He would brag about the dime as a total income in his adventure in the growing of violets. He usually gave away his flowers to those who made pilgrimages to The Hights.

When Joaquin first purchased The Hights I was invited to make my home on a part of the land which I might select. It was his plan to have a colony of friends locate near. It was not until 1895, after my experience in San Diego, that I located on The Hights. I had the

unique experience of being paid to move with the *Golden Era* from San Francisco to San Diego in 1887.

The citizens of that boom city gave me five thousand dollars cash in advance, as a bonus, to become publisher of a literary paper in the land—

> Where first on California's soil
> Cabrillo walked the lonesome sands;
> Where first the Christian standard rose
> Upon the sea-washed Western lands,
> And Junipero Serra first
> Laid loving hands.

The plan was not a success, for when I began boosting publicity, as it is now called by promotors, the city had thirty thousand population. In seven years, when I moved to The Hights, the population had decreased to less than fifteen thousand.

Joaquin spent considerable time with me at San Diego. He wrote "Dawn at San Diego," "The Perfumed Night," and "The Larger College." The latter poem was written for the dedication of a new college at Pacific Beach which I and several associates built. He was paid two hundred dollars for this poem. He also helped in the planting of forty thousand trees in the school grounds in San Diego County.

While Joaquin was our house guest in 1892, Oscar Straus, of New York, formerly Ambassador to Turkey under Cleveland's administration, was stopping at Hotel Del Coronado. He invited Joaquin and me to dine with him at the Coronado. Joaquin had met both Oscar Straus and his wife in Europe, and before the greetings were over

Joaquin said: "Tell me about your beautiful wife and your experience in Constantinople. Did she enjoy the social affairs in connection with the embassy?" Mr. Straus then told us the following story:

I secured an invitation to the annual ball of the Sultan, in which all of the ladies of the harem attended masked. During the evening I was dancing, and my partner seemed familiar. I pressed her hand gently, and she returned the pressure. I proposed that we make an appointment, and she very timidily replied, "If the Sultan discovered us he would have us sacked and thrown into the Bosphorus." I gallantly replied, "I will take the risk for one with eyes so beautiful as yours!" When I arrived at my residence I found Mrs. Straus in tears—yes, almost in hysterics—as she cried, "Oh, Oscar, Oscar, how could you!" I was entirely nonplussed for a while, and then it dawned on me that my wife had gone to the ball, without my knowledge, and that she was the lady in disguise who had responded so timidly to my advances, and I answered: "Why darling, I knew all the time it was you." While I had some trouble in convincing her, she has always believed that I knew; but it taught me to be more careful in the future of dark-eyed ladies at masquerade balls."

Standing on his front-door steps one day, Joaquin made a great sweep of his arm and said: "Select a half acre and it is yours for a home. Build and live here." I built Moon Lodge on the ground selected, and without any formal business agreement, I became his financial agent. Those were pleasant days. Joaquin was never interested in any details. He was always responsive, and we never had even an approach to a quarrel or misunderstanding except once. Count Perhacs, the Hungarian artist, had been invited to The Hights by Joaquin. The artist was painting a canvas

of the battle of San Juan Hill, with Theodore Roosevelt in the foreground. The canvas was at least forty by twenty feet, and it was painted out of doors.

Count Perhacs was occupying Moon Lodge, and on account of his requesting some young girls to pose in the nude he and Joaquin quarreled and he was ordered off The Hights. Perhacs came down to San Francisco and made me an offer on Moon Lodge, which I accepted. However, before I consented to sell, I asked him the direct question, "Are you and Joaquin friends? I do not want to sell at any price to anyone that would not be satisfactory to Joaquin." He said: "Yes, we are friends. We did have some differences, but we are good friends now." When Joaquin heard that I sold Moon Lodge he rushed down from The Hights to my office in San Francisco, and at once forbade the sale. I tried to explain. There was no use. I explained the nature of the contract. He would not understand. I finally sent back the money to Count Perhacs. Joaquin purchased Moon Lodge from me, and he in turn sold it to Alfred J. W. Waterhouse, the poet. Joaquin finally induced Count Perhacs to leave The Hights.

In one of my conferences with Joaquin on The Hights I suggested that he write a biography of United States Senator Clark of Montana, or of Andrew Carnegie. Clark was under fire, but I knew that he had certain traits of character that appealed to Joaquin. Joaquin said: "No, I cannot write to order a biography of Senator Clark, but I could write one of Andrew Carnegie. He is the type of

man I like." And Joaquin quoted this poem that he wrote to be read at a banquet in New York in honor of Carnegie:

Hail, fat King Ned,
Hail, fighting Ted,
Grand William,
Grim Oom Paul!
But I'd rather twist
Carnegie's wrist,
That open hand in this,
Than shake hands with ye all.

This poem was the occasion of a very interesting incident at Skibo Castle as told by Lord Guthrie, the Scottish judge. It was reported that Carnegie received King Edward with the salutation, "Hail, fat King Eddy." Lord Guthrie tells what the story is based on, as follows:

At Dunrobin, not at Skibo, his late majesty asked Mr. Carnegie to tell him about a great banquet given in Mr. Carnegie's honor at Pittsburgh. Carnegie mentioned that Joaquin Miller, the American poet, had recited a poem in which he made free with Carnegie's own name and with the names of many much more illustrious persons.

The King asked: "What did Miller say about me?"

Carnegie replied that he was afraid the poet's reference had not been very respectful.

"What was it?" said his majesty, and he laughed heartily when Carnegie had to admit that King Edward had been referred to as "fat King Ned."

Carnegie had invited Joaquin to be his guest at Skibo Castle. I wanted him to accept, but he did not want to return to Europe. His great success in the early seventies could not be duplicated, and he did not want a warmed-

over reception. However, he undertook to write a biography of Carnegie, but unfortunately did not live to complete it.

Doubleday, Page & Co., the New York publishers, placed on the market a very comprehensive volume on Carnegie's life that acted as a deterrent on Joaquin's interest.

However, he published a few chapters of the proposed biography in the *Overland Monthly,* and sent copies to Carnegie. After Joaquin's health failed, and he was an invalid on The Hights, I wrote a personal letter to Andrew Carnegie, stating that I thought the manuscript that Joaquin had written might be of value to some collectors and suggested that he purchase the manuscript, and that any remuneration he would send at the time to Joaquin would have double value. Andrew Carnegie wrote back that Joaquin had been on his private pension list for some years at $900 per annum, and that he would be very glad to receive the manuscript. I was greatly surprised at the answer, as I had suggested that some of our rich men be approached to create a fund for poets and artists, and Joaquin indignantly resented it.

Theodore Roosevelt, who quoted Joaquin's poetry frequently, was always admired greatly by Joaquin. Joaquin wrote a logical argument at one time, proving that Roosevelt was entitled to another term as President of the United States. He gave me this manuscript, as it had no current value, the time for its publication having passed. I sent it to Roosevelt a few years before his death. He wrote a very

Rooseveltian letter in appreciation. While Joaquin always had sufficient income to pay his taxes and his necessary bills, he never had a large surplus in his later years in California. He always wanted to give The Hights to the city of Oakland for a children's playground. The heirs sold it for thirty-three thousand dollars, and the widow and daughter continue to live on the grounds. It is open to the public, and thousands of people make pilgrimages to the place that tells the story of his life from 1887 to 1913.

As time goes on the name of Joaquin Miller will be connected in legend and story with the hills from which you can view fourteen cities and realize the poetic value of the following lines:

Steep below me lies the valley,
  Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
  And the world walks up and down.

Oh, the sea of lights far streaming,
  When the thousand flags are furled,
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
  As it duplicates the world!

Henry Meade Bland, the poet laureate of California, gives in the following letter a vivid and true picture of his life on The Hights:

It was in July, 1903, you sent me a letter to your life-long friend, the poet, Joaquin Miller. This I immediately took, my first free Saturday, and made a pilgrimage to The Hights. I had sent your letter ahead so he knew I was coming.

Dinner was prepared when I arrived. The best of bread, the

best of butter, plenty of milk and coffee made up the most of the meal. There was much talk.

I had said I had "mosied" up the mountain. Joaquin immediately asked if I knew the origin of the word I used. Well, he said, the children of Israel mosied forty years through the wilderness to get to the happy land of Canaan. Grandma Miller occasionally put in a word, but didn't say much.

After lunch we went to the chapel and I looked around at the multitude of pictures and clippings and souvenirs. A double-barreled shotgun, old-fashioned muzzle loader, capped and loaded, leaned on the wall—rather dangerous, I thought. On the tables were copies of Roswell B. Flower's magazine, the *Arena*. It had in it an article by the poet, "The Little Brown Men of the Nippon." He took a large goose feather from a glass on the table and wrote in a heavy broad hand "With love to you and yours, Joaquin Miller," across the page of the magazine.

After a short stay in the chapel, we stepped outside, and as I looked at Joaquin he appeared to be very tall and stately and to impersonate the very spirit of what I thought a poet ought to be. His beard was long and gray, his mustache very heavy, but exactly after the style of those times, waxed and curled. His hair was white and hung in curls about his neck. He had on a brown sombrero and his famous high-heeled cowboy boots, into which his pants were tucked. He stood in front of the chapel and looked out over the bay and improvised a line of poetry.

> Afar the seas were blue and white
> With ship and sail in grace and light.

I am not sure that this is the exact wording, because when I got home I had to recall from memory what he had said. Nevertheless, I have found that these two lines are in spirit with what Joaquin had often said about the mild waters of the San Francisco Bay. This was the beginning of an acquaintance which lasted to the scattering of the poet's dust over the funeral pyre at The Hights.

Not long after that, on my invitation, the poet came to San Jose to speak at a meeting of the California State Teachers Association. At that time I was conducting a literary section which was known as the Pacific Short Story Club, and Miller was to deliver a lecture at the meeting. As was expected, a fairly good audience came to hear him. The main room of the meeting place was assigned to us for this particular occasion. As a matter of fact, all other sections of the state association adjourned and came in to hear the poet, and truly he held the attention of his audience from the first to the end by the marvelous way in which he interpreted his great theme.

Miller remained in San Jose for several days, being my guest at my home at 930 Heading Street. There were several interviews in the newspapers from him, in one of which he said that he had contemplated removing from Fruitvale and coming to live in San Jose. This, of course, was a bit of the poet's humor. He could not have been taken away from The Hights with the strongest machinery one might have used.

Later on at the college he became the guest of the Pacific Short Story Club, and at this time read from his poems to nearly one hundred specially invited guests, including the faculty and members of the club. He read his great poem "Columbus" with wonderful effect. He also repeated "The Voice of the Dove," singing the refrain in his usually very plaintive manner. "The Fortunate Isles" was the third of his poems given this time and commented upon by him as being a favorite among the British people.

This meeting of the Short Story Club was held at the San Jose State Teachers College, and Joaquin appeared for a few minutes before the college assembly the day after the banquet, and recited "To Those Who Fail."

About this time the Short Story Club made its first pilgrimage to Miller's home at The Hights, back of Oakland. They went to the number of more than one hundred in a special train and

spent the day at The Hights, being entertained by Miller, who took them around to show them the various monuments. These pilgrimages were continued from year to year in the springtime when the poppies were in bloom, as Miller said, and they continued down to the last year of his life—even when he was an invalid—when all he could do was sit in his chair and see the students pass by in line greeting him.

I remember one time he was profoundly impressed by the numbers that came, and it happened in walking up the two miles from Fruitvale the students strung out, those walking more slowly dropped behind, and when, therefore, the first of the visitors began to arrive there were only two or three. Joaquin was sitting in his chair in the sun at the cottage, now known as the Juanita Cottage. He greeted the two or three that arrived, then a few more sauntered up the trail, and then more and more until after about half an hour's time the entire foreground of the cottage was swarming with excited and interested students. "Will the caravan ever end?" Joaquin said as the last groups put in appearance. He was too feeble for many to hear him, but he recited "Columbus" and "The Voice of the Dove" to the immediate circle and those who were further away knew well enough what he was saying because most of the students knew by heart these remarkable poems.

It was in the middle of the year 1910, for the period of six months, that the writer of these lines took up his residence with his family in the little house long familiarly known as the Willow Cottage. During this remarkable six months there were many, many conversations with the great poet upon the varying phases of poetic achievement. Joaquin lent himself willingly as an interpreter. It seemed to the writer to be the case of an opportunity in which the younger poet sat at the feet of the elder poet.

During this time I was a free-lance in literary matters and wrote much critical prose as well as many poems, some of them

fragmentary, but destined to become the basis of much further work.

That remarkable genius, Gertrude Boyle, was a member of the circle then at The Hights. Herbert Bashford often came, and there was a constant journeying of lesser lights desiring to get a touch of the poet's inspiration.

Here is an excerpt of Joaquin's own story of life and teaching on The Hights:

And now, what is taught here, and how, and when? Frankly and truly, nothing, or almost nothing, is taught, and hardly any time is given to the students. It is all in the atmosphere or sense of peace. There simply are three or four tenets or principles of life insisted upon. The first of these is that man is good. This admits of no debate. Sit down a little time as you stumble headlong in the dust up and down the steeps of life—steeps of your own making or imagining, as a rule—and wait for the stars, or the moon, or the morning. You will then see that all the world is beautiful, beautiful—magnificently beautiful. And meantime get a little acquainted with your own soul. You will find that you are better—a great deal better—than you believed, as you stumbled so hurriedly and so blindly along in the dust, looking all the time down in the dirt for money. You will also find that those about you are better, vastly better, than you believed.

No debating of any sort is allowed. See what a saving of time! If I could divert the time that is wasted in idle dispute for ten years into a right direction, I could make an Eden in any country. I simply say to my students, "There is not a man or woman with the breath of God in his or her nostrils who is not good or trying to be good according to their strength and light. It is your privilege and duty, with your better culture and opportunities, to give light and light continually, and not so much by word as by deed—not by the letter which killeth—but by the spirit which maketh alive."

The truth is, there is a great deal more good in the world than it has credit for. I doubt if there is a home, never so poor, but has some little unseen altar on which is daily, almost hourly, laid some little sweet sacrifice, some little touch of pity and tenderness for the poor pale mother, the weary, worn father, the little sick baby. It is our place to give them more and more love to lay on the unseen altar, more light, more light; so that they may have more heart, hope, strength. The second lesson after the love of man is the love of nature. As there is no entirely bad man in his right mind on earth, so there is no entirely ugly thing in nature.

And what am I going to do with this domain that has thus grown to be of some interest and importance in the last quarter of a century? Well, there is an orphanage close by. Why not leave it to the little people who have no parents, as a sort of big playground? And then why not leave it to big rich people who rarely see a tree or landscape except through costly pictures or their parlor walls?

There was a great picture gallery over in the city before the fire, and there was a sign over the gate reading "No children admitted without their parents." It struck me when I first saw that sign that if I ever got my grounds in perfect condition I should like to open them to the public, with this sign on the gatepost—"No parents admitted without their children."

On a beautiful day, September 9, 1928, the Native Sons of the Golden West and many friends and admirers of the poet assembled in front of the rustic structure called The Abbey to witness the dedication and unveiling of a memorial tablet. Honorable Joseph R. Knowland and Mayor Davie were the principal speakers. Mrs. Abbie Leland Miller and Juanita, the daughter, were present. The tablet bore the following inscription:

Joaquin Miller

Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, resided on these acres named by him "The Hights" from 1886 to 1913. In this building known as The Abbey he wrote "Columbus" and other poems. The surrounding trees were planted by him and he personally built on the eminence to the north, the funeral pyre, and the monument dedicated to Moses, General John C. Frémont, and Robert Browning. The Hights was purchased by the city of Oakland in 1919. Tablet erected by the Historical Landmarks Committee, Native Sons of the Golden West, September 9, 1928.

Platform Experiences

In January, 1897, Joaquin Miller came down from The Hights and said: " 'The time has come' the Walrus said, 'to talk of many things, of Cabbages and kings!' " "What's up," I said, and he replied, "The President elect of the United States, William McKinley, has never seen the Sierras. He cannot come West. We must take the Sierras to him." So we arranged for a series of stereopticon pictures showing the Sierras from Mount McKinley in Alaska to Popocatepetl in Mexico. San Antonio, New Orleans, Mobile, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Cleveland were important points in our itinerary. While at San Antonio we visited the Alamo, and standing on the spot where the brave pioneers died, the inspiration came to him for the poem, "The Alamo," which was published in the *Youths Companion*. In New Orleans he was very popular and gave five talks, including one at the High School, the Tulane University, the Colored University, and Sophie Wright's School.

In the lobby of the St. Charles Hotel he met Robert Roosevelt of New York, an uncle of Theodore Roosevelt, who had been kind to his daughter Maud in Paris. The two men embraced and saluted each other on the cheek in foreign custom to the surprise and interest of the people in the lobby. The meeting of Joaquin and Sousa in the lobby of the same hotel was equally demonstrative. Sousa and his band were playing a musical version of "Colum-

bus." At Mobile an audience of four hundred were present to hear him. Something went wrong with the stereopticon when about half of the pictures were shown. The audience was in the dark. I went forward and asked Joaquin to recite "Columbus" and some of his other poems. He did so. The audience thought it was a part of the regular performance. Joaquin was at his best. The darkness gave emphasis to the piercing mellowness of his voice, bringing out the beautiful imagery of his poetry. It was dramatic. The audience was delighted, and never knew and never cared that only half of the picture program was given.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, we were the guests of Reverend E. R. Wagner, Ph.D., at 1104 Draper Street. Joaquin enjoyed the hospitality of the modest home for several weeks as much as he did the guest chamber of Lord Houghton's Manor in England. He often spoke of the charming hostess, Mrs. Dora Wagner. It was while he was a guest at Reverend Doctor Wagner's home that he received the following unique letter from James Whitcomb Riley:

January 23, 1897.

Joaquin Miller, My dear friend: Your good word of yesterday almost takes away a fellow's breath. To think you are so near and yet denied me, as I'm just packing for a pasear north—Chicago, then St. Paul, and Minneapolis—rounding in here again about the sixth or seventh of next month; in the meantime, where under the stars will you have shifted? I pray not beyond my yearning reach, as I so want to see you—grasp your hand hungrily, and so hold on for some few hurrying centuries. Ah! but

I want to hear you saying things—as God prompts you—all thoughts and guise of speech supernally, sententiously, and first hand.

In this morning's Cincinnati papers, I see announced your Monday evening lecture at St. Paul's Lutheran Church. Would it were possible for me to hear you there, but I must be resigned to the inevitable for yet a little space. I am nursing the determined hope of seeing you yet during your stay in this region (where you are it to this particular West). You naturally belong—even as the long-vanished blessed pioneer babe to its sugar-trough cradle. Therefore, greeting and salutation till we meet, and if you care, give me earliest line, care "The Ontario," State and Ontario streets, Chicago. As ever your grateful, affectionate, and abiding friend, JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

He was booked to deliver his talk on "Lessons Not Found in Books" before the students of the University of Cincinnati. Dean Phillip Van Ness Myers, the Myers who wrote "Myers's Ancient History," presided. The beautiful snow was drifting carelessly against the windows. A thousand students were waiting for the poet to begin. He was looking at the snow flakes; then dramatically he flung out his arms and said, "Have you seen the treasures of the snow?" He forgot "Lessons Not Found in Books," and enraptured, he gave a most inspiring talk about the snow, ending with

> Man's books are but man's alphabet,
> On and on his lessons lie.
> The lesson of the violet
> And the large gold letters of the sky.

At the close of the lecture an old, old man, who was pitifully old, walked up the center aisle and said, "I must

speak to Mr. Miller." It was Weber, the great American artist, whose pictures were accepted and praised in the art salons of Paris. Weber said, "Joaquin, I must paint your picture. I have never seen a more divinely inspired face than that of yours when speaking of the treasures of the snow." Joaquin canceled his dates, and for two weeks patiently posed for the artist. The oil portrait of Joaquin is now the property of the University of Cincinnati.

We were invited to dinner by Mr. Whepley, a gentle and sweet soul, the city librarian of Cincinnati, who was noted for entertaining celebrities. His home was out on the hills, many blocks from a street car line. The poet and I walked through the drifting snow. We had a good appetite when we arrived. Joaquin never carried a flask in his hip pocket, and he was both thirsty and hungry. Mr. and Mrs. Whepley, with good intentioned hospitality, showed us the spinning wheel from the home of Alice and Phoebe Carey, the poets, who had lived in the neighborhood, and then autographs and words of appreciation from Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Sir Henry Irving, Francis Wilson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and many others who had enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of the Whepleys. I noticed that Joaquin was restless. We were delighted when dinner was served. It consisted of a very light and delicate soup, a small bird, tea and floating island for desert. Joaquin ate the bird in one mouthful and would not touch either the floating island or tea. He had always made fun of the women who served tea and floating island, but the Whepleys were

eager to show their albums, guest books, letters, and other mementos of previous guests.

Joaquin hurried away, and as we walked back through the snow I said, "Joaquin, how did you like the dinner?" and he said, "Do not be impolite! That was no dinner to talk about." Then he added, "Do you know where we can get a big steak smothered in onions?" At 10 p. m. we dined.

He never referred to the Whepley dinner again. He really was quite polite in social relationships, although there are many who called him rude.

On our way to Cleveland and Canton, Ohio, we stopped at Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio. It was at this institution that I read, "The Songs of the Sierras," and the desire was created in my mind to see the Pacific Coast and to be identified with its development. Joaquin gave a new and original version of "Lessons Not Found in Books" to the students.

The *Wittenberger,* the college paper, made a typical report of his talk. He was always well received, whether in the miners' camp, in ancient European castles, in classic halls of learning, or the modern drawing-room. The editor said, "Students, professors, and cultured people from the city listened with rapture to the world-famed Poet of the Sierras." His long beard and flowing hair gave him a patrician appearance. His tender, simple nature beamed from his countenance. "Lessons Not Found in Books" was very interesting and impressive. He left a number of helpful suggestions. One of these is, "Small

men use large words,"—"Large men use small words." The audience was delighted to have had the opportunity to hear this cultured man.

In Cleveland we were joined by Mr. Holland, the owner of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and of the Hollander Hotel. He went with us to Canton, Ohio, to see President McKinley. During the entire journey, which required several hours, these two old sinners discussed the immortality of the soul. I listened in. The conversation was as impressive as a modern theological discourse. When we arrived at McKinley's home in Canton we found many men and women waiting on the porches and in the front room of the very plain two-story house where McKinley lived. We were taken in through the back door and through the kitchen to the small room which McKinley was using for his private interviews. He saluted the poet cordially, placed his hand on Holland's shoulder, and commented on the fact that they were still friends though Holland's paper was a free silver, Bryan paper. Holland said, "You know, Mr. McKinley, that you believe in free silver just as I do, but you were compelled to run on a gold platform by New York bankers. Joaquin Miller then told the President-elect of the kindly feeling for him in the South and far West.

Mr. McKinley, who was not noted as a story teller, then told the story of how he was very nervous about his reception in the South on account of the Force Bill. The people of New Orleans were especially bitter against the Republican party on its record on the law which gave

armed force at the polls in order to insure the negroes the privilege of voting. He said, "I was escorted to the center of the ring where Corbett and Sullivan had their big fight. The audience was cold, and I started to explain the benefits of the tariff to the people of the South, when a man yelled out, 'What about the Force Bill?' I replied, 'We are more interested in our board bill than we are in the Force Bill,' and from that time on I had the audience with me." We showed McKinley pictures of the Sierras. Joaquin called on McKinley's aged mother, and wrote for the San Francisco *Examiner,* and other journals, a full page tribute to her.

We returned to Cleveland. President Thwing introduced Joaquin to the students of the Western Reserve University where he gave his talk on "Lessons Not Found in Books," which was favorably received.

At Indianapolis, the high school students arranged for his appearance. James Whitcomb Riley met him at the station. I was interested to know whether the average commonplace form of greeting would take place. Well, it was different. Riley placed his hand on Joaquin's shoulder and the two walked the several blocks to the hotel in silence. Words of greeting were not necessary. They knew and understood. In the afternoon they were invited to appear before the legislature. It was in the closing hours of the session. The Governor called the members of both branches of the legislature together. It was a very distinctive honor. These two popular poets, the one who represented the heart of the child, and Joaquin who

represented the great heart of nature were both born in Indiana.

When Joaquin was introduced he said, "I want to thank you for this welcome to my home-coming. This is my state. My people are buried here, and my grandfather fell while fighting under the first Harrison. The people are of my blood, and I thank you most heartily again. This is the first time I have set foot in this Capitol, and when I see the way you have carried forward your literary men to triumph, I am thankful that it is my state. The lady of liberty that mounts your soldiers' monument reminds me that men of war are the men who love peace, and none are more peaceful than my men of the mountains who sleep upon their arms.

He pointed to the statue that represented the heroes of the Civil War, and with dramatic power told the story of the heroes of peace, closing with "The Bravest Battle Ever Fought."

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
  Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
  It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
  With sword or braver pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
  From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a woman's walled-up heart—
  Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part—
  Lo! there in that battle-field.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave;
And oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

Riley was called on but he was too shy to come out of his hiding place in one of the cloakrooms. Joaquin later said to him, "Why the shyness? I understood that you would appear on the platform and recite your poems successfully to thousands of people." "That's all right Joaquin, but I have to get drunk and keep drunk two weeks before I begin a tour, and then two weeks after the tour is over. Here is an invitation offering me two hundred dollars for one night in Louisville, but I cannot accept because it is not worth getting drunk for two weeks just to fill a one-night engagement."

The lecture by Joaquin was to be held in the old Plymouth church where Henry Ward Beecher preached before he became pastor of the Brooklyn Plymouth church. Riley was to make the speech of introduction. The three of us were sitting in the pastor's study waiting for the audience to assemble. The lights were off. The silence was oppressive, when Joaquin said "Jim, why did you never marry?" and Riley said "Listen," and in the dark, with a sweet pathos in his voice, he recited, "Her Beautiful, White Hands," as follows:

O your hands—they are strangely fair!
Fair—for the jewels that sparkle there,—
Fair—for the witchery of the spell
That ivory keys alone can tell;
But when their delicate touches rest
Here in my own do I love them best,
As I clasp with eager, acquisitive spans
My glorious treasure of beautiful hands!

Marvelous—wonderful—beautiful hands!
They can coax roses to bloom in the strands
Of your brown tresses; and ribbons will twine,
Under mysterious touches of thine,
Into such knots as entangle the soul
And fetter the heart under such a control
As only the strength of my love understands—
My passionate love for your beautiful hands.

As I remember the first fair touch
Of those beautiful hands that I love so much,
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled,
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled—
When I met your gaze, and the queenly bow,
As you said to me, laughingly, "keep it now!" . . .
And dazed and alone in a dream I stand,
Kissing this ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved, in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so—
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss
And said "I could die for a hand like this!"
Little I dreamed love's fullness yet
Had to ripen when my eyes were wet
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

. . . . . .

Beautiful Hands!—O Beautiful Hands!
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering, and give me, tonight,
Only a touch—were it ever so light—
My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
Would lull itself into rest again;
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

Permission to use this poem granted by Bobbs Merrill & Co., publishers of James Whitcomb Riley's poems.

Riley paid Joaquin a high tribute in the introduction and recognized him as a kindred poet.

Enthusiastic love and pride for one's own country is, of course, natural to the citizen of any nation, whether he be happily a home dweller or unhappily an alien. But, of all nationalities, there seems to be a little warmer love and a little higher pride in our feelings for this lovely land of ours—America. It may be that this excess of love and pride is occasioned by our country's comparative youthfulness. Our yet young years may not have quite freed us from the over-sentimental and susceptible characteristics peculiar to the callow age. Small matter if indeed our love and glory be a fault since we are only conscious of it as a blessing. With reverential joy, therefore, we yield ourselves to this most fervid spirit of homelove and loyalty. Since the mother country gave us up as incorrigible and we were made to depend upon our own resources, we have likewise been largely forced to depend upon our own appreciation. So, a nation of willfully determined patriots, we impetuously love and glorify our country—all its home-wrought laws and institutions, all its heroic founders and preservers of the past, all its vast peoples and wise leaders of the golden age of now.

Steadfastly, too, with our growth physical, we feel that we have been growing intellectually—spiritually—ideally. On this new

soil immortals have been bred—great rulers, statesmen, orators; great teachers, scientists, historians; great painters—not many of these latter, but a sacred few. Longfellow's voice will lead the chorus worshipfully, nobly, grandly; and then, in easy call of his inspiring utterance, the bugle-ringing note of the truest American voice that has yet thrilled the echoes of our wild, free land, and awakened, too, the admiration and acclaim of the old world—the voice of the native singer, all untaught of schools, who dared sing as he felt, and in the dazzling fire of whose song the sneering critics' light went sputtering out like a wet match.

> Well! who shall lay hand on my harp but me,
> Or shall chide my song from the sounding trees?
> The passionate sun and resolute sea,
> These were masters, and only these.
>
> These were my masters, and only these;
> And these from the first I obeyed, and they
> Shall command me now, and I shall obey
> As a dutiful child that is proud to please.

No marvel that our country is proud of this proud child of hers—this restless, wandering child of hers, who in all lands has sung her dawning glory and his own changeless loyalty to her. This singer, out of the new wilderness, with rapt face set to seaward and the old world shrines, and hailed and welcomed there at the kindred hands and hearts of William Morris, Browning, the Rossettis, Ruskin, Carlyle, George Eliot, and the master—Alfred Tennyson. The old world's welcome to the new world's seer and his melodious message.

With all the world's pride in him, even as his native land's, what is our own pride in him here today in Indiana, his native state, as it is yours and mine? Our proudest, halest greeting at this home-coming of our fellow-citizen, Joaquin Miller.

The following report of his address appeared in the Indianapolis *Journal:*

Mr. Miller was warmly greeted. It was a simple and gentle gospel which this disciple of the mountain peaks delivered to his class of students. There were men and women before him noted in letters and law, but they were all children in the "Lessons Not Found in Books," which he gave them. The teacher of teachers taught only of the lilies of the field, and the lessons are as fresh today as they were then. Mr. Miller said, "I was an old teacher, as was my father before me at Liberty,"—and when he said Liberty he meant the little station not so many miles from the Hoosier capital. Mr. Miller has a class "of little brown men out where the sun goes down," students who are natives of Japan, and four of them fought in the recent Japanese–Chinese war. One of his students is noted as a poet. The lessons not in books which he gave last night are the ones which he gives to these little brown men. The first lesson is a requirement of silence, "and I have some women in the class," said he. "We throw away our time like princes; we talk too much; life is short and talk is long; consider how much we save by silence. We have some teachers and will have some literature when we put aside our great lumbering English." He advocates the use of Saxon words. There are 7000 different words in the Bible. From these few the speaker mentioned the growth of dictionaries until the latest, which has 300,000. He feared the people would be drowned, as were the Japanese in their book of a half million words. Mr. Miller quoted some lines from Burns in which there were only one-syllable words. He pleaded for simplicity of language, not only short words, but brevity of speech. In a little tribute he said: "I recall to you one who has been going cross lots through the orchard, if you please," and as he spoke he pointed to Mr. Riley, who had taken a seat in the audience, and the audience testified its appreciation of the compliment to its chosen poet.

"If you have a good, meaty thought, do not polish it up like a doorplate or dress it in swallowtail or low neck; it will catch cold and die," he continued. The second lesson is time-saving in fric-

tion. He asks this question of his class in the West: "Do you believe in the immortality of man, or are you willing to be blown out like a candle into everlasting blackness?" The Indian believes that his life will be continued just where it left off in its highest state here. Mr. Miller thought that the reasons there were suicides was because men have not faith. The third lesson is that man is good; temptations and weaknesses make him anything else than good. Man is not made to mourn, but to be happy. "It is a duty to be happy," he said. "It is a duty to the little people when they come here, strange and timid and know not the language; and then there are old people." The fourth lesson is that the world is beautiful.

In the description of beauty in the world the poet gave a practical lesson in his own teachings. Short words and brief sentences made the descriptions vivid and graphic. He called attention to the songs of birds, which rival Patti's; the treasures of the snow, the winds, the thunder—the earth-shaking, bull-throated thunder—the lightning that we have learned to write with.

"Popularity is mediocrity," said he. "My mother said to me, 'Whenever you find yourself getting popular, come home and let me know what you have been doing'." He particularly addressed the young men and warned them to beware of small smartnesses. "The lesson on liars is not needed here," he said. The most serious lesson he held to be cleanliness, not only cleanliness of hands, but of heart and speech, and he told the story of General Grant who stood near some officers who were telling stories, and after a woman had passed one of them said, "Now, General, that there are no women present I will tell the funny part of that story." General Grant turned and said, "If there are no women, there are some gentlemen."

The lessons of nature were the ones to be studied anywhere and everywhere. The lecturer has a strong countenance and a leonine mass of beard and hair, a mellow voice, with clear

enunciation, and a fresh complexion that looks as if he had tasted the breath of heaven on the mountain peaks.

Joaquin's most delightful experiences on the lecture platform were his informal talks to the students of Stanford University under the direction of David Starr Jordan. He talked many times to the students, and Jordan, the scientist, a poet by nature, loved Joaquin and always had him as his personal guest at Stanford.

In 1900 he was booked for a series of lectures in the Southern states. He had a contract for forty consecutive nights in forty little towns, with forty little churches with forty little preachers—in Texas.

It was amusing to hear him describe the hotel accommodations, the committees, the audiences, and the hours of travel. He, however, secured a net profit of four thousand dollars for these forty nights, and when he arrived at a town by the name of Alice, near the Mexican border, he purchased some land. Whether this purchase was made on account of sentiment in remembrance of his sweetheart by the name of Alice, or whether out of natural shrewdness, I do not know. He purchased seven hundred acres of land, and in a few years trebled his money. There was a newspaper story that oil was found on the land and that he was offered a hundred thousand dollars for it. The actual facts are that he bought the land for two dollars per acre, and sold it for six.

I followed him in these towns with a lecture on "Uncle Sam, Jr."

The reaction to his platform work was remarkably good. His books have always had a greater sale in Texas than in any other state with the possible exception of California.

He appeared one evening at the old Metropolitan Temple on Fifth Street, San Francisco. The temple that was founded by Reverend Kalloch who afterwards became Mayor of San Francisco, and whose son shot Charles de Young, founder and editor of the *Chronicle*. The lecture was under the auspices of the Camera Club. The man who introduced him with a few rather indifferent remarks turned and walked off the stage with his back towards the audience. Joaquin turned and eyed him curiously and then shouted after him, "If you do not come back, write to me!" The audience roared. It was reported that he was under the influence of liquor while speaking, but I was with him all the time during the day and evening, and all the liquor he had was three fingers, about three tablespoonfuls, given to him by Ina Coolbrith. He was to talk on the Sierras. I had gathered the pictures for the stereopticon and as he had never seen them, naturally there were some surprises.

There were one hundred pictures of the Sierras. It was a genuine mental test. He met it in his own original way. The audience of two thousand people waited to hear him talk about the pictures, but he just stood on the platform and gazed at the views, paying no attention to the audience. Finally some man from a back seat yelled loudly, "talk! talk!" and he replied, "What is there left for man

to say when God has said so much?" Again, when the operator showed a mountain peak, with heaps and heaps of bones of wild mountain sheep, he yelled out "Shove off your bones." And again when the pictures of Yosemite Valley showed a man standing on a rock, far above the valley, he shouted—"Take away the man. He is an intrusion; he spoils the majestic mountain."

He loved to get into the mountain counties of California, Oregon, and Washington and to talk to the people who came from foothill farms, log schoolhouses, and simple and natural environments. He enjoyed Modoc, Plumas, El Dorado, Amador, Calaveras, and Trinity in California, and the out-of-the-way places in Oregon and Washington.

His first public appearance on an institute program was in San Diego in 1891, when he was about fifty years of age. The subject "Lessons Not Found in Books" was a plea to teach children to love nature, to plant trees, to see beauty in the rose and not look for the worm at the root of the rose. He would tell this story: "Once an old, old man came down from the hills with a load of hawthorne, of lilies, and of roses, and he met three girls at a bridge. They stopped him, and one of the girls said, 'Old man, you have such beautiful hawthorne. Won't you give me some?' 'Yes, dear lady,' and he handed her some hawthorne. She took it in her hands and a thorn pricked her. 'Old man,' she said, 'This hawthorne has thorns.' 'Yes, lady! You give me back the hawthorne. You may keep the thorns.' 'Old man, you have such beautiful lilies,'

said the second girl. 'Give me a lily.' He handed her a lily and she said, 'This lily has a hole in it, old man.' 'All right,' he said, 'you keep the hole and give me back the lily.' The third girl said, 'You have such beautiful roses, old man. Please give me a rose.' He gave her a rose and she saw a worm on it and said, 'Old man, there is a worm in the rose,' and he said, 'Give me back the rose and keep the worm. And girls,' said the old man, 'If you are looking for worms, thorns, or defects you will always find them. Look for beauty. It is everywhere. Why look for the worm on the rose!' "

In "Lessons Not Found in Books" he read his own poems with fine effect, especially "The Fortunate Isles," "Columbus," "The Voice of the Dove," "To Those Who Fail," and "The Bravest Battle," and sang an Indian song. It was an event. These were the days before credits, teachers' colleges, and departments of education, and the institutional pull made it necessary for County Superintendents to eliminate inspirational speakers and entertainments from the formal program.

I remember in Lassen County in 1901 Joaquin was enraptured with the Sierras that formed the background of the town of Susanville, and in his rapture he exclaimed, "Have you ever seen the beauty of the Sierras? Have you smelled the odor of new mown hay? Have you had the breath of the morning? Have you seen the beauty of the sunrise? No? Then come with me in the morning. We will climb yonder peak and see dawn, and watch the rising sun." On account of the institute the little hotel

was crowded, and Joaquin and I occupied the same room. About five o'clock in the morning there was a knock at the door. Joaquin said: "Open the door." I did, and there stood five school teachers all dressed and ready to climb the mountain peak with Joaquin and watch the sunrise. Joaquin usually enjoyed his morning sleep, but he was game, and in a few minutes he led the school teachers to the top of the mountain to watch a most glorious sunrise; and the breath of the morning was better than a cup of coffee. I noticed in future talks he did not say come with me to the top of the mountain, but go to the mountain and watch the sunrise.

His stage experience was quite limited and not especially agreeable. When he returned from the Klondike with the picturesque costume of fur coat with gold nugget buttons, he was offered a contract to appear in the East in the Keith vaudeville circuit. He accepted, and after six weeks asked to cancel his contract, giving as his reason that he stepped on the alligator's tail and the alligator resented the familiarity. It seemed that some live alligators were in the act that preceded his. He began his Alaska talk with this quotation: "Have you ever seen the treasures of the snow?" He thought it was quite unique to quote freely from the Bible on the vaudeville circuit, while, when he appeared, as he frequently did, as a pulpit guest in churches, he would shock his audiences by language unbecoming a minister, although he was really not a blasphemous man and never used the name of God in

vain. When he did use the name of God it was usually for special emphasis.

He was not only generous, but benevolent in his response to invitations to interpret his poetry, lecture, or talk before clubs, pioneer societies, churches, and organizations of all kinds. However, he refused, as a rule, to write special poems for special occasions.

His final appearance on the platform was in Berkeley, but his old-time vigor, vitality, and charm were gone. He recited "Columbus," but "Sail on and on" had a new meaning for him as he was drifting into the fog. There was also a pitiful attempt made to capitalize his name and reputation in a movie film during his last and fatal illness. It was neither a financial nor an artistic success.

Adventures in Alaska and China

THE NEWSPAPERS were filled with reports of the discovery of gold on the Yukon in Alaska, in 1897. Joaquin came down from The Hights, called on me, and said, "I am off for the Yukon!" We went together to see Bailey Millard, at that time Sunday editor of the *Examiner*. We made a verbal contract with him to use a half page of Joaquin's reports each Sunday at the rate of fifty dollars per week, Joaquin to finance the expenses of the trip himself. The *Examiner* announced in big headlines that Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, the old gold miner of California, Oregon, and Idaho, was its special representative in the Klondike. The New York *Journal,* a Hearst publication, in extra large headlines announced Joaquin as its "ambassador" to the new gold regions. The reports from the gold fields grew more and more exciting. Shortly the gold rush became a stampede, and reliable news and descriptive reports became of great importance and were featured as front page articles.

Hearst fitted out a special ship with supplies, which, with a large staff of newspaper writers under the leadership of E. J. Livernash, afterwards a Congressman, was to go to Dawson, the center of the excitement, by way of the Bering Sea and the Yukon. Joaquin did not wait, but decided to go by way of Chilkoot Pass and, with his pack on his back, was off within a few hours. He gave me instructions for the care of his mother, a deed to the land on which I had built Moon Lodge, a deed to the guest

house for Alice Oliver, and other instructions, and a will appointing Robert Roosevelt, John P. Irish, and myself as executors. He, at the age of fifty-eight, began an adventure that led to the edge of the Arctic Circle, over snow-capped mountains, down a rough and turbulent river into a land of eternal snows, in a climate forty degrees below zero. He braved the Chilkoot Pass, and the poem by that name was the only one that was inspired by his exciting experience in the year he spent in the Klondike:

CHILKOOT PASS

And you, too, banged at the Chilkoot,
That rock-locked gate to the golden door!
These thunder-built steeps have words built to suit,
And whether you prayed or whether you swore
'Twere one where it seemed that an oath was a prayer—
Seemed God couldn't care,
Seemed God wasn't there!

And you, too, climbed to the Klondike
And talked, as a friend, to those five-horned stars!
With muckluck shoon and with talspike
You, too, bared head to the bars,
The heaven-built bars where morning is born,
And drank with maiden morn
From Klondike's golden horn!

And you, too, read by the North Lights
Such sermons as never men say!
You sat and sat with the midnights
That sit and that sit all day;
You heard the silence, you heard the room,
Heard the glory of God in the gloom
When the icebergs boom and boom!

Then come to my Sunland, my soldier,
Aye, come to my heart and to stay;
For better crusader or bolder
Bared never a breast to the fray.
And whether you prayed or whether you cursed,
You dared the best and you dared the worst
That ever brave man durst.

The interest in his reports became so great that the New York *World* wired me an offer of fifty dollars per column for the exclusive right in New York for Joaquin Miller's articles. I had no contract with Hearst's papers beyond the verbal one with Bailey Millard for the Sunday *Examiner,* and I wired my acceptance. The New York *World* immediately announced Joaquin as its special representative. An awkward situation arose—two great rival newspapers claimed the same exclusive feature. I wired Joaquin's reports to the New York *World,* and gave the Sunday *Examiner* a copy of the same. When the New York *World* printed Joaquin's story, and the New York *Journal* was placed in a position of having advertised an exclusive feature for which the competing paper had an agreement and the original copy of Joaquin's articles, Hearst became angry and wired A. M. Lawrence, then the managing editor of the *Examiner,* that he must secure the Joaquin Miller reports for the New York *Journal.* I was sent for. The situation was explained. The wires were kept busy. I refused to break my arrangement with the New York *World.* Lawrence then pleaded "My position is at stake. You must not sell the Joaquin articles to the New York *World.* Mr. Hearst and I have always been

unusually kind to Mr. Miller. I know it would be his wish to protect me in this matter." I very foolishly agreed to request the New York *World* to release me. Pulitzer refused. Hearst agreed to protect me in case of a lawsuit, and to coöperate with me in syndicating the Joaquin Miller articles in the Boston *Globe,* the Baltimore *Sun,* the St. Louis *Republic,* and the Chicago *Tribune,* and pay ninety-five dollars per column. It was an opportunity to make some real money for Joaquin. I canceled my agreement with the New York *World*. My excuse for doing so was that my obligation to protect Joaquin's financial interests was greater than my obligation to continue to supply the New York *World* with Joaquin's reports. Suit was threatened, but the new agreement with the Hearst interests was observed by me. The Hearst papers failed to carry out the agreement when the news value of correspondence decreased, and the Livernash expedition proved an expensive adventure. The agreement with Joaquin was not even a scrap of paper.

Joaquin became a most voluminous prose writer. Had the *Examiner* carried out the agreement to pay for all he wrote, it would have totaled more than ten thousand dollars. As it was, I managed to collect for his correspondence from the Klondike the sum of six thousand dollars.

His manuscript required interpretation, translation, and editing. Thomas Nunan, the poet, wit, and for many years the dramatic editor of the *Examiner,* and I would use the long hours of the night in which to put the copy in shape for the composing room and the tele-

graph operator. Joaquin would write of the animals, the birds, the people, the rivers, the mountains, the life of the people in Dawson, and the men in the actual work of digging gold. For three months, while snowed in, he lived in a little cabin with Krelling of old Tivoli Opera House fame, and Perry Newberry of Carmel-by-the-Sea. Joaquin, however, could write. He used his imagination. The Bible and Shakespeare were the only books they had to read. He wrote a special letter to me, and all it contained was, "Have you read the book of Benjamin? It is the greatest tragedy in the history of the world. Read it!" His trip into Dawson is described as follows in a letter dated August 16, 1892:

We got here yesterday morning, twelve days by boat from the headwaters of the Yukon, fourteen days from the steamboat and tidewater, fifteen days from Juneau, Alaska, twenty days from Seattle, and twenty-three days from San Francisco. The trip can be made for less than one hundred dollars and can be made alone.*

I have met a man who got a canvas boat, packed it over the mountains along with his supplies, and came all the way alone. Of course two or three together make things more comfortable. We did not lie down last night, looking for news. And such news! There has never been such a mining camp in all history. I was in at the discovery of Idaho. I was even credited with the naming of Idah-ho. I saw something of Montana at the time of her childhood. But never have I seen a land of such gold mines as there are here.

* This statement was considered misleading, and was severely criticized by men who made the trip and suffered on account of not having sufficient capital.

It is the poet, not the gold miner, that sees "the white melancholy moon" of the Arctic and longs for a view from his own Hights where he can see "the twin-horned lamp of a new-born baby moon light up the Golden Gate."

On December 17, 1897, he wrote from Dawson:

I am gloomily accepting the fact that I must remain here and go out on an early boat in June or July. The days here have now dwindled to a dim little ray of light. The sun is sulking away back yonder somewhere behind the broken Klondike steeps and the huge, bare, white back of Quartz Mountain. We have not seen his cheery face for days and days, and do not hope to see it again for weeks to come. But the moon, the great white melancholy moon, lorn and large and cold, walks in solemn widowhood right up over head, and around and around; we see her all the vast night long and nearly all the narrow strip of day. She is so cold and white and solemn that she is literally blue, and looks, in her desolate widowhood, as if she had just buried her lordly spouse, the sun, out of sight forever. I see so much of her and so continuously that I have learned to dread the sight of her solemn blue-white face, and try to forget to look up at the great cathedral of stars of gold—to get away from the sight of her deathlike visage. Oh! But to sit on my little doorstep in the warm night weather, above San Francisco Bay, and see the twin-horned lamp of a new-born baby moon light up the Golden Gate and then go timidly and restfully to bed, in the warm, wide billow! Let me but live to see this again and I will not go far away—at least, not in this desolate neighborhood of the North Pole. For I was born to roses, sunlands, songbirds, modest moons, and warm south weather. Let me not be caught here again, for caught I am like a wary old rat in a trap. The whiteness and silence are of a kind that I abhor, and the thought of my warm Contra Costa hills and my little familiar moon lighting the Golden Gate, makes me

homesick. I would not be tied up in this lorn, large, desolate largeness another winter for all the Klondike gold you could point to me with a dozen North Poles in a thousand years. True, the summers are superb—as glorious in colors and sweet odors as they are brief; alive with water fowl, fishes, and insect life. And these mighty winters, too, are thrilling and inspiring in their terrible glory for a time; but when you have lived down three months of this vast white silence, as if all earth lay still and stark dead in her white shroud waiting the judgment day, and have five months still fronting you, why, then you want to go home.

His trip from Oregon to the mines of California had in it adventure, storm, and battle, and furnished the source material for his descriptive poems of the Sierras. His trip to the Klondike forty years later, also had adventure, storm, and battle with the elements on a journey of four hundred miles along the edge of the Arctic Circle, with the mercury sixty degrees below zero. This trip, made when he was nearly sixty years of age, was very remarkable, for it required tremendous physical endurance. He kept a diary on his first trip to Europe, and also kept a diary of this journey. He tells his own vivid story as follows:

Circle City, Alaska, October 26, 1897—Tonight there was a sense of gloom over the town and men met in the cabins and talked low and earnestly. Three dead and others dangerously frozen, all in a day, brought sadness to every soul. Why were the men frozen and how? They were trying to get to shelter from their boats frozen in the river within sight of the town. They broke through the thin ice and got wet. Their clothes froze and they were frozen before they could get to shelter. If there had been a cabin or a life-saving station they could have reached it.

Were there not still other men out and up the river perishing? Some men said, "Let us go and see."

It was my duty to find out the worst or the best for the newspapers that sent me into this wild and strange region, to say nothing at all of the humanity of the matter. Mr. Canovan, my Canadian friend and companion, took to the idea with all his heart. He always carried some simple remedies, so our supplies were doubled to meet the needs of hungry and suffering men, and we lay down at night full of sadness, and yet full of strength and resolution for our new route and risks.

October 27.—First camp in Circle City. We meant to get off quietly and early, but the purser of the *Bella,* an energetic young Canadian, Captain Ball, pushed out with two sleds, four dogs, and one thousand pounds of supplies for Dawson, two hours ahead of us, his only companion a big Kentuckian, Al Robeson. As we pass down the streets with our sleds, 150 pounds, a photographer holds us up, a crowd gathers, and we are taken just as we are about to dash down the steep bank to the ice of the Yukon; cheers and shouts follow as we push on past the people on the decks of the four ice-locked steamers. Snow, a sort of granulated stuff, as hard and almost as heavy as sand, lies three inches deep on the ice. We pass many smaller boats, broken and half submerged. That is all. Not a soul—not a sound. At 12 o'clock we build a fire by a log in the snow, and have coffee. We push away from the fire and on. Over yonder was where the man was found in the snow. Ahead of us lies the boat in which the man accidentally killed himself yesterday. What stillness, stillness! Deathly stillness! We stop at a great upheaval of ice, the main stream of the river. We travel on the river of ice. But now we must pass this mile of massed, tumbled, and broken ice. It is glorious to look at; glittering cities, little streets; great catacombs, tombs, tombs.

At last we catch up to Robeson and Captain Ball. The latter caches four hundred pounds and pushes on up the edge of the

river. He breaks the trail on his snowshoes. We chop ice and drag the three sleds until we find the smooth ice. Then the head of the expedition pushes in with his dogs, and Mr. Canovan and I pull in near a steep hillside of small spruce, to camp. I climb up to get wood. He cleans away the snow and puts up the little tent, a "lean-to," 6x9 feet. I pitch wood down the steep, but soon start a small avalanche, and wood, ax, and axman are hurled down into camp in a heap.

Coffee soon, beans, bacon, and a frozen onion. Then for bed —brush placed on logs, then a big lion skin, then a great lynx robe, then blankets. We put on great fur coats, hooded fur capes, and double mittens, moose skins reaching to the knees, then great double stockings above the knees, and then to sleep.

October 28.—Up and off at daylight. We breakfasted on very strong coffee, beans, bacon, and hard-tack. One mile and we find Captain Ball and his friend on a flat of dense woods, their sleds on a bank below. This was the end of all signs of a road. Nobody had been beyond this in the snow. Captain Ball broke trail with his snowshoes. Mr. Canovan cut the sled road through the gorges of ice. Mr. Robeson went back after the cache, and I pitched tent by the side of our friends and we all spent the cold, bleak night together. The notes must be short. One mile, only, today. Yesterday, Ball says, about ten.

October 29.—We literally wallowed through the snow for a few miles, then ice. One sled broke through. Nothing was lost, but some bedding came into our third camp stiff as boards. This is dangerous work, and there should be more of us together. We four might easily disappear under the ice. We are too early on the new ice. Ten miles today.

October 30.—The worst night yet. The two Canadians got out to break trail and look out for holes in the ice. The resolute Kentuckian takes the little dogs and goes back for a portion of

the food left in the broken ice. I cut wood so that I may not suffer as last night. Mr. Canovan broke through the ice today and had to come back.

October 31.—We made three, and only three, of the hardest miles of my life. In places the great ice pack was pushed far out and we had to tug at one sled at a time. And at night we sank down in the snow half dead, and then to think, only three miles; but a bright fire and a cup of coffee and we were all right again, all but the brave Kentuckian, Mr. Robeson. He had to come in on the sled drawn by the dogs.

November 1.—Robeson is on his feet again. He and Captain Ball have gone back for stuff left behind, which now will be put in trees and left here. Canovan and I crossed the river of massed and tumbled ice, and looked for signs of man. Sleds and dog teams have passed up the river. We will now cross over and follow their trail. Great stars tonight. I can see the Great Bear, Job's Coffin, and other stars as I saw them at home, and this is company.

November 2.—The big Kentuckian was very lame and could hardly leave his bed this morning.

November 3.—Met several men with a band of horses. The dogs wanted to fight the horses, the first they had ever seen. All in good health and spirits. Nearly half a ton of supplies. Made twelve miles today.

November 4.—Crossed the river the third time. Met three men with half a ton of supplies on their way to Circle City. No signs yet of either frozen or starving men. Camped after twelve miles. Wind, cold.

November 5.—The wind blew a biting gale. We got off at daylight, passing along up the river of the upland of ice as fast as we could, the wind blowing in our faces bits of snow that

stung like needles. We put on all our robes and tied ropes around us, only leaving the eyes exposed. The dogs lost all footing and were blown in heaps back under the sleds. Five miles of this and we were stopped by blocks of ice as big as cabins, and we turned sharp to the right and crossed over the ice gorge to the other side.

November 6.—We decided to rest and repair and dry our bedding. You see, icicles form from the breath when we sleep; then we roll up the ice in the warm furs and blankets and this melts. We have made sixty-five miles; it is 12 o'clock m., the stove is red hot, and skins and furs and the food are smoking and steaming; the two lame men are asleep on the boughs of spruce and Captain Ball is out with his gun. The Eskimo dogs are sleeping or pretending to sleep, but they don't sleep half as much as they seem to; they are a continual puzzle and study to me; they curl up in a knot, the nose on the toes and the tail tossed over the nose. They are very, very small, the lightest of them tipping the scales at forty-nine pounds; heaviest at seventy-five pounds. They are not driven by lines; if a man wants a dog to go he yells, "Mush, mush, mush!" But an Indian puts all the accent on the last two letters, making a long, sharp hiss.

November 7.—We left the pleasant little cabin on Coal Creek this morning in a snowstorm. Captain Ball had lost much dog feed from prowling wolves and he was eager to get on. It was hard work. The wind blew cruelly. We had to wear double mittens and keep our faces covered to the eyes. Let me tell you two things, and slap square in the face two persistent and misleading lies. In the first place, the whole land is a land of snow and snow and snow. You read that it never snows much here. I tell you that I have not seen any one day of twenty-four hours in the last forty days that has not had a snowfall in it. You may call it hoar frost, as Captain Ray does in his official report, but in California it would be published every time as a snowstorm.

Another misleading falsehood that may lead to the loss of life, if not contradicted, is the fable that there is no wind on the Yukon. Trees twisted and broken along these banks show that the winds here are wild and terrific, and I may add almost continual. Made about seven miles today.

November 8.—The old story of stories, snow and wind and wind and snow as yesterday. Crossed the river of gorged ice twice yesterday, three times today, making about six miles. Cold and dismal tonight.

November 9.—Off at 7 a. m. The river has gorged, and the backwater on the ice is to our ankles. We push on as before, but only make about half a mile an hour. The wind has banked the snow and made it so hard that the small sled and snowshoes do not break through.

November 9.—At Chief Louis's camp. Good! At the darkest hour yesterday we saw some smoke and then some men stood out on the ice, looked, and then came out to us. We had been hours making the last mile. We are now in Chief Louis's camp, a neatly hewn, high log cabin, better than most miners have; a bright fire, warm floor. Chief Louis built this cabin for a place of refuge and rest. We are to leave what we please for him and his people on the table—food, clothes, coin, whatever we can spare. We have found two choice spirits here—Allen Thayer of Montana, five years a traveler along here, and George Ransley of Pennsylvania, a new man in the land. They are resting, mending sleds, making ready to go forward with our party.

Now let us call the attention of the country, the President, and his Cabinet to the need of shelter along here. Can this great republic do at least as much for the brave men who are subduing this land and opening the ice-locked treasure house of the world as this poor savage? Fifty cabins along here between Circle City and Dawson would save many lives each year.

November 10.—Still resting in the good old chief's cabin, and the other men at work on their sleds. We start tomorrow morning. But ever and wherever I go, this red man's house of refuge shall always be the whitest of white spots I can recall in all this wide blank world of wind and weary whiteness.

November 11.—Left Chief Louis's village at daybreak in a terrific snowstorm that blew square in our faces. This was a foolish thing, yet we had no alternative. The two young traders, as well as Captain Ball, had to follow or have only a blind trail.

But one of the men has his ear frozen, and the Indian, Paul, who first saw it, rubbed it hard with snow and only soreness will result. This Paul is a stately native, a Christian of the Forty-Mile Mission and a pilot on the steamers when they run. At other times he is guide and trail-breaker as now, and at all times a quiet, useful, and manly Indian. All the Indians along here have bible names and are Christians. The Bishop of Selkirk converted them more than a quarter of a century since. The Indians of the Yukon, Paul says, are not numerous, less than a thousand in an area of three thousand miles.

They are good Indians. No white man's blood has stained their hands. Yet they are left to starve. We have killed and are driving away their elk, caribou, and moose. These Indians must be provided for. Let us meet the situation fairly. Let these Indians be made mail carriers. It is going to cost many a white man his life to front the elements here, but an Indian is at home in the worst of these storms. They are the most honest, truthful, and reliable Indians ever known.*

November 13.—Again camped in an Indian house. Work hard as we can, we can only make about ten miles each day. The government must build cabins and keep stations along the

* Joaquin proves himself the consistent friend of the Indians. There are those who thought his attempt to establish an Indian republic in the territory around Mount Shasta was merely a gesture to secure publicity, but here in the Far North he again makes a plea for the native races.

bank of this great highway of the world about every ten miles. Let Indians have charge of them.

November 14.—We camped in the brush and snow tonight. We saw two moose across the river and went on the ice and snow to a boat, but found no sign of man. A broken boat lies out yonder.

November 15.—Cold; the wind cuts our faces; the poor dogs whine pitifully and hold their heads to one side as they tug and trudge on through the snow. One of the traders has a team made up of common mongrel dogs. One is a black-and-tan hound. I never saw better workers. The hound literally lies down to work. He almost claws his big ears as he stretches out in his harness. But these dogs, to stand cold, must sleep near men and under cover; besides, they eat twice what a Malemute or native dog eats.

November 16.—Broke another sled. Such terrific peaks of ice and such air holes. Some of these holes have been covered up by thin ice, then snow; then the receding waters leave a trap. We had to keep the Indian ahead on his snowshoes with a heavy beam, striking the ice. Mr. Thayer fell right in my reach, and I caught him by the hand as he cried, "Save me! Save me!" This accident drove us clear to land, where the snow was deep and work was slow and discouraging. At last as dusk came on, and we were going into camp, we sighted two men and a team of dogs. The strangers had been twelve days coming down from Dawson; we were eighteen days from Circle City. Their names are William Van Houghton and H. R. Miller. They came from Michigan here some years ago and are traders and miners. They are on their way to Circle City with supplies, candies, etc.

November 17.—The work is so hard and the day so stormy that Mr. Thayer is quite broken down.

November 18.—Mr. Thayer had a miserable night and this morning is quite ill.

November 19.—The sick man was able to get up this morning. We made room on one of the sleds to carry him forward. We hope to reach a cabin. He was soon able to take his place beside the dogs, and we worked hard to get on. A terrific storm drove us to camp on an island in the river.

November 20.—After five hours of ice and driving frost and snow we reached the cabin on Mission Creek.

November 21.—This cabin at the head of Mission Creek is a palace. No table was ever so perfect. We found kindling wood, stove, candle on the table, water at hand, a book on the table, a broom in the corner. This is an old mission spot. Here the Bishop, now of Forty-Mile Mission, had one of the first missions, but went forward to a milder and better spot and took his 200 wards there. Paul, our Indian, was born here.

November 22.—Camped at some old cabins built by Lieutenant Schwatka, U. S. A., long ago, and rebuilt by Oglesby of the Canadian Survey years back. Still stormy. My eyes suffer from snow blindness and I write almost in the dark.

November 23.—Still stormy. Dogs very tired and hiding behind blocks of ice and anything that offers shelter.

November 24.—One of the traders has broken his sled and asks to use ours. He takes our sled and blankets and supplies. We have hauled it by hand more than 200 miles, and many times we have jestingly wished to find some hungry men to relieve us of part of our supplies, but we have found nothing of the sort and have not been able to give anything away.

November 25.—Found a small cabin by the way, built a fire and tried to keep warm, but we could not sleep, for the sleds with our beds broke through the ice and all our clothes were stiff as boards. We tried hard to make Fort Cudahy or Forty-Mile Creek, but a biting storm made our progress slow. We left

a sledload of goods on the trail and tried to get on with our sleds to the fort.

November 26–27.—We got to the trading post, mission, and fort yesterday, more dead than alive. The N. A. T. Co. set us a big dinner at once. We dined like lords, and at night we had a grand reception. We were the first party from down the Yukon for nearly ninety days. Think of it—think how desperate has been our march without shelter, almost without food. We reached here very hungry without so much as a biscuit, yet here is plenty. This prosperous mining center is well supplied. There will be no hungry men here.

November 28.—With the end of this journey ends this journal. I am too worn to march farther or say much more; besides, I write only in great pain. My eyes are affected with snow blindness, but this much we have today at the end of it all: there is no suffering or loss of life in the hundreds of miles behind us. Here is a bill that shows Yukon prices:

FORT CUDAHY, N. W. T., Nov. 26, 1897.
MR. JOAQUIN MILLER
Bought of
NORTH AMERICAN TRANSPORTATION AND TRADING COMPANY
Yukon River, Alaska

1 sack flour	$ 6.00
3 pounds coffee	2.25
20 pounds bacon	8.00
4 rolls butter	5.00
10 pounds sugar	2.50
5 pounds rice	1.25
10 pounds evaporated fruit	3.00
2 cans baking powder	1.50
Total	$29.50

Paid in full. N. A. T. Co.
By E. J. JENSSEN, *Agent.*

December 1.—We rested the dogs at Forty-Mile, the most pleasant and healthful town on the Yukon. There are three towns, Forty-Mile, Fort Cudahy, and the Episcopal Mission. The bishop lives here with his two hundred Indian converts. The bishop is the most remarkable man in all this far Northland. He has been here twenty-six years. His books are of unquestionable authority. He is a man of great worth and influence, but he lives in the humblest way with his poor natives. The mercury stood at forty-one below as we set out, but the air was still and the day promised well. It was eight miles to the first of the small cabins, built and kept up by the miners for travelers. The young trader, Al Thayer, who had been ill, had fallen on the ice some days before, and the surgeon forbade that he should travel except to keep quietly on the road and refrain from all exertion. He had employed an Indian to take his team, and he, Mr. Canovan, and I walked briskly in advance. Suddenly the blizzard came down from the peaks like a bayonet charge and smote us full in the face. We could hardly keep our feet. We should perish if we should stop. We could not turn back with the hurt man, and it was hard to go forward—so hard. It was six and one-half miles back to shelter, one and one-half miles ahead to the cabin. Looking back we saw the teams swerve, the dogs howling piteously; the Indian that we had hired turned sharp about and retreated before the wind. What would the Indian do? Would he, could he, brave it and bring at least the small sled with our robes and food? We faced about and made the fight of our lives for the cabin and soon saw smoke waving like a banner from the sheltering trees above the cabin.

December 2 and 3.—We rested two days here—thirteen of us in a cabin eleven feet square.

December 4.—Today we passed a pile of fresh beef—more than ten tons—held at $1.50 a pound. It is only worth about half that, and we would not buy a pound; not because of the

price, for we all had money, but on principle. Still, I was glad to see tons and tons of good, frozen beef by the wayside. It had been intended for Dawson, but floating ice made it impossible for the scow to land, till it stranded on a bar twenty miles below its destination.

December 5.—Reached the third, and last cabin, seventeen miles from Dawson. Cabin full of men and dogs, hauling goods and provisions. We reached Dawson at noon. We have been thirty-five days making what is estimated by the steamers three hundred miles. But we crossed the river forty-three times, making the mile at right angles, often, so all that distance was lost. Then we often had to take to the hills for clumps of trees to camp in; often had to make long half-circles to keep away from water and all that, so that we must have traveled nearly five hundred miles all told.

Joaquin returned to The Hights. He brought with him a complete fur suit with buttons made from genuine gold nuggets that he secured in the Klondike. He wore the suit when he lectured on his experiences in Alaska, and also when he appeared on the stage in the Keith vaudeville circuit in the East. The mines he located proved to be of no value, and his adventures brought him no financial returns except the money he received for lectures and newspaper articles.

He had, however, found a new purpose. Deep in his heart he resented being called "The Poet of the Sierras." He wanted recognition that placed no geographical limits to his fame. From out of his Alaskan experience grew the desire to be the "Poet of the American Seas." He needed a more intimate, personal contact with the Pacific and all

lands touched by its waters. As a result he made his trip to the Orient, soon after his return from Alaska, and secured the descriptive background for "The Song of Creation," his longest poem. In his aspiration to be a Columbus, or a Cortez, he said, "I need room. I need not only latitude, but even longitude of all known oceans, and of all glorious nature to sail these uncharted buccaneer seas. For the tribute of song and story must be not only worthy of them, but of sympathetic interest and sincere concern to you, my ardent reader. Besides and above all, despising the hazard of new work and ways, I aspire to picture the matchless, magnificent, and terrible splendors of our gold-strewn and flame-fed Arctic Empire. At the same time, please let me pioneer a little further and try to set the banner of song on the sunlit islands, along the sea bank of everlasting summer, and over against the cloud-born battlements of our mighty American ocean."

So "The Song of Creation" grew out of his arctic experience, and he believed sincerely that he would be the first, the Columbus, of the Klondike, and the discoverer of the original land of the Garden of Eden. He would reverse Edwin Markham's statement that poetry begins where science stops. He would have science begin where poetry ends.

Book second of "The Song of Creation" is descriptive of the Arctic Empire, then "After the ices, the Orient; then the islands of eternal summer; then the restful, trustful, holy human love; then marriage, and maybe, the perfect man."

His work is certainly serious and serious with a definite purpose.

In the early summer of 1900 we went again to the *Examiner* and arranged for Joaquin to be commissioner, war correspondent, etc., in China. The war was on. Joaquin paid his own expenses, and the *Examiner* in turn agreed to take all of his correspondence at space rates. The arrangement was made with Dent Robert, the managing editor. In the meantime, the Hearst publication in New York arranged for a complete staff representation. The war was of brief duration and ceased to be news almost as soon as Joaquin arrived in China. The *Examiner* used but a very limited amount of the material he sent. The most of it was not published, not returned, and not paid for. Letters addressed to Hearst personally were not answered. The experience was therefore not financially profitable.

However, he secured the color, the flame, the measureless distances, and the inspiration to write of the "Perfumed Pacific," as he called the great American sea. His experience in interviewing Li Hung Chang, August 28, 1900, was of special interest and he tells the story in his inimitable style:

The man who put down the great rebellion in China; the friend of General Grant; the man who made the Japanese–Chinese treaty; the man who for more than fifty years has been the foremost figure in China and has long been called the richest man in the world—this man, Li Hung Chang, was suddenly appointed by the Empress of China, as the allies neared the gates of Pekin, to arrange peace terms. How could I meet this man—

this man of stormy history—this man who, story says, walked barefoot to Pekin when a lad to compete with learned men for a place in the literary examinations? It may not be generally known that China is, and for all ages has been, a land where birth, money, nothing, answers for learning. Here the examinations are strictly private. You sit hidden in a box alone. So far as they go, there can be no favoritism. Anybody can compete. Briefly, I must see this barefoot boy, this prince of fortune, this friend of Grant, this man who had been given the power to confer with all the great powers of the earth at the gates of Pekin.

I hastened to our United States Consul at Tientsin. He said: "Earl Li has been appointed to great power. He will be here soon. I have telegrams in my care waiting for him. You can have the letter, but while you go out to him he will come here."

I got my letter and set out, seven days' sail and steam down the coast, as I found he was still in the south of China. I went to the United States Consul General. He was surrounded with refugees, missionaries, consuls from as far as fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtze; but he sent a letter and a friend—a strong letter and a wise friend. I waited at my hotel. In the afternoon I had this letter from the Consul General:

CONSULATE GENERAL OF THE U. S. OF A., SHANGHAI, CHINA.

August 13, 1900.

DEAR MR. MILLER: Earl Li will see you at 10 a.m. tomorrow. You would better see me about interpreter, etc. Very truly,

J. GOODNOW.

I had read General Wilson's account of how he had been carried to the gates of Li Hung Chang's palace at Tientsin in a silver palanquin, a train of servants and all that; how he stepped out at a sign in all his splendor; how the trumpeters blew as he entered; how he passed this line of retainers and that line, and how he finally met the old man in the holy of holies.

But here was I, a servant in plain soldier clothes—blood on them, too, for I had been helping General Bennet a bit on the

field in his Red Cross work, and had at hand no others. How could or how would I be received? The Consul had named a gentleman to go with me, mark you—a gentleman, an American scholar. The Chinese clerk at my hotel misunderstood and had hired the carriage for evening instead of morning. They brought a single cab, a sleepy cow or calf for a horse. Four miles out and up a lane of beautiful trees, beautiful gardens, and beautiful homes—some new, some only half finished—and at last our sleepy little cab horse came to a gate about which was a crowd of Chinese refugees—Chinamen anxious to escape from the Boxers, refugees coming from Tientsin.

We got out at the door of a pretty new palace of bricks, with flowers in the yard and shrubs in the court inside. We were passed from one set of servants to another. No arms were in sight. There were not only no arms in sight, but there was no show of guard or sentinel or anything of the sort. We were seated in a rich room with an elevated dais, the resemblance of a throne in ebony and ivory, but the throne was vacant.

A little farther along a large, fat, and half-naked Chinaman lay asleep. A man went to him and gently fanned him until he awakened. Then the fat man got up, and seeing us, bowed profoundly and passed out. Soon a short, fat, little man with a most pleasing manner took us across a court right into the presence of Li Hung Chang. Two men stood behind him, half supporting him. He looked like some ancient mountaineer of the Sierras who may have come down to us from out of the brave old days of '49; his face open, strong, proud, fearless; not a cunning line in it, or I can't read.

He is a giant in stone. It seems to me we imagine his face fixed and stony, and yet it is most noble, changing all the time from extreme to extreme, as the face of one who has lived long and terrible, teaching the antipodes. At one time he reminded me of Sitting Bull as I first knew him when he was simply a savage. Then suddenly his brow was the brow of Walt Whitman, with

eyes all tenderness, but the most uncommon contour of his face and head. Look at his photograph and you will see it at once. It is, or rather was, that of the many old stone faces in the vatican, Rome, labeled "Socrates."

Let us not go too hastily over the ground here. Let us get his picture correctly, while we can, for he is going to last—he will be here long after the biggest here have gone away to stay. He waited till we were seated at a small round table. Then he sat, his two strong men standing up behind him. Servants brought cigars, champagne, etc. It was not good manners not to touch any of these, but I had no time to lose and did not notice them. He took a sip of tea, and so did the gentleman who had come to make, in a most friendly way and as a great favor, an official report.

I had spent all night in arranging how I should approach His Excellency. A learned Consul of the United States quite agreed with me that I should not try to approach him directly. He is reputed very skillful in evading questions. It was agreed better to talk entirely of literature, and then he would finally become more sociable, less suspicious that I had some selfish aim; and so my friend, the Consul, wrote down for me the following questions:

"When did China attain her highest perfection in literature?" "Whom do you esteem the Chinese Shakespeare?" etc., etc.

I was hardly seated before he asked my age, how long I had been in China, and then all at once I had to fight the whole battle of Tientsin over and over. And when you remember that this very battlefield had been the pride of his own army for years, when his home was at Tientsin and he was the great Viceroy of Northern China, you will understand that I was not in a pleasant place. Twice I took up my notes to ask him a thing or two. "Wait a little, you talk now. I talk by and by." Then I would have to fight that battle over again, using cigars for cannon, breastworks, generals, and all that.

"Was I in the saddle?" "Yes." "Where did you get a horse?" "I had a horse hidden away, but it was found and I lost it. Then I offered fifty dollars a day for a horse and got one." "But where do you get your money?" "I earn my money." "There is no bank in Tientsin. Money is very heavy. Where do you carry your money, to pay so much and not care? Why, the Boxers would cut you open for a dollar."

He looked at me hard, out of his suddenly hard eyes. And I looked back. There was a battle of not blood or hate, but honest inquiry. I could not afford to loose this fight. He was doubting my word. I looked him straight in the face. I looked this glittering-eyed prince of fortune straight in the face. I heard that a thousand liars, men of low estate and high estate, had lied to him; had come to him as beggars, had received favors, and then had lied about him like traitors. I remembered that he had gone up to Pekin a barefoot boy to compete with learned men to begin life as a scholar. I even at that instant thought of Lincoln lying on his face and writing his first thought on the back of a fire shovel by the light of a hickory torch fire in the cabin.

Should I, could I, be put down? Was I one of those who had come to him with a story—a story of valor, of determination, of adventure for money? Quick as thought I jerked off my big right boot, by aid of my left foot, and then thrust my arm down. I drew forth a flattened book of United States banknotes, and behold, nearly every one had the head and face of his friend Grant.

"There, five hundred dollars in each boot. A thousand dollars of your Mexican money in each boot, I brought to China." Think of a man pulling off his boot in the presence of the richest man, a man who was matched against the powers of the world.

Five minutes later he said that he would not ask any more questions, but let me ask questions of him. His manner became most kindly. I must leave the rest to the official report.

True, others things were said; things that the world would like to know, and will know later, if he lives, but this is all he says to or

for the world at this time. I may say that I did not intrude on his time, for twice I got up to go, and finally he told his interpreter to say that I had still fifteen minutes and he wished me to stay. We talked in a general way of the nations of the earth, and he had no ill will or ill word to say for anyone. I am sure I do not recall that he twice spoke doubtingly of Russia. Nor do I recall that he said the United States dislikes Russia, because my own opinion is that we are most friendly to Russia.

I arose to go. He stood up, tall, very tall, as if he never would stop straightening up. And then he reached his hand to me, full of bones and finger nails—quite a fistful of long fingers and nails—and he took my hand in his closely, saying low and quietly, "We will not meet any more, you of the West and I of the East. Goodby." We stood still a second. Then I bowed my face above the hard hand of bones and finger nails—the hand of this barefoot boy, my brother, who, with a bottle of water, and a little bag of rice, had gone up to his capital nearly a century ago to compete for a place in literature among the learned of China. They say that his hand is a bloody old hand. Here is a story told me in London not so long ago: "They say, Prince Li, that you have ordered the killing of fifty thousand men." "Well, some say that; I say ten times more. You see, when we find a man in China very bright, we are all afraid of him, so we cut off his head. It keeps us busy in China cutting off heads to keep the bright young men down; but soon I die, then let Europe look out."

An Analysis of His Writings

"Use baby Anglo-Saxon words" was Joaquin's plea in his talks to writers in "Lessons Not Found in Books." Then he would add, "It was the short sword of the Romans, not the long lance of the barbarians, that conquered the world. John Bunyan used less than six thousand words in writing 'Pilgrim's Progress'; King James translation of the bible has but five thousand five hundred and fifty-two words. A few years ago we boasted of a dictionary of one hundred thousand words. Then the Century Dictionary with two hundred and seventy-five thousand words. If we keep on adding new words we will soon have as big a dictionary as the Chinese, and fewer ideas." He hated long latinized words and used in his prose and poetry short, simple words. "The Building of the City Beautiful" is a good illustration of his style in prose; the same is true of his autobiography—short words and short sentences prevail. He frequently told me that when he was first learning to write in Canyon City, Ore., an Indian Chief said, "White man talks too much. It does not take many words to tell the truth." This remark made a deep impression upon him and shows in his literary style. His greatest poem, "Columbus," has only forty lines, and the poem that has the most exquisite poetical imagery, "The Passing of Tennyson," also has but forty lines; and his "In Men Whom Men Condemn as Ill," quoted more frequently than any of his other poems, has but six lines.

Joaquin Miller

There are many books on American literature that give Joaquin Miller a few indifferent lines. There are many critics who fail to realize that after bursting into fame in the early seventies in London his best work was done on The Hights in California from 1887 to 1910.

His two great plays, "The Danites" and "49," were written after his London success. "Columbus" and the "Songs of the Soul" were written on The Hights during his last twenty years of production. In 1892 the Columbian Exposition was held to celebrate the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. Four hundred years had elapsed. The light that Columbus saw grew to be a flag unfurled. The poet visualized the star-lit flag floating over the dome of the Capitol at Washington as the *Ultima Thule* of the lights that Columbus saw when pale and wan he paced the deck.

The English language does not contain in poetical imagination any lines surpassing in beauty and power the last four lines of "Columbus." The poem was written at a time when the voyage of Columbus was a news feature of the press on account of the Columbian Exposition. Joaquin caught the spirit of the voyage of 1492, and the interest developed in the United States of America in 1892 and formed a composite picture. He wrote the poem on The Hights and he recited it a few years later to the Sequoia Club. He made a picturesque figure as he stood near one of the trees which he planted, overlooking the Bay of San Francisco and the Golden Gate. With the outdoors for his auditorium and an audience of poets,

writers, and artists, he gave an interpretation of the poem that was full of animation and inspiration. The gray Azores and the Gates of Hercules were behind him. The shoreless seas in front of him. His emotions were real; his despair was impressive; his voice was the subtlest gesture of the soul; and his eye the unsheathed sword of power.

His arm "leapt like a leaping sword" when he came to the line "What shall we do when hope is gone?" The climax in the last lines was delivered with tremendous force. He peered through darkness. The first "light" was spoken a little above a whisper, the third and last "light" was stressed with almost the emphasis of a shout. He made you see a flag in the breeze over the Capitol at Washington and you felt an exultation in gaining a world, an urging forward in the "grandest lesson"—"On! Sail on!"

Leonard G. Natkemper and George Wharton James in "The Delight and Power of Speech," make the following analysis of "Columbus":

First dwell upon the outlines of the history of Columbus, his early struggles and mastery of hardships. Recall that it was in his day that the new idea of the rotundity of the earth was being largely discussed. Watch the growth of this idea in his thought until there springs up the confident assurance that if this idea be true it must be possible to reach India—or any other land—by sailing around the earth in *either* direction. Confident of his idea, his scientific mind demands knowledge, demonstration. He seeks help to find out. Is rebuffed on every hand. Called crazy, insane, a fool, a lunatic. The idea persists. It grows into an obsession. He knows, and now his soul demands that he compel *other people* to know. The more rebuffs, the greater his determination. Get hold here of the great fundamental thought that

moves the universe, that works all the marvels that man has accomplished, viz., that when you link up with Truth, you are linked up with God—the Supreme Power of the Universe—and there cannot be any failure to a man so connected. All Columbus had to do was to persist. He did so, and finally Isabella and Ferdinand were convinced; the money needed was raised; the ship provided; and the happy, joyous Columbus sets sail to demonstrate to the world that which his soul had already convinced him was true.

Now remember the ignorance of the world-at-large on the subject. Recall that his sailors were densely ignorant and fearfully superstitious, but Columbus had never given that a thought.

He sets sail, full of delight, happiness, confidence. Now refer to the poem. (1) He and his sailors alike knew that the islands of the Azores and the Gates of Hercules were behind them. (2) Here, however, is a difference in the knowledge of Columbus and his sailors. He, with the eye of scientific confidence, could see ahead, though there was nothing in sight but shoreless seas, not even the ghost of shores. The sailors saw nothing but the uncharted and unknown seas. Do you not feel their awe and superstitious fears? Can you not picture their fearful whisperings together, as they sail further and further, between them and the mate? (3) Observe the *dread* of sailors and mate. The stars with which they are familiar disappear and new and strange ones appear, adding new fuel to their superstitious fears. (4) The mate asks Columbus how he shall reply to these fears. His mood is one of fear and growing alarm excited into the action of questioning. (5) Now ask yourself: What would be Columbus's natural reply? Remember he has given years of thought to this subject. He has no question as to the success of the voyage. Expecting to sail on uncharted seas, they have no fears for him. He *knows* what he will find when he has gone far enough around. The fears and questions of the mate are absurd, preposterous. There is but one answer: Calmly and confidently he

gives it, "Why, say, Sail on! and on!" Matter of fact, almost indifferent, totally unconscious of the seething fears bubbling up every moment afresh in the hearts of his sailors. What kind of intonation in his voice would such a question call forth?

(6) For the time being the questionings of the men are satisfied, and they *sail and sail* (don't hurry in giving this repetition) *as winds might blow*. The fears and questionings now begin afresh. (7) The fear is indicated in the word *blanched*, and in the mate's words. (8) Being away from familiar scenes, and all other men, his and his sailors' small minds fear that even God has lost sight of them. The winds are lost, God is not here. (9) Hence there is increasing urgency in his second appeal to the admiral. But Columbus (10), seeing the vision by his dream, neither sees any reason for fears, *nor does he yet become aware of the fear* expressed in the mate's voice. His reply, therefore, is the quiet, scarcely heard voice of the dreamer, given much lower and quieter than his ordinary talking voice, but with the deep intensity of a man who has but one purpose.

Pause now for a few moments to allow this quiet urge of the admiral to *sink in*. Don't hurry. Then let the next stanza open with some degree of haste and excitement. (11) The mate's tone now is one of definite, open remonstrance. It is all very well for his admiral to say "Sail on!" He—the mate—has to come in direct conflict with the men. They are growing mutinous. They are growing *ghastly wan and weak*. Even he (12) had begun to think of home and, in spite of himself, tears (13) (for is not this suggested in "a spray of salt wave"?) washed his swarthy cheek. Hence now, his question is more definite. He seeks to "pin" the admiral down to a fixed time. (14) He gives him until dawn to see land. But the admiral, feeling that each *dawn* sees him *nearer to the goal* of his heart's desire, and impatient that the foolish fears and unreasoning terrors of his men should even threaten the possible thwarting of this desire, replies sternly, impatiently, and somewhat fiercely. (15) He

shall say at break of day, land or no land, fears or no fears, ***but one thing,*** and he puts such emphasis upon it that no one can misunderstand.

Here, again, pause. Let this firm determination "seep" into the minds of the hearers. A few moments is long enough, but to speed on immediately to the fourth stanza is to lose a striking effect. Then, in perfectly natural, quiet voice, continue the story: *They sailed.* (16) Observe the repetition of this statement. Why is it repeated? A thoughtful author doesn't repeat for nothing. Here, by the repetition (17) Joaquin Miller seeks powerfully to impress upon his reader that after they had sailed a long, long way further, they *still* sailed on. Hence, is it not apparent there must be quite a little pause between the first "They sailed" and the second? Try the effect of this and see the result.

Now (18) the mate, forced by his own and his sailors' fears, though assured of the displeasure of the admiral at his voicing of these fears, braves his anger by calling his attention to the coming storm on the sea (19), and he becomes more (20) agitated as he expresses his own fears. (21) Yet he knows the courage of the admiral, and consciously or unconsciously pays him the tribute of bravery. At the same time, as hope has almost fled from the bosoms of himself and his shipmates, he asks the question, pleadingly, agonizingly: *"What shall we* (22) *do when hope is gone?"* In the answer, all of Columbus's exasperation, despair, determination, are compressed. Has he studied, prayed, pleaded, striven for years, and come thus far to be balked by the fears of a few craven cowards? Is he now, just now, when success must be close within his reach, to fail? No, by the Eternal, he shall not fail! The childish cries of his men shall not avail. He will compel them to go on, and, as though he were maddened beyond control his words "leapt like a leaping sword," (23) and cleave the air with ringing sound that strikes down all opposition, *Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! AND ON!*

Let the crescendo come with all the power, force, voice, of which you are capable. Prepare for it. Get the lungs full of air. Put all the intensity and passion of a lifetime's hopes, desires, ambitions, into it, and feel as though you had these cowardly sailors by the throat and were determined upon pouring your will into their craven souls.

Again pause, before going to the last stanza. Elbert Hubbard and his wife, both of whom were public speakers and readers of high order, regarded this sixth stanza as an anticlimax. Personally, I do not. Properly given, it is a most powerful climax to a most powerful poem. Ask yourself: After the expression of an overwhelming emotion, what natural reaction is felt? (24) One of weariness. Add this thought to the thoughts expressed in the words. Long and endless vigils, harassment from his men, *doubts in his own soul,* which, however, he dare not voice. (25) That night was so dark because, crushed by long-continued opposition, and his body weakened by constant watchfulness, and the urge of his passion, even *he lost hope.* But thanks be to God, there are men like Columbus who, even when hope seems gone, when there is no light whatever in *"that night of all dark nights"* still persist. For, is it not darkest just before dawn? Suddenly our minds are transferred to the lookout man. (26) He sees a speck. Wonderingly he looks at it again and again, until he is assured it is a light, so he gives the warning cry: (27) "A light!" Now notice the repetition of the word light. Three times it appears. Why? Most critics account such repetitions as proofs of an author's weakness, but they little know Joaquin Miller who so regard his repetitions. Let your brain work awhile. Remember, Columbus and his sailors have been weeks away from land, sailing on unknown, uncharted seas. They are becoming used to seeing no land, nothing but seas upon which even the winds have lost their way. Yet the lookout sees a light. He satisfies himself. He gives the signal call: "A Light!" For dramatic purposes we can imagine that everyone on the vessel

hears it. Incredulously they call out a query: "A Light?" It cannot be! But, sure of himself, and seeing it more clearly each moment, the lookout assertingly replies, "A light! I tell you!" Then, all doubt removed, filled with joy, their fears dispersed, their bodings and apprehensions removed, the sailors hysterically and joyously unite in the cry: "A Light!" and the reason for the three "a light's!" is made clear.

Now, the poet (28) changes the thought and rapidly introduces figures of speech. The light on the first land seen by Columbus ultimately grows to the "starlit flag of freedom" of the United States, the flag of the people, the flag of a true republic, the flag of genuine democracy. But it grew further. (29) That light, and that flag, grew to be "Time's burst of dawn." In other words, until all men, everywhere, in every way, are *free,* mankind is still in the night. The dawn comes only when men can be themselves, as God intended they should be when he created them. Hence triumphant joy should be expressed in speaking of this flag, and what it means to the world.

Then, calmly, quietly, bring the mind back to the admiral. What did he gain? (30) "A world." And he gave that world its grandest lesson; that of persistence in following the vision of the higher and larger things, *On! Sail on!*

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores.[1]
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,[2]
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate[3] said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say?"[4]
"Why, say,[5] 'Sail on! Sail on and on'!"

They sailed and sailed[6] as winds might blow
Until at last the blanched mate[7] said:
"Why, now, not even God would know,
Should I and all my men fall dead.[8]

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—
He said,[10] "Sail on! Sail on and on!"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;[11]
My men grow ghastly wan and weak!"
The stout mate thought of home;[12] a spray[13]
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight[14] naught but seas at dawn,"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day.[15]
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on and on'!"

They sailed.[16] They sailed.[17] Then spake[18] the mate:
"This mad sea [19]shows his teeth tonight,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
He lifts his teeth,[20] as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l,[21] say but one good word;
What shall we[22] do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:[23]
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn,[24] he paced his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night[25]
Of all dark nights! And then a [26]speck,
A light![27] A light! At last! A light!
It grew,[28] a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.[29]
He gained a world,[30] he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! Sail on!"

The comment in reference to the critic is also proof that he resented the critics who believed his fame rested on "The Songs of the Sierras." Here are Joaquin's own comments on three of his greatest poems, written after his London flare to fame:

The London *Atheneum,* years after the royal reception given my first books, pronounced this the best American poem. Let

me say to my following, it is far from that; even I have done better; too much like a chorus. "The Passing of Tennyson" is better. "The Missouri" better still. Besides, "The Missouri" has a right to exist, as it stirred the waters from "The Shining Mountains" to the Gulf of Mexico, and taught the nation to disdain "The Father of Waters" no longer.

But I accept the *Atheneum's* generous praise with gratitude and call the attention of my American doubters to the fact that my European triumphs were not due, as they have insisted, entirely to new scenes—for the Gates of Hercules and the Azores are as old as the hills.

"The Passing of Tennyson" is perhaps the best illustration of his divine gift of poetry. His unique claim of being a branch of the genealogical family tree of the kings of thought, Tennyson, Lowell, Whittier, and Whitman, expressed in a modest manner, is a rich heritage for those who know and understand.

> My kingly kinsmen, kings of thought,
> I hear your gathered symphonies,
> Such nights as when the world is not,
> And great stars chorus through my trees.'

Again, the last six lines, Joaquin brings Tennyson all silent into the living presence of the redwoods and the rock-locked "Golden Gate." Here is poetry that by beauty of imagery startles and awakens emotions as fundamental as life itself.

Hallam Tennyson, the son of Lord Tennyson, wrote me a letter of appreciation for this poem from Australia. The letter came to me when Joaquin Miller was tramping along the edge of the Arctic Circle in the gold rush in 1897–98.

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON

My kingly kinsmen, kings of thought,
I hear your gathered symphonies,
Such nights as when the world is not,
And great stars chorus through my trees.

* * * * * * *

We knew it, as God's prophets knew,
We knew it, as mute red men know,
When Mars leapt searching heaven through
With flaming torch, that he must go.
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,
Stood forth and faced insatiate Mars.

Then up from Cambridge rose and turned
Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—
Turned where the great star blazed and burned,
As if his own soul might appease.
Yet on and on through all the stars
Still searched and searched insatiate Mars.

Then stanch Walt Whitman saw and knew;
Forgetful of his "Leaves of Grass,"
He heard his "Drum Taps" and God drew
His great soul through the shining pass,
Made light, made bright by burnished stars;
Made scintillant from flaming Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard
To cease; was heard to sing no more.
As you have heard some sweetest bird
The more because its song is o'er.
Yet brighter up the street of stars
Still blazed and burned and beckoned Mars.

* * * * * * *

And then the king came, king of thought,
  King David with his harp and crown . . .
How wisely well the gods had wrought
  That these had gone and sat them down
To wait and welcome 'mid the stars.
All silent in the light of Mars.

All silent. . . . So, he lies in state. . . .
  Our redwoods drip and drip with rain. . . .
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
  We hear the great, sad, sobbing main.
But silent all. . . . He passed the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

Joaquin himself was not always a keen or standardized critic of his own writings. He inserted on page 152 of his autobiography, and frequently claimed in the discussion of his poems, that "The Missouri" was his greatest poem. There is only one line that is of surpassing strength and beauty. It is, however, masterful and similar in rhythm to Bret Harte's great poem on "San Francisco." Harte says of San Francisco, "Thou seest the white seas strike their tents. O warder of two continents." While Joaquin says, of the Missouri, "Mad molder of a continent."

Ambrose Bierce wrote of this Poem, "The Passing of Tennyson," as follows:

In Mr. Miller's lines we have, I think, a superb instance of what we have agreed to name inspiration. . . . If ever a poet's work is done in the light and fire of a splendid spontaneity, this work must have been so done. It seems now all very easy and obvious, doubtless—that conception of the malignant planet approaching the earth to search out the great poets and consume their lives, one after one. . . . Why, what has been talked

of more this year than the common propinquity of Mars, with his bad astrological reputation—excepting, indeed, the deaths in quick succession of Browning, Lowell, Whitman, Whittier, and, at last, Tennyson?

Well, I will venture to say that to no other man in all the world than Joaquin Miller, and to him only because he is himself a great poet with a great poet's accessibility to great thoughts, came the light of that revelation, even brokenly or with an evanescent gleam. And here I wish to say, and upon the assertion stake whatever reputation for literary understanding I may chance to have, that in all the work of all the red planet's victims there is not a larger, nobler, more purely poetic conception than this of their surviving brother—whom, in gratitude for the delight he has given me, I beg to warn that the menace of Mars burns implacable in the skies, "A still and awful red."

Who but a great poet would have thought—who but Joaquin Miller did think, of a nexus between the death of Tennyson and California's unseasonable rain? . . . Doubtless it is possible to imagine that the silent tragedy at Alderworth might have been brought more closely home to our Western hearts; but he who could imagine how it might be done would be a greater poet than Miller—and Mars has left us none.

In this verbal X-ray criticism followed by an exploring operation and powerful healing drugs, Ambrose Bierce makes the operation successful and gives the patient a clean bill of health for immortal fame. This, perhaps, is the keenest, most generous, most philosophical criticism Ambrose Bierce ever wrote. There are those who recall Joaquin's wild adventures in California and Oregon who will resent Bierce's calling Joaquin's boyhood commonplace. There are others who will read his prose notes and consider Bierce, not Joaquin, "silly." However, there are

lines in this criticism that give Joaquin a place in the sun, and the shadows Bierce cast about the sun make it all the brighter. Ambrose Bierce's bitter satire, his keen invective, brings out in bold relief the dual personality of Joaquin Miller. The following is Bierce's criticism:

The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco, successors to the late and deeply unlamented Bancroft Company, have published "The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller." This title is a little misleading. The book does not contain all, nor nearly all the works, more or less poetical, that Mr. Miller has acknowledged as his very own, but only such as he seems to care for now; and many of these have been abbreviated and otherwise revised with an unsparing hand. Nor are the book's contents altogether poetical; besides the preface and appendix there are prose notes to many of the longer poems, making altogether a considerable body of matter, mostly biographical, largely irrelevant, sometimes false, and frequently silly. The book would have been better without it. In truth, Mr. Miller cannot be trusted to write prose, nor to write of himself, which means about the same thing; for the moment he unfixes his eyes from the summit of Parnassus the charms of his own picturesque personality lure him from the path of truth into the confusing byways, conducting into the Land That Is Not—whereof he is king, parliament and people. He may be described as the St. Simeon Stylites of literature, perched atop of his capital I, and occasionally removing his rapt regard from his own toes to burst into song of the outlying universe.

In the prose part of Mr. Miller's book the reader will catch a new note—that of penitence. It is, however, the penitence which finds expression in denial of sin. A weaker manifestation of this feeling once led him to "hurl back the allegation" that he had stolen a horse, affirming that it was a mule: he is now willing to forget the mule.

Seriously, it is rather late for Joaquin to complain of the "fearfully coarse insults and falsehoods" that pursued him, "simply because" he had "at such cost" glorified his mountain environment. The insults and falsehoods may be granted—what writer of distinction escapes them? But the provocation is insufficiently stated. Indubitably they had their origin in his own affectations—in his identification of himself with his heroes—in his weakness for incredible and untrue narratives of his personal adventures and travels—in the transparent cloud of mystery with which he has always loved to envelop a really commonplace early life. Even now in his age, when from a failing memory of his famous arrow wound he sometimes limps with the wrong leg, he is obviously reluctant to surrender his lifelong claim to the laurels of the bandit Joaquin Murietta, and altogether indisposed to forego his new and remarkable pretensions to classical education. As to his claim to fellowship and companionship with the distinguished men of two worlds, it is the breath of his nostrils and the soul of his heart; he affirms it with a diligence that is proof against fatigue, or irrelevance which, like death, hath all seasons for its own. If sometimes he errs as to the true titles of his illustrious, and now mostly deceased, intimates (as in the instance of the French Prince Imperial whom he calls "Prince Napoleon") the fault is perhaps not entirely his. Like the man who bewailed his marriage to a widow these personages were possibly guilty of "contributory negligence." They should have been thoughtful enough to "define their positions" to the slack attention of that careless Western observer.

All this may seem out of place and ungracious; and if these remarks were intended as grave criticism of "poetical works" it certainly would be. But such is not the case. Mr. Miller has chosen to "mix with his sacred flame the flame profane" of a monstrous and insistent personal vanity to which everything is fuel, and the turbid light of it invites objection. It is hardly too

much to say that every line of the prose in this book is both needless and foolish.

In nothing is Mr. Miller more foolish than in his convictions about his art—which to him is not an art, but merely the spontaneous utterance of a born singer's untrained emotions. As an example of the insupportable stuff that a really great poet can write when, destitute of intellect and real training he abandons the domain of feeling for that of thought, take this from the conclusion of his preface—an instruction to poets. "Finally, use the briefest little bits of baby Saxony words at hand. The world is waiting for ideas, not words. . . . We have not time for words. A man who uses a great big-sounding word when a short one will do is to that extent a robber of time. A jewel that depends greatly on its setting is not a great jewel. When the Messiah of American literature comes he will come singing, so far as may be, in words of a single syllable."

Mr. Miller himself is not a master of condensation; prolixity is his "besetting sin," as in "The Sea of Fire," where he requires no fewer than one hundred and fifteen lines to relate the landing of a ship in fair weather with nothing to prevent; but in this prose passage he has managed to pack a remarkable number of schoolboy errors into a very small space. Many words of one syllable are strong and sweet, but a number of them together are feeble, dull, unmelodious. In poetry, especially, they are to be avoided. Some red idiot of the wild has written one entire poem in monosyllables, and every few years it makes the circuit of the newspapers as a glittering example of what can be done in that way. I have no doubt that it had much to do with the genesis of Mr. Miller's theory—and no doubt, either, that if he had happened to write it himself he would incontinently have chucked it into the cuspidor where it belongs. A line of verse in monosyllables is painful, two are insupportable, and three would make a boy strike his father.

Our words of one syllable are commonly Saxon words, that is

to say, the words of a primitive people without a wide range of thought, feeling, and sentiment. One can express in them only what their inventors had to express; the richer thoughts and higher emotions must clothe themselves in the words of peoples to whom they are known—in the ductile derivatives of the Norman-French, the Greek, and the incomparable Latin. It is to the unlearned only that our brief, bald Saxon words seem the only natural, graphic, and sufficient ones.

"We have not time for words," quoth he! As if poetry were a thing to be devoured along with the breakfast egg of the business man with one eye on the page and the other on the clock. Mr. Miller is justly wroth when a money-grubbing wretch inquires if the planting of olive trees will pay, and here he would himself go pruning away the rich exuberances of our noble tongue in the interest of the car-chasers and quick-lunchers who hoard their minutes as a miser his coins.

Begging Mr. Miller's pardon, thought and emotion in poetry are jewels that depend very much indeed on their setting. If they did not, his distinction as a poet would be less than it is by much, for his charm does not inhere in the greatness and sweetness of his thoughts, but in the felicity of their expression—not so much in what he has to say as in how he says it. It is very rare indeed that he justifies his declaration that he is "of the kings of thought," but his poetry is none the worse for that; for philosophy is one thing and poetry another. The two may acceptably go together, or remain apart; but certainly the jewel, if present, has an added value if well set. Least of all poets of his rank can Mr. Miller afford to extol matter over manner. It is commonly said, and doubtless believed, that biography is a great help to the understanding of literature—that one may profitably go to an author's life for light upon his work. This is one of those popular errors which certain low intelligences sedulously promote; for they thrive by writing about writers and find their account in dignifying a vulgar and impudent curiosity

regarding an author's personal affairs as an enlightened interest in literature. The truth is that nothing is more false and misleading than biography—except autobiography. When the "subject" is an author it operates to prevent, or rather to postpone, a clear judgment of his work and rank. As a rule there is no relation between the character and the work of a man strong enough and wise enough to write what is worth considering; the apparent relation is almost wholly the work of the biographers, who, knowing little of the character (and who really does know much of the character of another?) base their account of it upon what they find, or think they find, in the work. As an author's own account of himself, it is like anybody's account of himself—altogether untrustworthy, with an added incredibility from his knowledge of the credibility of his reader's, who from a distinguished author will accept anything with the unquestioning faith of a pet pig at the feeding trough. Among the several reasons why in literary matters the judgment of posterity is better than that of an author's contemporaries, the chief is that posterity knows less about his life and character, and is in a position to consider his work on its merits without prepossession or prejudice, just as if it had fallen down from the clouds, or grown up from the ground, without human agency. And that is the way that all must eventually be judged, excepting those few unfortunates whose biographies (or autobiographies) are themselves works of permanent literary vitality. It is not likely that Doctor Johnson will ever be granted the justice of a hearing before his judges without that smirking Boswell being present to darken counsel. None of the poems in Mr. Miller's book needed any "side-lights" thrown upon it, biographical or other. A poem that does would better not have been written—it is not literature. These prose commentaries and narratives are not only "impertinent," but as the obvious expression of a deplorable personal vanity, offensive. Worst of all, they are largely untrue, as I am in a position to affirm, for I have Mr. Miller's true history pigeon-

holed, along with that of another Pacific Coast celebrity. The sooner his prose vagaries are forgotten the better it will be for his reputation as a poet, and he could not very well have better advice than to be told to publish another and final edition of his "Complete Poetical Works" without a line of prose to discredit it. In impunging Mr. Miller's veracity, or, rather, in plainly declaring that he has none, I should be sorry to be understood as attributing a graver moral delinquency than he really has. He cannot, or will not, tell the truth, but never tells a malicious or thrifty falsehood. From his incursions into the realm of romance he returns with clean and empty hands. Excepting for his vanity and inveracity he is an honorable and high-minded man. That he is a poet of high rank is so well understood that I have no intention of reviewing here those of his poems which, by preserving them in this book, he declares to be his own choice from among the much more that he has written and published. Despite his prolixity, his tiresome repetitions, his frequent hyperbole, and more frequent unnaturalness; despite, too, the general thinness of his thought, Mr. Miller has, in my judgment, the greatest natural gift of song of any American except Poe. That he lacks the moral sanity and intellectual training to make the most of it is a misfortune that lacks little of the character of a national calamity.

There were several distinctive periods in Joaquin Miller's literary production. First, the period that produced the "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sunlands," "Memorie and Rime," and "Unwritten History or Life Among the Modocs." These books show the influence of environment in his youth. Second, the period that produced "Songs of Italy," "The Building of the City Beautiful," "Destruction of Gotham," "Baroness of New York," and "The One Fair Woman," which were influenced by

his environment abroad and in New York and Washington. Third, the period that produced "Columbus," "The Passing of Tennyson," "The Missouri," "As It Was in the Beginning," the book known as the "Stork Book," "A Song of Creation," "Chants for the Boers," which gave evidence of his moods on The Hights. Fourth, the period that was devoted to a conquest of the American seas showing the influence of environment again, in his adventures over and across seas in Alaska, China, South America, and on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean.

He believed in himself as a poet. It was the urge of the divine inspiration that made him wince at the limited title "Poet of the Sierras," or even "Poet of the American Seas." He wanted to cover the mountains and the seas with his mantle of genius. No great poet had ever sung of the great ocean that touched the shores of the Occident and the Orient. And he would not rest or rust on The Hights until he covered the Pacific in "A Song of Creation."

In his old age, with but barely enough money to pay transportation, he started for Japan, studying and interpreting the sweep and majesty of the sundown seas. It is interesting to note that Joaquin's contemporaries all recognize that he produced much of his greatest work on The Hights—in the third and fourth periods of his career.

The textbook critics attempted to fix his place in permanent literature on the first and second period of his work.

However, the second period detracts from his earlier writings and so it naturally follows that he is not given the

place in textbooks or general books on literature that he deserves. Stuart Sherman realized this, yet quoted entirely from the London reviewers and critics of the "Songs of the Sierras" to establish Joaquin's place in literature. It may be noticed, therefore, that special emphasis is given on Joaquin's more recent work. When A. M. Robertson published "As It Was in the Beginning," a book dedicated to President Roosevelt, and when the complete poems were published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, the predecessors of the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, critics and poets rushed to give him high praise and to place him among the world's greatest poets, not only of his generation but of all time. More than thirty separate volumes of poetry by young writers were dedicated to him. He was the poets' poet. He secured his information from original sources and unique environment. Poets borrowed inspiration from him; and why not borrow from him? He had more inspiration to lend than any other.

LETTERS IN REFERENCE TO HIS LATEST POEMS

Glen Ellen, Sonoma County, California.
July 11, 1903.

DEAR JOAQUIN MILLER: It's great! It's great! You know what you are singing about. And you have sung it as only you could sing.

I am writing the *Examiner* for the privilege of reviewing it, if said privilege has not been given elsewhere.

It is truly a song of the West, and all the strength, and breath, and joy, and beauty of the West, our West, is in it.

I do not congratulate you. My hand is on your shoulder and you know that I mean more than congratulations can say.

JACK LONDON.

Indianapolis, Ind.
July 18, 1903.

Joaquin Miller,

DEAR FRIEND: Your cheery *ahoy* is here, but not the *book* you *say* you sent me; and, as I've waited now four breathless days for it, I conclude, simply, that you forgot to *mail* it—which very natural oversight I promise to forgive, *providing you mail the volume right this blessed minute!*—for not until it is in my hungry hands can I make rejoinder to your queries. In the meantime, All hail to you and Godspeed—and you're at work and glorying in it—and I am glorying with you.

NOW will you be good and mail that book! Faithfully and affectionately your old friend,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

San Francisco,
July 9, 1903.

DEAR MR. MILLER: I must congratulate you on the big poem. It is magnificent! Surely the world is deep in your debt for it. The thing is like a great plate of gems set so closely together that one can scarcely see the gold that holds them. I think it is above and beyond anything that you ever did, but I doubt if the termites—the critics—say so.

I've sent copies to several of my friends, including Ambrose B., Father Tabb, London & Scheffauer. Austin Lewis will give you some of your deserts in the *Oakland Herald*. But what do you care for all this!

Don't bother with a reply—O King, live forever!

Affectionately,

GEORGE STERLING.

Harry Noyes Pratt, author of "Hill Trails," has, in "The Prophets," contributed a poem that has a strange interest to those who know and realize that Joaquin claimed a mystic kinship to Moses. Michael Angelo's

statue "Moses" in the Church of Saint Pietro at Rome had a tremendous influence upon him. In the twilight with me, away from the crowds, in the loneliness of solitude, he would talk as familiarly of Moses as though he were his brother. And would call attention to his hand twisting his tawny beard. There is in the poetic contrast of Moses and Joaquin a limitless imagination that brings through the years from Nebo to The Hights, the spiritual self of these two men in poetic kinship.

THE PROPHETS

Upon the mount of Nebo Moses stood
And viewed the land of Gilead unto Dan.
He saw afar the city's castled walls,
And smoke of fires. He saw where Jordan's flow
Beneath, ran down unto a quiet sea.
The waving palms of Jericho their shade
In grateful coolness lent across the sand
Where caravans set forth for many a land
Afar. And far and blue the mountains stood
Whose cedared slopes gave birth to myriad streams
Which flowed in cool and foaming water down
Into the level valleys. Vineyards green
With fragrant clustered vines lay spread below
That rugged cliff whereon the prophet stood;
And Moses looked, and knew that all was good.

"This is the land." So came to him the voice
From out the cloud which hung above his head.
"This is the land which unto Abraham I—
And unto Isaac, unto Jacob,—gave,
Saying: 'Unto thy seed shall its broad fields
Be given.' This is the land of Canaan whence,

From Hebron, there where Eshcol's brook doth flow,
The clustered grapes were brought; of pomegranate
And of the fig.
"This is the land of which
Thy people said—those men whom thou hadst sent
To spy the land and search abroad therein—
This is the land of which they said, 'It flows
With milk and brooks of honey.' Yet because
Thy people feared; because they knew not Me,
I turned them thence. For forty years—for twice
A score—thy people followed thee.
"And now
Are the years filled, the years in which I said
That thou shouldst wander. Here before thee lies
The land of promise. Yet not thou, but they,
Shall cross the Jordan; there shall enter in
And this fair land shall hold, as I had said.

"But here where purpled cliffs rise to the skies,
And shadowed clefts so deep that none may know
What lies therein—Where echoing ramparts throw
Their walls across the way, so strong and high
That only eagle's flight may compass them—
Here where no foot but thine hath ever trod,
Nor foot but thine shall ever press its rock;
Here shalt thou rest.
"No man shall ever know
Thy tomb. Within this cavern deeply dark
Now sit thee down. Thy weary limbs shall rest;
Thy hands which graved upon the tabled stone
My laws, shall rest.
"Thy whitened hair and beard
About thy wearied form shall flow, a shroud
Which shall enfold thee. Here through all the years

Until that day in which I come again;
That day when in the glory of my might
I come to men and they shall see my face—
Until that day here shalt thou rest unchanged.

"Now look once more out through the cavern's door
Upon this land which I of old have given,
And do this day to these my people give.
Look once again upon the vineyards green,
Its flowing streams and verdant fields; then rest.
Rest—knowing that thy task hath been performed,
And well.
"Now close thine eyes and back upon
The sheltering rock thy wearied head recline.
Rest! Rest! And know that I thy God still live."

* * * * * *

Upon The Hights where cedared shade doth lie,
And open sun; where waves of flowing grass
In billows beat across the flowering field
To break in fragrance on the rugged steep—
Upon the hights another prophet stood
And looked afar.
Beneath, a city lay
With throbbing life and tangled, busy streets
A-down whose ways the people passed; and there,
Beyond, a sea of color, ever changing—
An opal, flashing from its burnished breast
New color—purple; all the shades of green;
And deepest blue to brown—a thousand tints
Which no eye save the poet's knows or names—
Changing with every hour; and, with the night,
Crimson and orange; darting with a flame
To heaven, and back to earth again.

Low, blue,
Beyond this inland sea fair mountains stood,
Rounded and smooth; and hid that farther sea
Whose wild waves beat against the westward shore.
To left and right there smiling lay green fields
And blossoming orchard. Pomegranate and fig
Sheltered the roadways. Clustered vines flung wide
Across the hills beneath; the countryside
Lay one great garden by the shimmering bay.

This other prophet stood, and close beside
A Presence, and a Voice: "Hear ye now Me.
Above a vale like unto this there sleeps—
And where he lies no man hath known, or knows—
The form of one who served Me well. Nor yet
Hath prophet risen who, like him of old,
Hath with Me spoken face to face.
"Yet men
Forget. Forgotten lie the graven laws
Which I through Moses gave to govern men.
Forgotten lies the sleeping form of him
Who heard My voice, to whom I gave of strength
And wisdom. Never man hath built to him
Of lasting stone or sculptured pile. No man
Hath honored him—and honoring him hath given
Honor to Me, who ever wast and art
And shall be.
"Take thee now of scattered stone,
Rough and unsculptured; rough as thou who builds
And like to him for whom thou buildest here—
Take of the stone, and build upon the crest
A pile foursquare, to east and north and south,
Facing the west, and rising to a point
Above, as finger pointing unto Me

Who rulest all. And here when men shall see
This pyramid of unhewn stone amid
The purple cedars, sunlit, solemn, stand,
They shall do reverence to that mighty man
Whose wisdom—given of Me his God—through years
Guided and guarded well My chosen folk.
They shall do reverence, knowing that I live
Through ages still to come as in the past.

"And unto thee, who art My lesser Son,
A prophet also, lesser in degree
Yet great, they shall do reverence too, and know
That thou art Mine. And when the passing years
These stones have crumbled, still thou shalt be known
Of men, and still thy words of prophecy
Shall live to honor thee—and Me.
"Now, build!"

* * * * * *

The sunlight casts its golden bands across
The hill. The purple shadows deeply lie
Within the mossy cedars. Slim and tall
The eucalypts sway silent, and the breeze
A whisper is. It may be that the dead
Whose ashes on these templed hills were flung
Is here, and speaks.
Beside this pyramid
Of weathered stone, this cairn which his own hands
Builded and sealed, I stand and honor God
That He should unto us have given these two:
The prophet Moses, he who graved good laws
For men, God-given; and he who sang of God
The poet's song; who spread upon the page
Of printed book God's laws in Nature's garb,
Interpreted in love of Nature here.

The stones may crumble—crumbling now, and gray!—
The trees may pass, the city fade away;
Yet still shall men do honor to their dead,
Nor feel them dead, but waiting for the call.

To Joaquin Miller, February 9, 1920.

Letters and Friendships

Joaquin was not a part of the crowd. He did not belong to the masses. He had many friendships, but they were the friends of his solitude. He welcomed those who made pilgrimage to The Hights, but his little chapel home, although hardly more than a cabin, was to his dual self a palace. He admitted only a few of his most intimate friends. Ina Coolbrith, the poet, who came to California through the Beckwith Pass in a covered wagon in the early fifties, was his most intimate literary friend, and the friendship that began the day that he landed in San Francisco almost broken-hearted from his political and matrimonial defeats in Oregon, lasted until his passing in 1913. Charles Warren Stoddard who was the guide and mentor of Joaquin, and his comrade in Europe and California, introduced him to Ina Coolbrith. Joaquin greeted her in poetic fashion quoting Tennyson's "Divinely tall, and most divinely fair." If she had been petite he would undoubtedly have said as he had said to many, "The sweetest flowers grow nearest the ground."

It is hard to estimate the influence of Ina Coolbrith on Joaquin Miller's career. When he returned from Europe and brought Cali-Shasta, the young Indian girl, to San Francisco to be educated, Ina Coolbrith received her into her home. It was one of the great literary friendships of the time. It was Ina Coolbrith who reviewed "Joaquin Et Al." in the *Overland Monthly*. Bret Harte did not dis-

cover a trace of genius in Joaquin's poetry. Even Miss Coolbrith did not discover the beauty in the lines that London critics praised so highly a few years after. But the review was written with sympathetic appreciation of the rhythm and imagery of the young poet.

On April 18, 1906, Joaquin rushed down from The Hights in search of Ina Coolbrith. The earthquake and fire had devastated the part of the city where she lived. I found her shivering in an open space at Fort Mason, exposed to the cold winds from the Golden Gate, and the drizzling rain. She was later removed to the home of her friend and benefactor, Mrs. Boalt, on Presidio Avenue, San Francisco. Joaquin was not permitted to come to San Francisco. Mayor Schmitz had ordered the gates of the city closed. Joaquin became angry and wrote a letter, an invective article, and also a poem entitled "Resurgo San Francisco." He was greatly chagrined because he could not enter the city and offer his guest house at The Hights to his friend, Ina Coolbrith.

Joaquin was greatly influenced in his writing by Ina Coolbrith, but she was not influenced by him. Her poems "California," "Bret Harte," and "When the Grass Shall Cover Me" are of exquisite delicacy and finish. Joaquin's poetry was like the mountains and hills and valleys of his youthful environment. The friendship of Ina Coolbrith and Joaquin Miller was based on the affinity of genius. It was as natural and as impersonal as two trees in the forest with branches grown naturally towards each other, tall and slender, which bend in the same direction in a storm.

I always picture Charles Warren Stoddard and Joaquin as I last saw them at Monterey, sitting on a bench near the old Monterey Customhouse. Charles Warren Stoddard had written his "South Sea Idylls," had associated with Joaquin in London, Rome, Paris, Naples, and Washington, and had gone to Monterey to watch the sun set in Balboa's seas. He had been professor of English literature at Notre Dame and the Catholic University of Washington, D. C. It was Charles Warren Stoddard who acted "Who Is Who" to Joaquin. Stoddard was standardized. He was deeply religious. He was converted to the Roman Catholic religion and became a part of it. He took Joaquin and me into the silence of the church at Monterey, and we lingered there long enough to come under the spell of the sanctuary. How they talked! The art of conversation is wonderful. It is the least cultured of all arts in modern society, and yet these two men reached the highest peak of friendship in their comments on Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, and the men and women they had met. Two old men who were ending their days here in the footprints of the Padres talked most interestingly of the spiritual side of things.

In 1896 there began a literary friendship between Herbert Bashford, a young poet who was librarian of the City of Tacoma and afterwards state librarian of Washington, and who, on account of his friendship for Joaquin, came to California and located at Piedmont near The Hights. Mr. Bashford is the author of "At the Shrine of Song" and "Yosemite," and coauthor of "A Man Unafraid"—

the story of John Charles Frémont, and a number of successful plays. He was for many years the literary editor of the *Bulletin*. In the case of both Ina Coolbrith and Charles Warren Stoddard, the friendship was between persons of about the same age; but in the case of Bashford it was the friendship of the author of established reputation for the struggling young poet.

While Joaquin was an autoplagiarist and often lifted lines from one poem and placed them in another poem in a different setting, he was remarkably free from pirating from other poets. He did, however, use Herbert Bashford's line, "The sun laid upon the floor its flashing sword of silver," and laughingly told him that this line was so poetic that he borrowed it.

Herbert Bashford had just been given the distinction of having a number of his poems selected by Edmund Clarence Stedman for the "American Anthology of Verse." He was in the early twenties when Joaquin became his house guest in Tacoma, and there began a friendship that was to continue until broken by death.

Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe," was an Oakland schoolmaster when Joaquin first met him. He was a frequent visitor to The Hights, and one day Joaquin measured off with a swing of his arm, as was his custom, several acres of ground and said: "That land is yours. I have selected it for you. I want you to be a part of The Hights. You are my friend." Markham, however, moved to New York and so never built upon The Hights, but the friendship between these two poets of such dif-

ferent personalities, who companioned on the high peak of songs, was of a delightful character.

Edwin Markham, like Joaquin, achieved fame, but was not confined to any geographical limits. He expressed the friendship that existed between the two of them in the following letter:

For over forty years Joaquin Miller has been a figure in my mind, a friend in my heart. I met him for the first time face to face nearly a quarter of a century ago. I remember the clear blue morning when, with a volume under my arm as a gift for the great bard, I climbed the winding road to his picturesque cabins on The Hights behind Oakland. I was a son of Oregon pioneers and so was he. He was a master of song, and I was a younger client of Apollo. And so we were brothers at once, and brothers to the end.

On that golden afternoon, looking out over the golden sea, he took me into his confidence and told of his life in the high Sierras and of his Argonautic adventure into the heart of London, where he met the laureled lords of song—Swinburne, Rossetti, Browning, and the rest. I shall never forget his account of his seeing Swinburne once when that poet was in the glorious agony of poetic composition. Swinburne was sitting at a table, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, while the fingers of his two hands were running over the table before him as over the keys of a piano. By this curious art the poet was weaving and interweaving those miracles of music that make his song the most melodious of all time.

A few years after my first visit to The Hights, I went up to live on a hillside slope, half a mile below the rocky eyrie of our gray eagle of song. Miller was an ideal neighbor; and our meetings back and forth were frequent and most friendly. Once I gave a birthday dinner to his mother in my house on the hillside; and Joaquin was there in his most festive habiliments, telling stories

of his meetings with pleasant personages in other lands. I remember that he closed one happy anecdote by quoting with gusto his shibboleth against unseemly mirth, "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

In all those years I lived on the hillside under the poet's craggy perch, and in all the years that followed, I never heard this big-hearted man say an unkind word of any human being. He disapproved at times of certain men and measures, disapproved with iron energy; but he disapproved without personal bitterness. His sympathies were seemingly as deep and as wide as the world.

Of course this generosity of feeling was always appearing in his literary life. He was ever swift and glad to extend welcome to other literary workers. He seemed to have no envy of his fellow poets. He rejoiced in any glory that came to them, and he was ever ready to extend that glory by word of mouth or word of pen. Hundreds of lyric aspirants climbed the road to his welcoming door, and none of them ever failed to carry away his gift of good counsel and Godspeed. Indeed, we might attribute to him the fault that of old was attributed to God—his mercy transcended his justice.

As for the poetry of Joaquin Miller, I do not need of course to tell you that it travels on wild untrodden paths of the Muse. It has gone to the uttermost parts of the earth, carrying tidings of our hardy race of pioneers, men who built with strong hearts and strong hands the new civilization in the Far West.

We feel in his stormy song the procreant urge of a new era, the rise of a new empire; and we also hear in it the prophecy of that greater order of existence, that world-state, that world-republic, that will some day embrace all nations in the one fraternity of love and justice.

Joaquin was the poets' poet. He had many volumes of poetry dedicated to him by the younger poets. Madison

Cawein, the well-known poet who lived in Louisville Kentucky, dedicated several of his books to Joaquin.

I was with Joaquin when he and Madison Cawein spent almost an entire day in the depot at Louisville, too much interested in their conversation to stop even for lunch. Mr. Cawein expressed his friendship and appreciation in the following words:

1436 St. James Court, Louisville, Kentucky,
March 13, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Wagner: In answer to your note of March 7, I hasten to send you the inclosed poem written to Joaquin Miller in 1893 as a dedication to a volume entitled "Poems of Nature and Love." It will do for the occasion you speak of. I believe it was the following year, 1894, I remember, that I met Joaquin Miller and yourself here in Louisville and spent a never-to-be-forgotten day with you and with him.

Joaquin struck me at once with his remarkable personality. His intellectual preëminence was unquestionable. It was like listening to one of the old prophets to hear him talk.

I remember his describing to me some of his experiences in his youth, his travels, here, there, and everywhere. In speaking of the Sandwich Islands, of climbing to look down into the crater of a volcano and seeing it "working, working there—the dough of hell." He was always the poet. He looked it more than any poet I have ever met, and I have met a great many, both young and old.

I count Joaquin Miller's poetry as more American than the poetry of any poet who has ever written in America, with the exception of Walt Whitman. He, Joaquin, held me and still holds me more than Whitman ever could or ever did. I count him among our greatest poets and the world will come to see it as I see it some day. Very sincerely yours,

Madison Cawein.

The original copies of these letters and those of Jack London, George Sterling, and James Whitcomb Riley are in the possession of Ernest W. Jakobs of San Francisco, and were presented to him by the poet:

St. Anthony's Rest, The Bungalow
300 M. St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
24 October, '98.

Beloved Joaquin: That *Pyre* on The Hights is an inspiration, an imperishable memorial, an elegy in adamant. But I don't want you to slip this cloak of flesh till I've been with you and yours on The Hights.

I pray you, dearest Joaquin, get a copy of your poems—the complete collection in one volume—your latest. Write something for *me* on the flyleaf, with your name and mine, and send it me betimes.

I must have this book from your hands. If you ordered it sent to me from the publishers the order must have miscarried for I have received no copy. Do this in memory of the love I have borne you these thirty years. Salute you in my name. Embrace you. Ever your devoted friend,

Chas. Warren Stoddard.

14 West 95th St., New York,
May 14, 1898.

I Salute You!
Good and great Friend—
Free and brave man—
Most noble poet—
I Salute You!

I recall your figure, your spirit, and your thought, as they were in those years.

As for you, we hope you are well. As for us, we are about as usual. God bless you. As ever,

John Swinton.

March 13th, 1913.

DEAR MR. WAGNER: Mr. Riley is not well enough to take up the pen, but he wants you to know he remembers that pleasant visit which you and Joaquin Miller paid to Indianapolis. He has dictated the following tribute:

"The poetical voice of Joaquin Miller always made me think of the gallant blare of a trumpet from the very battlements of inspiration."

Very sincerely yours,

EDMUND H. EITEL.

To Harr Wagner, Esq., Sequoia Club, San Francisco, California.

March Eleventh, Nineteen Thirteen.

DEAR MR. WAGNER: I beg in reply to contribute this to the Sequoia symposium:

Joaquin Miller always impressed me as a type of the period in which he lived. His character and talents seemed to blend with his environment.

He was big, brave, buoyant, and bursting with generous emotions which fairly overwhelmed his verse. This may have given irregularity to his style, just as the mountain torrent, released from the sublime heights, carves its own way and refuses to be conveyed in a ditch!

He personifies Nature. His fame is safe, for Nature is unchangeable.

"First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard which is still the same."

Yours very truly,

JAMES D. PHELAN.

Harr Wagner, Esq., President, Sequoia Club,
San Francisco, Calif.

Women

O woman, born first to believe us;
Yes, also born first to forget;
Born first to betray and deceive us;
Yet first to repent and regret.

O first then in all that is human;
Yea! first where the Nazarene trod;
O woman! O beautiful woman!
Be then first in the kingdom of God.

Joaquin expressed his true self and his attitude toward all women in the lines above. I hesitate as I approach the subject of his intimate relationship with women. I know he would want me to write with extreme frankness, and above all to tell the truth. The prophets of old did not hesitate to use plain language. Why should I, therefore, write of him as a spineless, sexless, conventional man? Rather I face the truth, and, to use a commercial phrase, "sell him as is."

We were driving from Redding to Alturas in 1898. As we passed through a country wooded with pine trees he said, "It was near here that I had my first carnal knowledge of women. At the time I was living at a rancheria with a tribe of Shasta Indians, and was sent out with two young Indian girls to gather pine nuts for the approaching winter. Mount Shasta was already covered with snow. I was so impressed with its majesty that in after years I used the line, 'Lone as God and white as a winter's

moon,' in the book entitled 'Unwritten History or Life Among the Modocs.' It was my job to cut down the trees, and the Indian girls then gathered the pine nuts. After a while I grew tired and rested, placing the ax on the ground near me. One of the girls picked up the ax and ran behind some bushes. I followed her to get the ax. She placed it on the ground and lay down flat on her back with the ax under her. In order to get the ax I attempted to turn her over, and in the struggle, which started very innocently on my part, both of us laughing, teasing, playing, until without any deliberate intent, as Peter the Czar was accustomed to say, 'I had my will with her.' I then took the ax, chopped down several trees, rested, and the other Indian girl grabbed the ax and ran off into the bushes. I followed. The performance, the same as with the first Indian, was repeated. This was my first carnal knowledge of women."

We rode in silence for some miles. Then he told of the massacre of the white settlers, and of other events. We finally arrived at a place called the Mountain House.

While enjoying luncheon, the woman who conducted the hotel, or way station, whispered something to Joaquin. He seemed to be greatly interested. I asked him about it, and he said: "Mrs. Brock, the mother of Cali-Shasta, lives in a canyon near here, and I sent word to her that I was coming back to enjoy my old age with her, as I had my youth around Shasta."

Cali-Shasta was supposed to be Joaquin Miller's daughter by Mrs. Brock. She was half Indian, bright, and

rather good looking, and was educated by the poet under the care and direction of Ina Coolbrith, the noted California poet. She married a well-to-do young man connected with the Wells Fargo Express Company in San Francisco. Unfortunately, she developed an uncontrollable appetite for liquor and died quite young. Joaquin, it may be said to his credit, acknowledged Cali-Shasta as his daughter to Ina Coolbrith and other intimate friends.

Mrs. Brock died in 1908, respected and greatly honored by her neighbors and friends. Joaquin, on hearing of her death, wrote and published a rarely beautiful tribute to this Indian woman who, it is said, never faltered in her love and admiration for the blue-eyed boy that watched the after-glow on Mount Shasta, and who companioned with him in the rapture and thrill of the youthful call of nature as they enjoyed the majestic mountain peaks, wonderful rivers, the breath of the morning, and God's university of stars.

The following appeared in the San Francisco *Call* under date of June 8, 1908:

Amanda Brock, an Indian woman, aged seventy-five years, died Monday afternoon at her home on McCloud River. She was an Indian with a history. She was the first wife of Joaquin Miller, the poet, and while living with him was made captive by a band of Modoc Indians. She was held a prisoner for many years and escaped with the aid of Jim Brock, a white scout, whom she married and has since lived with. The Indian woman was buried Tuesday afternoon in the Indian's burial grounds on the McCloud River. The Indians for miles around gathered, and the ceremony was conducted with the regular rites of her tribe.

Joaquin Miller

The San Francisco *Examiner* of June 10, 1908, published the following interview with Joaquin Miller. His statements about platonic friendship are not in harmony with the facts. He did not exaggerate the truth in this case. However, he did not tell the whole story:

"Although Indian born, and without the so-called advantages of civilization, Sutatot, my dead Indian friend who nursed me back to life in her wigwam after I had been shot down by the hostile Modocs, had a soul as white as the snow-covered summit of Mount Shasta." So said Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, when asked for the history of Mrs. James Brock, the Indian woman who died recently in Redding.

Rumor said Mrs. Brock was the former wife of Miller, and many romantic stories were current regarding their attachment. Miller rudely shattered this romance when he declared yesterday that while he owed his life to the Indian woman, and had always regarded her as one of his best friends, their relations were always platonic.

The aged poet told a graphic story of the battle of Castle Rock in 1855, when he was badly wounded by the hostile Modocs, and declares had it not been for the untiring care of the Indian princess he would have died from the effects of his wounds.

"The Shasta tribesmen were all my friends," said the poet. "Wrotatot, their war chief, was the bitter enemy of the Modocs, and when the pioneers engaged the latter tribe in battle at Castle Rock, the Shasta tribe fought side by side with them.

"I was wounded through the head with an arrow, and shortly afterward through the body by a bullet. Wrotatot was killed early in the battle, and his brother, Orlatot, took command, but also received his death wound.

"After the Modocs had retreated, I was taken to the banks of the Sacramento at Shasta Village. Although bowed down with grief at the death of her two brothers, Sutatot had me carried into

her own tent and cared for me until I was able to be taken down the river.

"I went to Europe, and while there learned that my former nurse had been captured by a raiding party of Modocs.

"Jim Brock, the noted scout, managed to secure the release of Sutatot and married her shortly after bringing her back to civilization. They had several children, one of whom, John Brock, is a member of the forestry department of this state.

"I frequently visited Brock and his family, and at the time of his death a few years ago I offered all the assistance in my power to the family. I am aware that it has been said that I married Sutatot after she nursed me back to life, but these stories are all cut from whole cloth. I respected Jim Brock and his wife, and I again repeat that no woman on earth, whether white or red, had a nobler soul that Sutatot, and I mourn her as one of my own people."

His next great adventure with women was his poetic and romantic courtship of Minnie Myrtle. He was publishing a paper at Eugene, Oregon, and she wrote several poems which attracted his attention. After some correspondence he rode over to Port Orford, and after three days of tempestuous courtship, proposed, was accepted and they were married. They rode horseback across the wilds of Oregon to their new home, camping along the side of the trail, fighting Indians, and having a romantic and exciting honeymoon. The married life of these two poets has created much discussion. Three children were born to them. Maud, the daughter, a well-known actress, was at one time leading lady for Frederick Warde, and again a star in San Francisco under Morosco at the old Grand Opera House on Mission Street.

I undertook to finance a tour for her wherein she was to star in the play "49" and Joaquin said, "Do not try it, boy; I appreciate your good intentions and generous motives, but she will strand you in the middle of the desert. There is a hoodoo upon her." I tried it. Joaquin was right.

She was an attractive young woman, the mother of Aloysius McCormack, who married the daughter of Henry Meade Bland, the poet, and the children of the McCormacks are the live and fruit-bearing branches of the family tree. *Maud lived on The Hights for several years, died suddenly at Fruitvale, and was buried on The Hights near the funeral pyre.

If you were to believe newspaper stories, another child of Minnie Myrtle and the poet was hung several times in various places. Joaquin was a guest at my house in San Diego when the news came that a young man claiming to be a son of Joaquin Miller had taken a horse from The

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* *Mr. Harr Wagner, San Francisco, California.*

My Dear Sir: Joaquin and Minnie Myrtle had three children, one girl, Maud, and two boys, George B. and Harry. Maud was born in Eugene, Ore., and the boys in Canyon City, Ore., while Joaquin was judge in that frontier mining camp. After Joaquin went to Europe, Minnie Myrtle lived in Portland, Ore., where the children were allowed to grow up in the streets. I wrote Joaquin about their condition, so he sent me $50 monthly to put them in school in Eugene, but Minnie Myrtle insisted on them remaining with her in Portland. This went on until I found the children were getting no good from his money, so he came home and took Maud to a convent in Canada, leaving the boys to shift for themselves. After that they turned up occasionally at The Hights, finally disappearing, leaving no record. To the best of my knowledge Minnie Myrtle never married after her divorce from Joaquin, nor had any children thereafter. Yours sincerely,

February 16, 1929. George Melvin Miller.

[Author's Note—The statements in this letter are not in accord with those made to me in the letter signed by one of Joaquin Miller's family.]

Hights, rode up to Mendocino County, and robbed the United States mail stage. He was captured, tried in the Federal Court, and sentenced to San Quentin by Judge W. W. Morrow, who had been Joaquin's companion in Eastern Oregon in several Indian battles.

I kept the daily papers from Joaquin and he did not know that the boy had committed a crime that brought him a large amount of undesirable publicity. He knew nothing of the affair until he picked up a *Police Gazette* at a bootblack stand and saw his picture, the picture of the stage robber, and all the details of his life, the matrimonial escapades of his daughter Maud, Minnie Myrtle, and incidents of his own career that were of news value.

That night, instead of delivering a lecture on "Lessons Not Found in Books," he made a plea for the bad boy that was pathetic, kindly, and eloquent. The next day he was so depressed that he borrowed a pair of scissors and, standing before the mirror in his room in my home, cut off his beautiful yellow hair, exchanged hats with me, and left San Diego with the definite purpose of going to Japan and spending the rest of his life in seclusion.

Madge Morris, the poet, pictured the episode as follows:

> The *Sierrean* came to our city of palms,
> With the sun in his golden tawny hair;
> With the sun in his heart, and the sun in his songs,
> And speaking all men fair.
> He went—as a wounded lion goes
> To die in its lonesome lair.

He got as far as British Columbia when, disappointed in not getting the money he expected, he returned to The Hights. His neighbors and friends were so sympathetic and considerate that the shock of young Miller's crime passed off and he gave up the plan of living a hermit's life in Japan.

This letter was written by Joaquin in 1891 to Madge Morris, editor of the *Golden Era* in San Diego, after Joaquin had declared his intention of locating in Japan and living in seclusion the remainder of his life. The letter is not typical of his emotional life; but the arrest of his son for robbing the United States mail coach, affected him very greatly.

My dear little dreamer of dreams: Your *Golden Era* is bright, beautiful, and you are brave and good and true, but I am not off yet. Waiting to cash in on California sunshine, but will go soon as I can.* All my stuff back except from the *Century*. Have not heard from them yet. Of course I only feel the mane of the lion, strong and full of defiance, only I don't want to be a lion. I want to be a Christian. Christ was crucified to death at thirty-three. What if he had had to live till fifty!

My people are determined in some way to publish the facts that this reputed son is no relation of ours. Also, that he was at school at the time he took my horse and went to the bad. That his books are still at the schoolhouse, and that, in fact, the only relation he is to us is his taking my horse.

My people have prepared a record of my life in Oregon and California—several pages. I shall cut out all comments, leave only record. Now if you think a life of Self from his record should be published in the *Era,* you are welcome to it. At least you might

* Meaning his trip to Japan.

look at it. It is not in my hand. I am forced to say, or let my friends say, something. I sent a letter to Harr.

Answer and say you still love us—Eh? J. M.

The article is dated "Portland, Oregon, 1891," and although signed "One of the Family," was written by Joaquin himself. "Joaquin Miller From the Records," as the article is titled, answers the severe criticism of his early life and matrimonial experiences with Minnie Myrtle. "Here is the true record," he said to me. "Print it and let it stand against my bitter critics for all time:"

To Harr Wagner, Editor *Golden Era:*

Because I believe you to be fair-minded, and because Joaquin Miller worked for you long ago, and you probably know him better than anyone else in California, I want to say a few words about his record.

The man arrested in California lately, claiming to be a neglected son of Miller's who had not been allowed to go to school, is no relation of ours, as is shown by the records here in Oregon. More than that, the records of the Fruitvale School, near Miller's home, show that he was attending school there, when, as he says, he took his horse and left. His school books are still there where he left them, or were last year when I spent the season with Miller on his Hights. So that whoever the man was, he was going to school when he chose to go to the bad. From the records here it does not seem that the court found him to be any part of Miller's family. The decree was that Miller's two children should be taken from the woman who sued him for divorce and given to her mother, Miller to pay $200 yearly. His publisher's books, in Boston, show that the next year, as soon as he had money, he began and continued to the end to pay $600 instead of $200.

Joaquin Miller, a lad, left here, where his father and all his brothers were school teachers, and went with other Oregonians

to find gold in California in 1854. He says he was cook and accountant for miners on the McCloud River a year later. But of all this there is no record. It is a matter of record, however, in the archives at the national capital, that he fought against the Modocs at the battle of Castle Rock and was fearfully wounded; also that he served in the Pit River expedition under the late General D. D. Colton. It not only appears that he thus served the state, but also that he never applied for the pay with which he stands credited to this day. As he has always taught that war is a crime, except in defense, he has always refused not only to apply for, but to accept pay for services of this sort. In the Pit River expedition he lost the partial use of his right arm, which accounts for his bad penmanship.

Likely he lived some of his pages in "The Danites" and "49"—and lived some and dreamed more of "My Own Story." Prentice Mulford, who lived with him in London, wrote: "There are two Joaquin Millers; he and I are writing the life of one of them from the Western newspapers. It is awful! But the facts are all true!"

After a trip to Europe he returned to Oregon and entered as a student at Columbia College, the forerunner of the State University. This, of course, is a matter of record. The president is still living and the books are preserved. It is a matter of record that in 1857–8 he was teaching school in Clarke County, Washington Territory, graduating and being admitted to the bar under ex-Attorney General George H. Williams in 1861.

The next year he practiced law in the new and unnamed reaches of Idaho. But his old California friends and fellow-companions wanted a bold, trustworthy expressman to carry out their gold dust, and he established and rode, along with Mr. Mossman, now of Oakland, the Pony Express.

He returned to his parents in Eugene, Oregon, the next year and bought a small newspaper. Those who care to see will find a mortgage against the old homeplace canceled; for kind, gentle, old Father Miller, the school teacher, was never wise with money.

And while on this subject, the record also shows a mortgage against his father of more than $2000 which was canceled by Joaquin Miller in 1870; though he was surely never rich himself, all his property, even now, being heavily mortgaged, compelling him to be a "hack" rather than a poet.

His elder brother, with Senator Baker, had entered the Civil War. Still pleading for peace, the sharply drawn lines threw him on the side of the "peace-at-any-price" Democrats, and his paper was suppressed for alleged treasonable utterances.

"It never rains." In this toil and mad tumult fell the calamity of his life. He crossed the mountains to the seacoast and in less than "three days after sight" married a strange, unhappy woman who made us all unhappy from the first. It was like a nightmare. She proved not to be the New York "Minnie Myrtle" who wrote books, as we first believed, and was probably much older than was he. After taking her back to her people, he returned to his old California friends who had found a new camp in Eastern Oregon.

Here is her account of that hasty marriage as related in her bitter lecture delivered about him, in San Francisco and wherever she could get a hearing, after she had got her divorce. Of course, she did not last long, for all could see as she read his private letters from the platform with her children at her side, that not only her mind but her heart was far from right. But she lasted long enough, what with her interviews to the sensational branch of the press and her lecture on his private life—so far as she could imagine it, for she really knew nothing at all of the man—to wreck him, or at least to run him out of the country. This is the way in which she says she got him: "Here is a great wrong I did the dreamy, susceptible young man, for which I shall not hold myself guiltless. I wrote him the most beguiling letters I could. By my letters I lured him to that silent seashore. You all know something of his confiding, unsuspecting nature."

Here in the same lecture, is her account of the manner in which a man who has wrung renown from all Europe writes

poetry. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission, I will introduce you into the poetic workshop. We go up an outside stairway, enter a hall, and from thence into a small dingy room which is ostensibly the office of the County Judge of Grant County, but is really the poetic workshop of the Poet of the Sierras. And here we behold the artist at work. There is a long table covered with a black oilcloth and furnished with drawers. Scattered over this table are books, papers, stationery, and manuscripts. At this table sits the artist, poring over a large open book. His pen rests in a spacious inkstand ready for use. A page of foolscap is spread before him, on which we see written, with irregular dashes between them, the words, 'ever,' 'clever,' 'over,' 'fire,' 'desire,' and so on."

He had already begun to write his life of Christ, and here is her account of the way he did it: "A large Bible lies upon a table. Is this Bible used? Indeed it is. Every evening at a certain hour the poet opens this Bible, draws his huge inkstand closer, gives the already disabled pen a fiercer thrust into its depths, and reads. He reads quickly, for his eye is quick and his perception ready. Whenever a new word or phrase occurs, or anything pretty in sound, the pen is drawn, dripping from the inkstand, and the word or pretty expression is transcribed upon the foolscap before him. No one who chances to enter this realm of poetry would suspect what my lord is doing; for, without long and careful practice, who could decipher his handwriting? The next day it is my work to translate these abbreviated words and sentences and arrange them upon a new sheet of paper. I shall find the words 'city' and 'pity' spelled with two 't's,' and 'happy' and 'snappy' spelled with one 'p'."

But in pity let us turn from all this to the old California friends who were besieged by savages at Canyon City on his return to the mountains. All knew him here, and some of them had served with him in California. They put him at their head and he led them right into the Indian country, thus at once relieving the

place. The campaign was long and bloody. Had it not been for federal soldiers led by Waymire, now a judge in San Francisco, who himself lost several men, not one of the volunteers would have escaped. But the results were glorious and lasting. Let who may, throw mud here. These men had known Miller, man and boy, for ten years. Some of them had served three campaigns with him. So they gave him the first place on the ticket in the first election that followed, and in the hottest sort of a fight, and against the strongest kind of a man, made him lead to victory. Now it looks as if had there ever been anything wrong in Miller's war record or civil record, or any evil in the man's heart toward man or woman, this would have been a good time to show it. For he is a man who never has clique or clan, but lives within himself and asks nothing and answers nothing.

He now had his family with him, for there was a baby. But Mrs. Miller returned home and when, a year or two later he came here to get the nomination for a place on the Supreme bench, she served him with papers for divorce, with the result as stated.

In less than a year later he came to the surface in London. But his only sister had died, and his soldier brother was dying at Easton, on the Delaware. He was by his brother's side, while glory flooded him from Europe and shame from the sensational branch of the press of the West. With what wild, fantastic eccentricities he was disgracing us in social London! Alas, he had not seen social London at all as yet. His heart and his hands were full with his dying and his dead.

Then at home with his parents; then those lectures of the unhappy woman, and he fled. Then her husband in jail, dragging one of his children with him. (According to the record Minnie *Myrtle married again.) Then he came back and took both the children. One was schooled for years in Canada, then in Europe,

* The tribute in "Memorie and Rime" is a different account, written ten years earlier than this record. They show the poet in different mental attitudes. In the one his heart was softened by the death of Minnie Myrtle, in the other he was suffering from the humiliation of their son's disgrace.

the other at school with his people. Few children ever had better chances. Then, she, leaving husband and all behind her, went to him in New York.

Now was he really the hard and selfish man she had tried so many years to make him appear? Not so. For, whether sane or insane, she would not have left her husband, her people, her children, and all behind her and gone to him in this last extremity.

Whether he was good or bad to her at the last God only knows. It is only a matter of record that he bought a bit of ground and laid her to rest; and he laid on her grave the bravest, kindest, and most forgiving words he ever penned.

He has defended, excused, and championed many a man and woman. But through all these years of personal insult he has said no word for himself. When asked if it were true about some one having found the poem "Arizonian" to have been stolen from a dead man there, he answered, "I can't deny it, sir, for it is partly true. I got the poem out of Arizona."

"Is this really your son who is in jail?" demanded a breathless reporter.

"Certainly; he is not only my son, but my brother, and we must do what we can for him," was the only answer—an answer that was not wanted.

People do not seem to understand that Joaquin Miller is still a school teacher. His groves on the mountain top are academies where, with his mother, he gathers students of all sorts and from all countries around him on Sundays and other days of leisure. There is no price or terms. You are only asked to be in earnest. Only last year he fitted two young men for the Oregon University and opened the way for them. What more, I do not know, and he does not tell. I have said this much, after waiting till it can harm no one, because it is my duty to stand between helpless little ones and shame.

ONE OF JOAQUIN MILLER'S FAMILY.

Aurora Esmeralda (Ella Sterling Cummins Mighels) gives in the story of the "Files" this vivid description of Minnie Myrtle:

She was a woman of an odd sort of beauty—on the fantastic order—a splendid head of curly black hair, dark eyes, and of rather imperious carriage. I remember seeing her when she came to lecture at Sacramento, very youthful looking, alive to her finger tips, and oddly dressed. It was a very warm day and she had on a white muslin dress with a black fur tippet about her throat. Afterwards I read a pitiful letter she wrote to the *Evening Post* when she became a part of the printing machine and was ground down to earn a living for herself and children by its means. And through all rang an earnestness and a feeling that betokened the power to do something better if circumstances had been more propitious.

Joaquin, in "Memorie and Rime," published in 1882, wrote this beautiful tribute to her. It is included here because it deserves to live in permanent form as the finest expression a man can give to the mother of his children, to romantic call of youthful love, and to the tragedy of a wife divorced:

She seemed to see wreck and storm and separation for us on the ocean of life long before it came, and even while we were newly married, very hopeful, young, and strong and happy. And so, twenty years ago, while we were living in San Francisco, with this singular and sad notion in her head, she one evening half playfully said that, whatever came to us, if I died first she would write me well before the world and let none do my memory wrong. And she exacted the same promise of me. And from that time, so far from forgetting the foolish covenant, she reminded me of it often after. She reminded me of it in this city, New York, only a few days before her death. In the fulfillment of this

promise I now undertake this most delicate and most difficult task. For it is on my conscience that the occasion is opportune, and that I cannot well conclude this volume without trying, after a year's delay, to keep this covenant and solemn promise of twenty years ago.

It was while I was riding Mossman & Miller's Pony Express from Walla Walla to Millersburg, in the mines of Idaho, in the summer of 1861, that I first was attracted by her writings in the newspapers. I wrote her and had replies. Then when I came down from the mountains and embarked in journalism, she wrote me, and her letters grew ardent and full of affection. I mounted my horse and rode hundreds of miles through the valleys and over the mountains, till I came to the sea, at Port Orford, then a flourishing mining town, and there first saw "Minnie Myrtle."

Tall, dark, and striking in every respect, this first Saxon woman (please note that the use of the word Saxon gives color to her story of the native Indian girls) I had ever addressed had it all her own way at once. She knew nothing at all of my life except that I was an expressman and country editor. I knew nothing at all of hers, but I found her with her kind, good parents, surrounded by brothers and sisters, and the pet and spoiled child of the mining and lumber camp. In her woody little world there by the sea she was literally worshiped by rough miners and lumbermen, and the heart of the bright and merry girl was brimming full of romance, hope, and happiness. I arrived on Thursday. On Sunday next we were married! Oh, to what else but ruin and regret could such romantic folly lead? Procuring a horse for her, we set out at once to return to my post, far away over the mountains. These mountains were then, as now, and ever will be, I reckon, crossed only by a dim, broken trail with houses twenty and thirty miles apart to accommodate the few travelers.

Toward evening, on the first day out, we came upon a great band of elk. I drew my revolver, and with wild delight we

dashed among the frightened beasts. Following them quite a distance, we lost our way. And so we had to spend our first night together, tired, hungry, thirsty, sitting under the pines on a hillside, holding on to our impatient horses. We reached my home all right, however, after a week's ride, but only to find that my paper had been suppressed by the government, so we resolved to seek our fortunes in San Francisco. But we found neither fortune nor friends in the great new city, and so, returning to Oregon, I bought a band of cattle, and we set out with our baby and a party of friends and relatives to reach the new mining camp, Canyon City, in Eastern Oregon.

And what a journey was this of ours over the Oregon Sierras, driving the bellowing cattle in the narrow trail through the dense woods, up the steep, snowy mountains, and down through the roaring canyon! It was wild, glorious, fresh, full of hazard and adventure! Minnie had made a willow basket and swung it to her saddlehorn, with the crowing and good-natured baby inside, looking up at her, laughing, as she leaped her horse over the fallen logs or made a full hand with whip and lasso, riding after the cattle. But when we descended the wooded mountains to the open plain on the eastern side of the Sierras, the Indians were ready to receive us, and we almost literally had to fight our way for the next week's journey, every day and night.

And this woman was one of the bravest souls that ever saw battle. I think she never, even in the hour of death, knew what fear was. She was not only a wonderful horsewoman, but very adroit in the use of arms. She was a much better shot, indeed, than myself. In our first little skirmish on this occasion I had taken position on a hill with a few men, while the cattle and pack animals were corralled by the others in a bight in the foothills below to prevent a stampede. And thus intrenched we waited the attack from the Indians who held the farther point of the ridge on which I had stationed my men. Suddenly Minnie, with baby in arms, stood at my side and began to discuss calmly the situa-

tion, and to pass merry remarks about the queer noises the bullets made as they flattened on the rocks about us, and glanced over our heads. I finally got her to go down, or, rather, promise to go down to camp, for the better safety of the baby. But in a moment she was back. She had hidden the laughing little baby in the rocks, and now, gun in hand, kept at my side till the brush was over and the Indians beaten off.

Here is one leaf from her journal, or rather, I think, her recollections of the journey, which she left me along with her other papers when she died:

One night of that journey I shall not soon forget. There had been some fighting ahead of us and we knew the foe was lurking in ambush. They made a kind of fort of the freight, and while we lay down in the canyon, baby and I, away up on the high, sharp butte, Joaquin stood sentinel. And I say this tonight in his behalf and in his praise, that he did bravely, and saved his loved ones from peril that night. There he stood on that dreary summit, a target for the foe, and no one but me to take note of his valor—stood till the morning shone radiant, stood till the night was passed. There was no world looking on to praise his courage and echo it over the land; only the frozen stars in mystic groups far away, and the slender moon, like a sword drawn to hold him at bay.

Reaching the mines in safety, I practiced law, mined, fought Indians, and indeed was the busiest of men in trying all means to get on. I planted the first orchard in all that land,* pushed ahead as hard as I could, and tried to be practical and steady and thoughtful. Yet I was still but a lad in years. I forgot to mention that I was meantime elected Judge of the county and had begun to write the "Songs of the Sierras." My life was a sober and severe one. For, without learning, I was trying to administer the law; without knowing how to read, I was trying to write a book. I was now walking a new road of life. All was strange. What availed my knowledge of woodcraft in the courts of law? The mystery of making fire by the friction of two sticks of wood, the

* This is the first record of his activity as a tree planter. The later years of his life were characterized by planting trees.

secret of finding water in the desert by the flight of a bird, the cunning of foretelling the force of the coming winter or the depth of the snow, all these and the like were of no use now.

If the shrewd and sharp lawyers who bullied and defeated me had come into my elements I would have beaten them. But I had chosen to enter theirs, and must be equal to the undertaking. And so it was I worked and studied as never man worked and studied before. Often I never left my office till the gray dawn, after a day of toil and a night of study. My health gave way and I was indeed old and thoughtful. Well, all this you can see, did not at all suit the merry-hearted and spoiled child of the mines. Then, she was not so ambitious as I was; and she had not such a strange wild life behind to haunt her. She became the spoiled child here that she had been at her father's and naturally grew impatient at my persistent toil and study. But she was good all the time; good and honest and true in all things and in all ways; understand that distinctly. And let me say here, once for all, that no man or woman can put a finger on any stain in this woman's whole record of life, so far as truth and purity go. But she was not happy here. Impatient of the dull monotony of the exhausted mining camp, and longing for the sea and the old home that almost overhung the sounding waters, she took her two children and returned to her mother, while I sold the little home we had built and kept together, the new orchard and the lanes of roses we had planted together, and, remaining there in the camp, promising to follow her, yet full of ambition now to be elected to a place on the Supreme bench of the state, and ceaselessly working to that end.

She had been absent from me quite a year when the convention was called, and I went to Portland seeking the nomination for the place I desired. But the poor, impatient lady, impulsive always, and angry that I should have kept away so long, had forwarded papers from her home, hundreds of miles remote, to a lawyer here, praying for a divorce. This put me to shame so I abandoned my plans and resolved to hide my head in Europe. In my

rage and disappointment I arranged with her lawyer to give her a pretense of that which she professed to desire. Yet I knew well that this was only a romantic and foolish freak that meant nothing; that she did this only in order to get me to come to her and that she did not dream she could be divorced unless I came to where the action was brought. Nor could she, in fact. But a court was in session, and her lawyer, who looked to me only for his fee, entered the case and wrote to her and published it to the world that she was divorced, while I was sailing away for other lands. And it was perhaps quite ten years before she came to me here in New York.

* * * * * * * *

Passing unmentioned the trials of all those terrible years, we come to the closing chapter of this romantic life. I followed in silence the woman she sent to me one stormy night till we came at last to a little back room in the top of a house, with a bed in the center and a doubtful fire struggling in the grate. The woman turned away and left us in the room together. The place was almost dark. She did not give me her hand, but stood before me with one hand holding onto the bedpost, a long time silent.

"I have come back to you at last," she said after a while.

"You have come to drive me from America again," I said.

"I have come to you to die." And as she turned so that the light was on her face, I saw that it was so. And then we sat down and had a long talk. It was our last and serious talk. I was not very kind. I am sorry now, but the bitterness of the ten years past was still in my heart, and I could not forget. She wanted most of all to see her little girl, whom I had taken from her and placed in the convent school in Canada three years before, and it seemed to break her heart when I refused to send for her to come. By and by, however, when I promised her that she should surely see her before long, she became reconciled. She talked with calm unconcern about her coming death, reminded me of my promise, and told me she had brought me all her papers, some that we had

written together before I learned to spell. There was a valor, a sweetness, too, and a dignity, a large charity, in all she said and did now in the twilight of life that entirely won all hearts to her. The valor of her youth she kept till the grave closed over her, and she never complained of anything or anyone, but was patient, resigned, and perfectly fearless and tranquil to the end. But the end was not so near after all. When I went back to see her one day, she was gone, and had left no word where she could be found. Then I began to fear and doubt her promise that she would not molest me. The winter wore away and April came. Again they came from her to tell me that she was dying, and I must keep my promise. And so I arranged for her child to come, and I went every day to assure her that she was coming, and to take her some flowers and whatever kind messages and encouragement I could.

Wearily the days went by till away on in May, the month in which she was born. Then the child came, and the good people, the gentle, loving people who kept with her and cared for her and loved and pitied her in these last days, said it was like religion to see them together, and that the dying woman in her last days was very happy. And so Minnie Myrtle died last May, here in New York. When I went up to look on her dead face—a strange fancy of hers—she had set about the foot of the bed, where she could see them, all the flowers I had sent her, the withered ones and all. There was quite half a trunkful of papers which she had brought and intrusted to me, some of them suggesting wonderful things, great thoughts, good and new; for much that she wrote—and maybe this is not great praise—was better than any writing of mine. But she lacked care and toil and sustained thought. I bought a little bit of ground in Evergreen Cemetery, and there the hand that writes this laid the poor, tired lady to rest, forgiving and begging God to be forgiven.

On the way to Europe in 1870 he stopped in San Francisco long enough to meet Bret Harte, at that time the

young and successful editor of the *Overland Monthly,* Charles Warren Stoddard, and others. He also met Ina Coolbrith, the poet, a contributor to the *Overland Monthly,* and librarian of the Public Library at Oakland. A reciprocal friendship began between Joaquin and Ina that never ceased, and as both believed in a state of eternal poetic bliss, they are no doubt enjoying friendship in the land where Pegasus instead of an airplane is the mode of transportation for poets. Miss Coolbrith claimed to have suggested to Joaquin that he change his name from Cincinnatus Hiner to Joaquin. He had used as a title to a little book the name "Joaquin Et Al.," and Joaquin Murietta, the bandit, was the subject of one of his best poems.

The friendship between these two kinsmen of thought was very beautiful, and there was never a hint or a suggestion in their comradeship of any breakage of the normal Bohemian conventions.

His next notable adventure with women was in London. He was invited to a reception given by Lord Houghton. The "Jersey Lily," Lily Langtry, later known as Lady de Bathe, was the guest of honor. Joaquin appeared in Wild Western costume, consisting of top boots, red shirt, sombrero, and a real bearskin cloak. He welcomed her with these words:

If all God's world a garden were,
And women were but flowers,
If men were bees that busied there,
Through endless summer hours,
Oh, I would hum God's garden through
For honey, till I came to you.

His large hat held an abundance of rose leaves. He made a path of roses for the beautiful "Jersey Lily" to walk upon as she mounted the marble steps of Lord Houghton's palace. There were many newspaper versions of the reception. Some relate that Joaquin threw his bearskin on the floor and squatted like an Indian, and sang Indian songs, and greeted the guests with many characteristics of the Shasta tribe of Indians. Forty years after this interesting event, Lily Langtry was my guest at the Sequoia Club of San Francisco. I told her about Joaquin Miller's Hights, and of his serious illness. Mrs. Langtry expressed a desire to visit him, and arrangements were made with W. G. Hartranft, a friend and admirer of the poet, to take us to The Hights. Joaquin was pale and wan. His light was fast fading, but his wonderful eyes were alive with interest. Mr. Hartranft gave his hand too strong a pressure, and the poet said, expressively, "Damn you, you will go to hell for that!" and then turned, smiled, and graciously said: "You are a handsome fellow." And smiling at the "Jersey Lily" he quoted those lines he dedicated to her at Lord Houghton's reception, and she replied, "Joaquin, many men have paid me compliments, and I have been extended many courtesies, but my greatest thrill was to walk up the steps of Lord Houghton's palace on the rose leaves you scattered there for me." Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) speaks of this visit to The Hights in her published autobiography.

Joaquin Miller, Prentice Mulford, and Charles Warren Stoddard were all stopping at the same boarding house in

London. The lady of the house had an attractive daughter. Prentice Mulford, to the surprise and consternation of both Joaquin and Stoddard, married the girl. The young couple borrowed money from Joaquin and others with which to pay their way to New York. The young wife, without the knowledge of the husband, became a model in the nude. She explained to him that the money with which she paid the living expenses was sent her by her mother.

In 1885, when Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, a sister of the President, was the mistress of the White House, she gave a reception to which Joaquin Miller and many authors and artists were invited. She had been editor of a magazine called *Literary Life* and was a writer of some merit. The White House was talked of as a center of literary attraction. During the evening Richardson, the portrait artist, who was painting a picture of the President, said to Miss Cleveland, "There is Mrs. Mulford, who has frequently posed for me in the nude. Did you invite her?" Miss Cleveland said, "No, I think she came with Joaquin Miller." The poet was requested to explain, and he said, "She is my guest." "But Mr. Miller, Mr. Richardson says she is a model in the nude, and I must ask you to request her to leave." Joaquin very quietly replied, "If my guest is not acceptable, then I am also an undesirable and will withdraw." The matter ended in a tragedy, for Prentice Mulford learned of the deception of his wife, and, being very sensitive, having written the leaflets of the Purity League, rowed out on the ocean in a small boat and never returned.

I related this story to Herbert Bashford, and it formed the basis of the plot for his successful play called "The Woman He Married."

Mrs. Frank Leslie, the publisher of the Leslie publications, was sweetheart, publisher, and friend of Joaquin Miller. Mrs. Leslie paid him large and generous sums for poetry, novels, and feature articles. He led the grand march with her at the opening of the New Orleans Exposition in the early eighties. Mrs. Leslie was a beautiful woman. Her hair, her eyes, her personality were the inspiration of "The One Fair Woman," and he dedicated several of his books to her. The following lines (last two stanzas) from the poem of "To Mrs. Frank Leslie" have a suggestion of the same poetical expression that he used in "The Passing of Tennyson":

O lady, if by sea or land
  You yet might weary of all men,
  And turn unto your singer then,
And lay one lily in his hand,
Lo! I would follow true and far,
As seamen track the polar star.

My soul is young, my heart is strong;
  O lady, reach a hand today,
  And thou shalt walk the milky way,
For I will give thy name to song.
Yea, I am of the kings of thought,
And thou shalt live when kings are not.

While traveling to the East from California, I said, "Let us go on to New York, and have a conference with Mrs. Leslie." "No, young man, learn never to go back to a city

where you were successful, nor to a sweetheart who gave you ecstacy. You will never find things the same as they were." Joaquin had told her that if she ever married he would leave the country. When he received word that she had married Willie Wilde, the brother of Oscar Wilde, he sent me a letter to San Diego addressed to her and asked me to cross the Mexican border at Tia Juana and mail the letter from Mexico. He wanted to keep the letter of his word even if he failed in the spirit.

Not long after this Mrs. Leslie came with her young husband, Willie Wilde, to San Diego with the National Editorial Association. She wanted to meet Joaquin again, but when she was in San Diego he was at The Hights, and when she was at The Hights he was visiting me at San Diego. One day Mrs. Leslie and I were sailing leisurely on the blue waters of San Diego Bay. We were discussing Willie Wilde and his brother Oscar, and I said, "Joaquin always expressed regret that he did not have the courage to write to Oscar Wilde and tell him that he had faith in his innocence, and that he did not believe it was possible he could be guilty of such an ugly crime as sex perversion." She replied, "I am glad that Joaquin did not write the letter, for Oscar Wilde was guilty. I have it direct from his own brother, my husband Willie," and she wept as she told me of his impotency due to his brother's practices with him during his adolescent period. Mrs. Leslie later divorced Willie Wilde.

A few years before she passed away, she spent a winter in San Francisco, loaded down with her jewels, worth

thousands of dollars. Joaquin Miller invited her to visit him at The Hights. Mrs. Leslie had a prejudice against automobiles, and a prejudice in favor of fine beautiful horses. She accepted Joaquin's invitation, and rode in state, in a carriage drawn by prancing horses, and a driver in costume. When she saw the cabin home on The Hights, her desire for luxurious surroundings overcame her love for the picturesqueness of the poet's house and she returned immediately to San Francisco and secured comfortable apartments in a hotel.

Joaquin frequently came down from The Hights to see her. Even in old age she had "it," and fascinated everyone with the sparkle of her wit, and the brilliancy of indescribable charm. She was the bright, particular star that governed Joaquin's life for many years. She died very rich and left her money to further the cause of women in professional life. He wrote "Columbus" at the request of Mrs. Leslie, as she desired a poem to recite during Columbus Year, 1892. He paid the following tribute to her in the *Golden Era* in 1887:

When I first visited New Orleans, that ancient and battle-torn city had two places of special interest for me. The first of these was the curious old red-tiled courthouse where General Jackson was fined $1000 for violating a city ordinance. The other singular pride and interest was the quaint old house in the aristocratic creole quarter wherein Mrs. Frank Leslie was born. Her first husband, Squire, was the friend and fellow traveler of Baron Von Humboldt, and it was to him that Humboldt left his papers and much of his uncompleted scientific work at his death.

Married when a mere child to this already eminent man in letters who was known as a traveler all over the civilized world, she was thus brought, at an age when most girls should be in school, in contact with the most celebrated thinkers of the century. We hear of this brilliant woman in London, Paris, and Rome, already a leader in art and letters while yet in her teens. When her husband was United States Minister to Peru, this child-woman was the admiration of the whole Latin world. Many an author in Madrid celebrated her in song; and even Victor Hugo did not forget her.

Adverse fortune soon led her into American literature, and she produced in rapid succession books of travel on Peru, Brazil, and Central America, to say nothing of translations. She, with her pen, was now earning her bread single-handed and alone, and supporting her widowed mother in New York. She won renown as an author before she was yet twenty, and was then employed to edit the first illustrated ladies' journal ever brought out in America. This was published by Frank Leslie.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Leslie was the father of illustrated journalism. He had early won a high position as an artist and publisher in London, where he was born. When Barnum was about to bring Jenny Lind to this country, he first secured the services of Frank Leslie to take charge of the art and literary department of his first great enterprise. The acquaintance of the now famous showman and Frank Leslie thus began, ripened into enduring friendship, and the two men together started the first illustrated paper ever published on this continent. This publication was transferred to Harper Brothers, however, before many months, and it was with this "plant" that the now famous house of Harper's was founded.

Frank Leslie's illustrated papers increased in power and numbers until at one time they embraced nearly all the literature of that nature in the United States.

Frank Leslie was my first and best friend in America from the time I met him, fifteen years ago, up to the day of his death. He was then married to the subject of this sketch and was living in what might be truly called royal splendor. Mrs. Leslie was then, of course, what she had been in London, Paris, Madrid, and South America—the central figure of the social world.

I have met at the same time, under her roof, more eminent men and women than at any one place I can now recall. I remember meeting at one dinner four United States Senators, their wives and daughters, General Grant, the Emperor of Brazil, and Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne of Spain, all together, and Mrs. Frank Leslie at the head of her table entertaining us all with an ease and indifference of care that now seems to be incredible. Back of all this, and at the same time, for Mr. Leslie's generous fortunes were now failing him, she had the care and bother of a dozen or more illustrated papers.

I am tempted here to tell of the sad and most piteous death of my dearest friend, Frank Leslie. He had been ailing slightly, and one morning he mentioned that something was choking him and hurting his throat. On their way down to their work, Mrs. Leslie ordered the coachman to stop at their doctor's. An examination was made. The doctor grew serious and the wise little wife drove her husband to their office and then returned to learn the worst.

"Your husband has but three days to live!"

Calmly and with a precision guided by a great inspiration, she went to work to put things in order. A failure or confusion now not only meant his death and her ruin, but it meant the throwing of more than a thousand people out of employment. It meant the ruin of hundreds of writers and many hundreds of women who had no other work and no other friend than my friend, Frank Leslie. When his affairs, already dreadfully embarrassed and in the hands of a receiver, had been set in such order as the brief time and bad condition of things would allow, Mrs. Leslie told her husband the verdict of the doctor. Mr. Leslie, the great

publisher, was then in his prime. With this single exception—a tumor in his throat that was choking him to death—he was as healthy and strong as an oak. When he learned the truth he said calmly:

"Dear, what can we do?"

"I don't know what we can do but pray."

And they prayed. The eminent clergyman who had married them came and prayed with them. At the end of the week I sat by the side of his coffin, and the great preacher reached out his hands reverently above our dead and said such noble things as only the honest and unselfish and brave and good can hope to have said above their dust.

Mrs. Leslie arose from the side of that coffin and went straight to the dead man's office and, like a Napoleon, sat in his chair day after day, month after month, directing and controlling every detail of the most wonderful publishing house in the world till the last debt was paid. She is now a very rich woman, but still she pushes her great work with an enterprise and spirit that would tire even the strongest man.

Let me give one instance of her swift prevision in matters of both business and pleasure. Being by trade a traveler, and flitting suddenly about from one part of the world to the other, I am the last man to be surprised at any sudden action on the part of others. But Mrs. Frank Leslie, in her movements as well as in the qualities of her mind, I think you will concede, is certainly Napoleonic. I was in New Orleans, the guest of the city, and installed entirely alone in the perfect little cottage home of George W. Cable, the novelist, who was then in the North. Suddenly one midnight I received a line from Mrs. Frank Leslie which read thus: "We have come to attend the carnival ball; we are sleeping in our carriages before the St. Charles Hotel. Call early."

No one who has not seen a carnival at New Orleans can conceive of the crush, the confusion, and the wild disorder that takes

possession of that city at such a time. But on top of that we had all the countless and confused multitudes of the Cotton Centennial to take charge of also.

I did "call early." I compelled her and her party to go home with me to breakfast. I remember Ella Wheeler Wilcox and her husband were with her, as well as many others. We breakfasted and then she left her diamonds, worth hundreds of thousands, with me, and went to the exposition. Before dark her trunks had arrived. She returned soon, ate a hurried dinner, and then quietly expressed a desire that I should take her to the carnival ball to be given that night.

"Impossible! I have no ticket for you," I said.

"Never mind," she answered, "I will go without a ticket."

I went to see the managers. "Impossible! Queen Victoria herself could not enter without a ticket. Why, do you know that thousands of dollars have been offered for tickets? And as for anyone entering without a ticket, the thing was never heard of." I went to see the Mayor, the Governor, and the two United States Senators. They could do nothing! Of course each one, in the truly polite, creole fashion, offered me his ticket for her use. But as these tickets always bear the name of the holder, they were of no use, and I returned home with a heavy heart.

It was nearly midnight now. I found her already dressed and waiting. She was ablaze with huge diamonds, and yet you would not have looked at these things. You would have looked at her arched lips, her eyes, her sweet baby face. Indeed this woman still looks the child sometimes.

When I told her what I had been doing, or trying to do, she was a little displeased and said, "Come, let us go, I don't need a ticket." She was soon climbing the great stairway of the French Opera House, and, to make short of what might be a long and pleasant story, she passed in, the city bending before her! We breakfasted together at my home, along with the rest of the party, and I then went out to the exposition grounds to

attend to my work. When I came back that night she was gone! Two days later I had a telegram from her in New York, informing me that she had arrived safely and was anchored at her desk!

Comment would be idle. But this is a fair example of the wondrous endurance and capacity of this woman for work and attainment. In less than a week she had gone from New York to New Orleans, attended the exposition, reigned queen of writers and artists with energy enough to carry them through the whole exposition, and was back to her desk at work. I know of no one in history so remarkable, so glorious, as this strangely beautiful and inspired little creole, Mrs. Frank Leslie.

It was in the early eighties that Joaquin Miller met Abbie Leland, and married her. She was a sister of the well-known Lelands of hotel fame in New York. Juanita is the daughter by this marriage. Abbie Leland Miller, accustomed to all the comforts and social distinction of high-class hotel life, was not enthusiastic about his log cabin in Washington, nor his unfinished houses on The Hights, so she did not make her home with him until his fatal illness made him helpless. Allen Benson, in the Dearborn *Independent,* gave the following comments of the family life in Washington in 1906:

When Joaquin came to Washington, he found a home awaiting him, also a wife and daughter whom he had not seen for years. The home was one belonging to Mrs. Miller's sister. I was often a guest at this place and never saw a happier home. Joaquin's wife, daughter, and sister-in-law, each of them treated him as if he were a king, and he treated each of them as if she were a queen. Joaquin would sit at the head of the table with a dull reddish skull cap on his noble head (he had a fine fore-

head, splendid blue eyes, and a strong nose) and a loose housecoat flowing from his shoulders. He looked something like an ancient king. After dinner he would ask his daughter Juanita, a very lovely girl then in her twenties, to play on the harp, which she did well. It was wonderful to witness the kindness and courtesy with which this old man treated his daughter. He was gentleness itself.

All of this mutual courtesy would not have been so remarkable if the fact had not been that Joaquin and his family never lived together and seldom saw each other. They were friends, but they did not mind a continent between them. Joaquin never had stayed much with any of his wives, and he had had three: the first a squaw, by whom he had a daughter; the second, Minnie Myrtle, an Oregon newspaper woman, whom he met on a Thursday and married on a Sunday, by whom he also had a daughter, both of whom he left in a few years; and lastly, Abbie Leland, the mother of Juanita.

Juanita, the daughter of this marriage, was greatly loved by the poet. He would read her letters and talk about them to his intimate friends. Her letters were beautiful, her affections expressed with delightful sincerity, and showed much pride in the fame and achievements of her father. He wrote and dedicated to her "The Voice of the Dove" and "Juanita."

THE VOICE OF THE DOVE

Come, listen O Love to the voice of the dove,
Come hearken and hear him say
There are many Tomorrows, my Love, my Love,
There is only one Today.

And all day long you can hear him say,
This day in purple is rolled;

And the baby stars of the milky way,
They are cradled in cradles of gold.

Now what is thy secret, serene gray dove,
Of singing so sweetly alway?
There are many Tomorrows, my Love, my Love,
There is only one Today.

JUANITA

You will come my bird, Bonita?
Come! For I by steep and stone
Have built such nest for you, Juanita,
As not eagle bird hath known.

Rugged! Rugged as Parnassus!
Rude, as all roads I have trod—
Yet are steeps and stone-strewn passes
Smooth o'er head, and nearest God.

Here black thunders of my canyon
Shake its walls in Titan wars!
Here white sea-born clouds companion
With such peaks as know the stars!

Here madrona, manzanita—
Here the snarling chaparral
House and hang o'er steeps, Juanita,
Where the gaunt wolf loved to dwell!

Dear, I took these trackless masses
Fresh from Him who fashioned them;
Wrought in rock, and hewed fair passes,
Flower set, as sets a gem.

Aye, I built in woe. God willed it;
Woe that passeth ghosts of guilt;
Yet I built as His birds builded—
Builded, singing as I built.

All is finished! Roads of flowers
Wait your loyal little feet.
All completed? Nay, the hours
Till you come are incomplete.

Steep below me lies the valley,
Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
And the world walks up and down.

Oh! the sea of lights far streaming
When the thousand flags are furled—
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
As it duplicates the world!

You will come my dearest, truest?
Come, my sovereign queen of ten;
My blue skies will then be bluest;
My white rose be whitest then.

Then the song! Ah! then the saber
Flashing up the walls of night!
Hate of wrong and love of neighbor—
Rhymes of battle for the Right!

Juanita accepted this poetic invitation in 1913 and made her permanent home on The Hights. The poem was not only a prophecy, but the realization of the poet's wish expressed so beautifully.

Joaquin's dual personality was never more clearly defined than in his relationship with women. Ina Coolbrith was his literary friend, and in thought a kinswoman. I write of their mutual friendship elsewhere. Mrs. John Vance Cheney, a musician of rare talent, beautiful, an attractive social being, and a most charming hostess, had

in Joaquin a most devoted and romantic lover and admirer. John Vance Cheney, her husband, in 1885 was a United States Post Office clerk at a meager salary. His wife conducted a music school. Joaquin and I called on a number of library trustees of the San Francisco library and proposed the name of John Vance Cheney for the position of city librarian, which was vacant at that time. He was appointed, served efficiently, and later became the librarian of the great Newberry Library of Chicago, and attained national fame as a poet of exquisite delicacy of expression. Mrs. Cheney always had a fine social prestige, and Joaquin was her social lion. She was the one contact that linked his life on The Hights with his social triumphs in London. It is reported that once when he became offended at Mrs. Cheney for some chance remark, he went back to The Hights and remained for several weeks; then relenting, he gathered large quantities of pink rose leaves and deluged her front porch with them, and appeared later as though he had never been offended. The friendship existed between these two until Mrs. Cheney became a resident of Chicago.

One night at 10 o'clock, we were sitting on a bench in the park in Portland, Ore. Our train was not due for several hours. We enjoyed the delicate perfume of the night air, the radiant moon, and the restful silence, and I said, "Joaquin, you have had many interesting experiences with women. Tell me the most wonderful adventure of your life." And he said:

All right, I will. I had an experience in Boston that I have never told to anyone. I had been visiting John Boyle O'Reilly and Henry W. Longfellow. Garfield had just died at Elberon, and we had been commissioned by a publisher to write a poem on the dead President. After reading my poem to Longfellow, I returned to my hotel. I was not in my room more than half an hour when the card of a very noted woman, an impersonator and elocutionist, as they were called in those days, was brought to me. I had written to order, "The Sioux Chief's Daughter," for the lady who sent up her card. She had sent me fifty dollars, and as I had not expected more than twenty, I was favorably inclined to have a conference.

When I met her in the lobby of the hotel she invited me immediately to her house. When we arrived at the door, she said, "This is to be no formal meeting. I have loved and admired you, your poetry, and your photographs." She invited me upstairs and introduced me to two young lady friends.

* * * * * * * * * *

[The story from here on has been deleted. The reader is at liberty to translate the asterisks into his own language.]

Joaquin closed the story with this remark, "I thanked the Lord that I was a lion in strength that day."

I never saw any one of the three women again. I know nothing of two of them, not even their names, and I never met the impersonator and elocutionist again. She attained national fame as a platform entertainer. It was a closed incident. And it was the most unusual and interesting experience I ever had with women.

Some years after Joaquin's death I was persuaded to visit a noted spiritual medium who had been tested by the Psychical Society of Paris and endorsed by Hamlin Garland and others. It was an interesting séance, and as Joaquin came to me, through the medium, the voice was

very much like the poet's. And he told me of things that were going on at The Hights, in such a natural way, that I almost thought I was talking to Joaquin himself. However, when I asked the medium to have the spirit of Joaquin give me the name of the woman he told me about that night in the park at Portland, Oregon, the voice came in almost a whisper, "I am too weak today. Come back some other time."

I have always felt that there was such a thin veil between the living and the dead, illustrated in the case of Joaquin's dual nature, that had the voice been able to articulate the name, one would almost be forced to accept his beautiful philosophy of a spiritual existence so often expressed in his poetry.

We left the park near midnight and started for the railway station. As we walked towards the depot, on a side street, we found ourselves in that part of the city known as the redlight district. There were long rows of small houses, called "cribs," and hundreds of prostitutes on each side of the street peering out of little windows. This was in the day when prostitution was a trade, as it is now in Cairo, and under legalized strict rules and regulations. As we walked down the street he took off his hat and bowed graciously to each one. A woman who was of the standard type of prostitute said, "Hello, Daddy," and he responded, with pathos in his voice, "Hello, Daughter," and as I looked at him with a doubtful expression on my face, he said, "She is some one's daughter, and she would not be here if it were not for some brother man of mine."

Joaquin was most unconventional and nearest to nature of any man I ever knew. He was one of the forerunners of the present jazz age in morals. He did not teach nor preach morals or immorals. He seemed to realize that he was a privileged character. One time when we were at a teacher's institute in the land of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, he saw me touch my lips to a lady's wrist in imitation of his own gallantries, and he said, with much critical emphasis, "That is much beneath your dignity. You should not be so familiar with the ladies." I replied. "Why, I have seen you take much greater liberties." "That's all right, my son, but I am a great man and have privileges which you have not." I could only answer, "That is a new flare on social philosophy."

Now I come to the pitiful story of Alice Oliver. I have pity, and am not throwing stones at Joaquin, because the story of Alice Oliver is the story of a man's sensual nature, where the physical senses are dominant, and the spiritual senses are passive. They were not dead in this case, because he was writing the "Songs of the Soul," his most spiritual poetry during this period of his life. He met Alice Oliver at Luna's, a Mexican restaurant near Pacific and Montgomery streets, San Francisco. It was a restaurant where Frank Norris and many other literary Bohemians of the early nineties used to meet. She was still adolescent, and had strength of beauty, robust youth, and liquid, lustrous eyes. Her hair was dark and almost curly enough to betray Negro blood. She was part, perhaps all, Mexican. There seemed to be a slight coloring of the Aztec Indian

in her complexion. Whether he bought her, as Heine did the shop girl in Paris, or employed her as a servant girl, or contracted a companionate marriage, will never be known. We are not as frank, nor as careful in keeping records of such affairs as are the French.

Alice Oliver moved to The Hights when about sixteen years of age. She occupied the guest house on The Hights, then later the little room next the chapel, that had a partly hidden door that opened into his bedroom. It was not long until this companionate marriage brought trouble to the poet and to Miss Oliver. He secured passage for her and sent her to Honolulu. He followed and gave out that she was married and that her husband was his plumber. This was his explanation for his friendship for this lonely pregnant young girl in Hawaii. Mrs. Dole, the Governor's wife and a strict churchwoman, learned the story, and having entertained Joaquin in the Governor's mansion, felt greatly chagrined and humiliated. Whether it was in order or not, we do not know, but we do know that Joaquin could not wait until his remittance would arrive, but pawned the beautiful diamond ring given him by Prince Napoleon to secure money for his immediate hurried departure for San Francisco. A few months later Alice Oliver returned with a baby boy. The child died and is buried on The Hights near his funeral pyre. The San Francisco *Chronicle* published the story at the time, in full, and Joaquin wrote a humorous reply to the *Chronicle's* article in verse. Alice Oliver came over to my cottage, "Moon Lodge," on The Hights, and wept bitter

tears. It was at this period that many of his friends practically deserted him. Their sympathy was for the poor forlorn girl with fine instincts and a great longing to be respected, admired, and to have a home and children.

Again she was in trouble, and Joaquin this time sent her away from The Hights to Arizona. She located in Phoenix and gave birth to a son. Joaquin at this time joined the gold rush to Alaska, and before going gave me a deed to the guest house to give to Alice Oliver in case of his death. He also requested me to advance her money, if she called for it, but the unfortunate girl lost her mind and died in Arizona. The boy was taken over by a member of the Salvation Army in Phoenix. Joaquin frequently sent him money, but always as a remittance from Alice Oliver's purported husband who was supposed to be somewhere in Alaska. The newspapers made an attempt to locate the boy at the time of Joaquin's death, but failed, and the boy remains a typical nameless child.

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There are types of women that come into the lives of men such as Goethe, Heine, Byron, Napoleon, and Nelson, who give great mental and complete physical relaxation, recreation, and content. May Foster Carey was of this type in Joaquin's life. She first met him when he was fifty-six years of age and she was twenty-five. This romance of sensuous love began on The Hights. Mrs. Carey, with her son named by Joaquin "Prince Pug" was living in the vicinity.

She was not a beautiful woman, was not "divinely tall," there was no "midnight in her hair," nor did she answer to his description of the "perilous Spanish eyes" of his poems. She was, however, attractive in a comfortable way. There was in her a certain modesty of manner and timidity due perhaps to the fact that she was almost entirely deaf. She had a quiet, soothing voice and a warm clasp of the hand that indicated a generous nature that meant more to Joaquin than physical beauty. She always gave him the impression that she was "waiting for him." The woman that has that fine sense of subtle compliment for her husband, lover, or admirer, does not need beauty to hold him enthralled.

Mrs. Carey admired the poet as a man and perhaps did not know or understand his genius. She would have loved him just as much if he had been a taxi driver, and perhaps more if he had been a sailor or a soldier, and Joaquin was happy to have a sweetheart that required no mental effort to entertain. Mrs. Carey is the only woman I ever heard him mention that caused him to suffer the pangs of jealousy. He would assume a jealous attitude with other women, but with "May," as he always called her, he really suffered so much that had I been a physician I would have given him morphine, ether, or some other sedative to deaden the pain of his acute jealousy.

They met on The Hights. The poet handed her a rose. "This is for the only pair of eyes that can match its beauty," he said. "Where do you live?" She replied, "I am staying for a few days at the little red boardinghouse."

It was near The Hights and the next morning he called on her in his picturesque costume of high top boots, large hat, and Prince Albert coat. He asked her to walk with him, and then abruptly asked, "What is your name?" She replied, "May," and to him she was always May—never autumn, summer, nor winter, always springtime. He urged May to live at The Hights as the guest of his mother and himself. While never a permanent guest, she would often spend a few days there with her boy.

Trouble was caused during the first year of this companionate relationship by the arrival in California of an Englishman whom Mrs. Carey called Lord Redman. Lord Redman followed her to The Hights, and there being no telephone nor telegraph facilities (Joaquin hated both), he appeared unannounced. In the days in which this book is written, not even a jealous lover is so discourteous or rude as to call at a house, apartment, or hotel without telephoning and making an appointment and fixing a definite time for calling.

The poet was driving May to The Hights one day in his queer little vehicle—a low, wabbly-wheeled phaeton drawn by a weak and wabbly horse—when Lord Redman appeared, stopped the carriage, and pulled May forcibly from the poet. In the fracas one of the wheels came off at the hub. Lord Redman cried "Drive on!" but Joaquin of course could not do so. He jumped out of the phaeton, grabbed May and the little boy from the astonished Englishman, and proceeded to The Hights on foot. About midnight Lord Redman appeared and demanded to see

May and threatened to kill anyone that would interfere. Joaquin took down his unloaded gun (he never kept it loaded) and drove the wild English aristocrat from the place. He stood guard over the guest house until dawn, however, in case he should return. The next day the Englishman was served with a warrant by Mrs. Carey, and disappeared from the scene, after which the romance was no longer made commonplace by jealousy.

Joaquin received a threatening letter from the divorced husband of May, in which there was a threat to shoot him in the back some lonely night as he walked up the steep hill to The Hights. The threat to shoot him did not worry him, but he said to me, "I do not want to be shot in the back. It is a cowardly way to die. I have always had a great fear of being shot in the back or torn to pieces by a dog. That is no way for a poet to die."

Mrs. Carey expressed herself as follows: "I was his 'Empress' and The Hights was our 'Empire.'" Her story as related in the San Francisco *Chronicle* under date of June 23, 1923, is as follows:

Our sweet friendship continued for twelve years, until Joaquin passed on, and I have such wonderful love letters from him. I had hundreds of them before the great fire of 1906, but many were destroyed at that time, and the letters I have now, and intend soon to publish, are those he wrote to me during his last seven years on earth. Joaquin was such a wonderful lover. He was so tender, so filled with beautiful sentiment, and always so solicitous of my welfare and my happiness.

Joaquin was then at the height of his popularity and the height of his genius. I was even more than flattered by his de-

cided attentions and his love. I was equally attracted to him and learned to love him very dearly. But when he wished to divorce Mrs. Miller in order to marry me, I hesitated. I was young and feared I should be lonely and perhaps unhappy living way up their in the clouds back of Oakland with no one but Joaquin and his mother. Joaquin knew that I was girlishly foolish and liked good times and perhaps might not be completely happy there. He was such a quiet, understanding person. He talked very little, but he was a deep student of human nature and so thoroughly sympathetic with my every whim.

He begged me to come to The Hights and live. His mother was there at the time and she and I were very fond of each other. He said, "Come to my home, O Empress, and you shall have an empire at your feet. Bring anyone you desire to stay with you as your companion. We can thus see much of each other and you will see if you can be satisfied living there thus quietly."

Oh, yes, I know what the world said about him. But to me he was always just a big boy, a sweet child. He did pose, I know, but I think most great men assume a pose toward the world. That is one of the privileges of their estate. All I know and care about now is that the world know the real, true Joaquin as I knew him, the man of a great, loving heart who sought and found his one ideal woman and remained true to her to the end.

When Joaquin sailed for the Orient as war correspondent, May and I were at the wharf to bid him farewell. He commissioned me to draw his pay from the *Examiner,* and if May called on me for money, to pay her. Let this be said to her credit: She never asked me for money. It was not until after Joaquin had been dead ten years that she came to me in great need of money, to ask if I thought it would be an unworthy act to sell Joaquin's love letters. I replied, "The letters are yours."

Joaquin knew every time that he wrote a letter that there was a possibility of its publication. He had great faith even in the future value of his autograph, and he was not even sensitive to undesirable publicity relating to his romance, his picturesque life, and his actions, but he did object to undesirable publicity for other people, especially those closely associated with him. The love letters or notes are typical of Joaquin's unbounded enthusiasm. He had no mental inhibitions when he wrote personal letters. These letters to May are brief, but they tell the whole story.

Sunday, Hights.

I have dined with Queen Victoria, President Roosevelt, and Mrs. Carey, the last who is more queen than the first, and of whom I am proud to say, "I have dined with Mrs. Carey." But when and where do we dine again, my own pretty May? Luna's Mexican? Red peppers, red wine, red kisses, or pure white kisses like my May? Let me know soon. Shall expect an answer by Wednesday. Bring the boy, Prince Pug. I may bring John P. Irish to meet you, and he can say, "I have dined with Mrs. Carey." Yours,

JOAQUIN.

May, my pretty gentle May, body and mind you are the finest thing in California. Could I have kept you for the sunset of my life; but for that tramp, Lord Redman, you would be mine. He tramped mud through my house, as he will tramp on you. Go back to Carey. He is an able, brilliant man, and he loves you. I would give you my name, my home, my heart. I can do no more. I put you in God's hands.

THE DEPTHS.

Who is the man who buys the red silk stockings? I would have made an empress of you. You would have made a fool of

me. Lord Redman was standing on your stairs as I passed. I have grown old and May is June, and I have loved you a dozen years. JOAQUIN.

May, my love. Come the sixteenth if you care to meet Wagner at the Sequoia Club. We are to have a brigand feast on that day. But if you do not like a crowd, come by your own dear self, soon, soon! Bring the boy or not, as you please. Come to stay fifty years, or only one day. You are the sweetest woman that lives. So there! JOAQUIN MILLER.

May, my May. So my many letters to you were destroyed. Too bad, too bad! They would have made you famous May, some day in a hundred years. Don't cry, my pretty May—the hand and the heart that wrote them are still yours to keep or destroy as you will. Roses! Roses! but no May. Come and stay one little year up here, away from the wicked city, and it will all be yours. You will be an empress, but never again shall Lord Redman set foot in my house. YOUR OWN JOAQUIN.

Thank you for your photograph, dear May. I have you only in paper now; the head that has lain upon my breast, the mouth that kissed away my sorrows, only to bring another greater sorrow. You could have had Ada or any companion to stay with you here, but you are gone—and my dream of a home and a child of our own has gone with you. Some day, when you are old, you will come back to JOAQUIN.

New Year's.

May—my wife that should have been. That was my dream —to make you an empress; and nothing is but dreams. You could not stay away from the wicked city, my bad, pretty May. But my door and my heart stand open for you.

Got home O. K. my pretty May. But the grass is so dry, so dry, and the tramps and fools from the cities—so many that I

don't dare to think of leaving here for a single day until after the rains, or at least some sort of damp weather. Then we will have the Mexican dinner; and then I am going to love the Mexican beauty, and May, and all the other good and pretty girls I can find. Yours,

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Dear May: It is settled. The *Examiner* is sending me as correspondent, so I sail in a short time for Japan, Russia, and hell. Please God, you will be safe while I am gone.

If anything should happen that you might need a friend, go to Wagner—he is true blue. Do not fret your pretty head about me, and when I return, O May! Will you be waiting? Come to the steamer with me and kiss me goodby as you would were it to be your last.

JOAQUIN.

Joaquin was very indifferent to publicity about his affairs with women. A Miss X——, who claimed relationship with Joaquin, sent him a photograph of herself exposing her bosom and shoulders in attractive manner. She was a professional banjo player, with neither the soul of a saint nor the body of a chorus girl. Joaquin invited her to come and live on The Hights and he would see his friend, the manager of the Orpheum Theater, and secure an engagement for her. She came. She was neither as pretty as a picture nor as pretty as her picture. Joaquin, however, desired to make good, and arranged for a tryout with the Orpheum management. It was not particularly successful, but she was offered a contract provided she would appear as a colored banjoist, sit on a barrel, and wear plantation clothes. She indignantly refused the offer and insisted that Joaquin buy her a $500 outfit and finance her as a banjo soloist. Joaquin refused. She threatened a

lawsuit, whereupon Joaquin kindly sent her to me to get him out of the difficulty. He authorized me to buy her a ticket to Chicago, give her $50, but not to permit her to come back to The Hights. She came to my office in a fearful rage—an insulted, badly abused woman—and unless she was paid $250 a week from the time she left Chicago until her return, she would publish the story in the papers; would have sermons written and preached about his scandalous life on The Hights; yes, she would expose the terrible secret of the hidden door from his bedroom to the guest room. I replied, "Do you know that Joaquin and his adventures with women have been written, published, and preached until they have no more news value than an episode from the life of Roderick Random? Better be gracious and accept your railroad fare back to Chicago." And she did.

It was at this period of his life that he was pleading for purity, for strength to be clean. He pleaded for romance, and reserve, as presented in the "Song of Creation." The only sensuous verse in his six volumes of poetry is in the "Story of the Cherry Tree of Japan."

THE CHERRY TREE OF JAPAN

XIII

Here, close beneath this Nippon tree,
The sweetest tree this side Cathay,
The lover's tree of mystery,
Where not a thread of moonlight lay,
While waves of moonlight laughed and played
At hide and seek the other way,

He threw her, full length, from his arm;
Full length, then raised her drooping head,
Threw back the skin and, blushing red,
He sought to say—He nothing said!
He nothing did but blush and blush
And feel his hot blood rush and rush—
The very hammock's fringe was warm
The while he leaned low from his place
And felt her warm breath in his face.

XIV

Then, all abashed, he trembled so
He clutched the hammock hard and fast,
He held so hard it came, at last,
To swing, to swing fast to and fro.
Such awkwardness! He clutched, let go,
Then clutched so hard he shook each tree
Till perfumed silence came to see—
Till fragrance fell upon her hair,
Such hair, a storm of pink and snow.
How fair, how fair, how sensuous fair,
Half hidden in a pink snowstorm;
And yet how warm, how more than warm!

XV

How shamed he was! His great heart beat
As beats some signal for retreat.
This stupid, bravest of brave men,
Confused, dismayed, hung down his head,
Then turned and helplessly had fled,
Had she not reached a timid hand
And, half as pleading, half command
And halfway laughing, shyly said,
From out her snood of snow and rain,
"Please shake the Nippon trees again!"

XVI

He shook the trees; a fragrant shower
On laughing face and loosened hair—
A flash of perfume and of flower—
Oh, she was fair and very fair!
Then with a sudden strength he plucked
His red-ripe cherry from the tree,
Wound 'round the skin and loosely tucked
The folds about her modestly,
Then on and up with giant stride
He bore his blushing maiden bride,
So cherry ripe, so cherry red,
And laid her in her bridal bed—
Laid perfumed bride, laid flesh and flower,
Half drowning from the fragrant shower.
What snows strewn in her ample hair,
What low, light laughter everywhere,
Or cherry tree, or step or stair!
Just low, soft laughter, cherry bloom,
Just love and love's sunnamed perfume.

A young actress, Miss D——, spent a summer near The Hights, and for several months she and Joaquin made a love nest of the chapel home. Joaquin was inspired by the devotion of this young woman, who seemed to find so much pleasure in his society, that he completed the "Song of Creation," and put into it all the power that he had reserved for his "Life of Christ," which was never written, except in fragments. He expressed himself to me as extremely happy that in old age he had had a real mutual love affair with a young lady.

Age, however, is not the time of romance and love. Even Joaquin with all his genius, carrying the enthusiasm

of youth into old age, could not overcome the inevitable laws of nature. He came down to my office from The Hights one day, and said, "Would it be possible for me to go to your plantation in tropical Mexico and spend a year there? I would like to go. I would like to buy a Mexican girl to cook my meals, to take care of me and to live for a little while a natural life such as Herman Whitaker described in his novel 'The Planter.' I know it's damnable. I know its worse than beastly, but I am so tired of women who cry, who talk back, who want your gold; who want all the conventions, social distinctions, and who are born to deceive and perfect the art of it by practicing on an old man like myself."

"What is the matter, Joaquin?" I asked, and he replied, "Miss D—— came over yesterday morning and flooded our love nest with her tears, and when I asked what was the matter," she said, "'I must have $500 to get my outfit, or I cannot join my company.' It then dawned on me that all these weeks she had been playing me for the $500, and to her I was just a foolish old man who had $500 in the bank. She was evidently quick at figures, for I only remember her glancing at my bankbook once. I drove her from my cabin in utter disgust and extreme humiliation. I could not be courteous under the circumstances."

About a year afterward I was traveling with Joaquin and we met her on the train. She was suffering with a severe headache and asked Joaquin if he had any whisky. He got his bag, and as he opened it she peered in and got the odor of whisky, but the empty bottle lay in one end of

the bag and the cork in the other. She laughingly said, "Foolish man, the next time you travel put the bottle and cork in the same end of your bag."

The following story by George Sterling, the poet, is pure fiction. Joaquin Miller never posed as a single man on The Hights. He always volunteered information about "Abbie," as he called his wife, and of Juanita. Joaquin would not act a lie such as Sterling describes. A man, even if he were a poet, would have been delightfully intrigued by the beautiful golden-haired girl. I met her, and the vision of beauty still remains, as vivid and as impersonal perhaps, as the nude statue of a girl with a smile carved out of Carrara marble. George Sterling, with others, was camped near The Hights and wrote this story for the *American Mercury*:

Two of my sisters used to ride out on their horses for daytime visits. He had no sooner set eyes on the younger of the two, a blond girl of unusual beauty, than his heart seemed lost forever. He would wait for her to pass his home, then appear soon after and stare at her in almost abject adoration. As she was of tender years (fourteen, I think), though a large girl, and he was close to seventy, the situation was at once embarrassing and comic. "Go comb the sunshine from your hair!" was his daily cry to her, varied by the murmurous assertion, "the one fair woman!"—both dicta which he addressed to all blonds whom he met.

The child was at once flattered and made uneasy. Joaquin's blue eyes blazed on her with unmistakable meaning. He came with his pockets full of rose petals, which he would dump on her head on the first occasion when he found her attention diverted. Also, he had, and wore, a buckskin coat that had been presented

to him by admirers in the Klondike, the five buttons of which were nuggets as large as one's thumb, banded with copper and tied with scarlet ribbons. He had parted with all but the top button to other feminine objects of devotion, and now insisted on giving my sister the last one. She accepted it and subsequently sold it. Not long afterward, the schools opening, we pulled stakes and returned to Piedmont.

But the end was not yet. On the following Saturday, Joaquin, arrayed in his Sunday best, presented himself at my mother's home in Piedmont. He came as a suitor. And for several successive Saturdays he donned a long black coat and wide-brimmed hat, harnessed his venerable steed to his even more ancient wagon, and drove forth on his quest of the golden girl. She was somewhat embarrassed by the attention, and was no great conversationalist, but never shrank from the meeting. It may be that she saw other nuggets as a possibility. When, however, Joaquin finally came to the point and asked for her hand, addressing her mother, he was met with the objection that there was too great a discrepancy in ages.

It is reported that he took his medicine bravely. He bowed himself out, with regrets, and came no more. Just before the time of his death we found that he had a wife then living! How he expected to get away with anything like that will always be a mystery to me. It would have been a pity to have had to go gunning for the dear old rogue.

George Sterling certainly had a different impression than that of Joaquin's acquaintances. He was always very frank in speaking of "Abbie" his wife and Juanita his daughter, and never gave the impression that he was a divorced or unmarried man.

Joaquin had tremendous physical and mental vigor until the day that he fell on his front porch and brought

on his fatal illness. I had told him the contents of one of de Montaigne's essays, in which was described the greatest humiliation that can come to a man. He was very proud of the fact that he had been spared the humiliation mentioned, but inferred that the story I told him had given him an embarrassing moment and that Montaigne should not have given publicity to the knowledge that influenced a man's mental attitude.

The laws of Moses, the teachings of Christ, creeds and social conventions did not deter him in the full enjoyment of his fine physical senses. He had an ear for music, and heard in the voice of a bird, the song of the girl who was wronged. He had an eye for beauty and saw the glory of strength in the majesty of the mountains, in the glory of the sunset in the Golden Gate, and the glory of God in the stars. He had the sense of taste, and had the full enjoyment of the delicious things the earth produced. He had the sense of touch, and was so sensitive that his fingers were like a stringed instrument. He had the sense of smell, and knew the scent of the June trees in the rain, the perfume of the rose, and in rapturous thrills he relaxed to the harmonies of the universe with a conscience so guiltless as to indicate, perhaps, that Christian civilization has not found the perfect correlation between the spiritual and physical senses.

How wonderful! How patient! How really beautiful and gallant his poetry to women! For instance, his poem "Charity," the last eight lines of which are printed at the beginning of this chapter. And then this tribute:

MOTHERS OF MEN

Oh, give me good mothers! Yea, great, glad mothers,
Proud mothers of dozens, indeed, twice ten;
Fair mothers of daughters and mothers of men,
With old-time clusters of sisters and brothers,
When grand Greeks lived like to gods, and when
Brave mothers of men, strong-breasted and broad,
Did exult in fulfilling the purpose of God.

If this were just an ordinary biography, I would not only include the poem to "Little Sister," or a description of his carrying flowers in the Sierra mountain town of Quincy, Cal., to a little crippled girl, but would include his praise of the sad little woman who has a monument erected to her in New Orleans because she baked bread and gave it without charge to the yellow fever sufferers, and of his devotion to Sophie Wright, the little hunchback, who taught illiterate adults, night and day, in the city of New Orleans, and finally I would tell of his devotion to his mother.

This, however, is something different from the average biography and I have shown two sides of the shield.

Joaquin built a home for his mother on The Hights, furnished it comfortably, included a bottle of liquor in the cupboard, gave her a place for a garden, surrounded her house with roses and other flowers, built a pond near by, and filled it with brilliant goldfish. Mrs. Miller had a personality that had charm. She was tall, symmetrical in her build, had wonderful eyes, and possessed a childlike interest in current affairs. I knew her at the age of ninety. She was a shy, sweet spirit, so proud of her son, and happy

in meeting people. She was a great pioneer mother who carried her cupboard in a covered wagon, who endured all the hardships of pioneer life, and whose greatest contribution to posterity was her son, Cincinnatus Hiner.

When Joaquin went to the Klondike in 1897, immediately after the publication of his complete poetical works by the Whitaker & Ray Company, I was asked by him to look after some of his affairs, including the care of his mother. The San Francisco *Chronicle* published an article giving the impression that Mrs. Miller was neglected, living alone in a house without carpet on the floor, and without the ordinary comforts of life. Collis P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific, wired from New York to Henry Huntington to investigate and furnish Mrs. Miller with money as needed. I had a conference with Mr. H. E. Huntington, visited The Hights, and explained that Mr. Huntington had authorized me to buy carpets, food, and anything else she needed, and she said, "I do not need anything. Carpets? Why carpets are just to catch the dust and hold it. I would not have a carpet in the house, and food—I have my cupboard full. Joaquin did not neglect me. He is the best son a mother ever had, but it was a fool idea for him to go to the Klondike."

Joaquin was always kind and gentle with his mother, and very humorous. But sometimes his humor failed to be considered funny. He delivered an address for the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Pacific Grove, entitled "The Lion in the Path," by which he meant the

political saloon, and closed with a tribute to wine as the milk of Italy, and as a good liquid food in California, and that he had insisted on his mother taking a drink of whisky to warm her up, as the morning was cold and foggy when he had left. He was never called to deliver another temperance address.

At another time, the artist of the San Francisco *Examiner* drew a picture of Joaquin, Prince Edward, Queen Victoria, and Emperor William, dining together, with Joaquin telling the story of the "Turkey Hunt in Arizona." When I showed it to Mrs. Miller she exclaimed, "Oh, my, my son is certainly in fine company!"

His tribute to his mother and father on pages 81 and 82 of his autobiography must be read together, but between the lines may be read the gracious words of a son who loved his mother and paid tribute through her to all the good women of the world.

I doubt if my parents ever felt any real pleasure in reading my first book, "Songs of the Sierras," even with all the sudden glory it brought me abroad. Papa had always looked with such horror upon war and contention of all kinds, yet here in this book was bloodshed and strife, war with the Modocs, war in Nicaragua, and so on, almost from cover to cover. And as for mother, these stories of my witless and fruitless struggles only reminded her of what she had suffered during my heedless years of absence, and all the glory in the world could not make her forget.

But when this fine translation from Paris was laid in their hands they fairly hugged it to their hearts with delight and exultation. Ah, to be read in refined and brilliant Paris! This was indeed true glory to them; and I joy to know that they had at

last some satisfaction born of my wanderings and my lawless energy.

Papa, never so robust, was thrown from his farm wagon and died soon after, while I was still wandering. I came home, got a mountainside of my own, overlooking San Francisco, and brought mother, whose mind was nearly destroyed by the deaths in a little grove of cypress trees planted by her own hands up of her, for more than twenty years, when she too, passed, to rest in a little grove of cypress trees planted by her own hand up yonder on the hillside. A bronze bust by a famous artist, of her strong, sad face, is to be seen in the library of the Oregon University.

In profound penitence for the years of sorrow I caused these two gentlest of souls I ever knew, I lay these gathered leaves upon their graves, and again, pensive and alone, turn and listen to the lure of wandering through this beautiful, beautiful world.

The Hights, Dimond, California, 1908.

Joaquin Miller's Passing

In his magnificent strength, standing like a tree, he said, "When I die, I want to fall prostrate like the giant Sequoia, which I have loved."

Joaquin's passing was just the opposite. He wasted away, his dim blue eyes pathetically watching the evergreen trees which he planted. From The Hights he saw the setting of the sun through the Golden Gate, and its flashing sword of light at dawn in his trees, a symbol of the Golden Gate of life.

He faded out. In his philosophy of life he always quoted the Indian of whom he asked the question, "Do Indians believe that they will live again?" The Indian chief replied, "The leaves of the trees fall to the ground, but when the snows are gone, they come again. The seed falls to the ground, and a new tree grows."

> Clouds pass, they come again,
> And are we less to God than these?
> O! for the stout faith of the tree
> That drops its seed into the sod
> And knows that pass from the land
> It shall not! yes, this much we know
> That each shall grow as God fashioned,
> Fair or plain, to do its best,
> Cloud or sun.

Joaquin gloried in his strength. At seventy years of age he had the endurance of a strong man of fifty. Then sud-

denly the upright form, the agile limb, was prostrate. He fell while at work on The Hights in such a way as to hurt his back, and he dragged himself to his cathedral cabin home. The lion was wounded. He knew he was badly hurt, and that uremic poisoning was likely to result.

He had many intimate friends among the medical profession, but refused to permit a physician to be called. In fact, he frequently objected strenuously to sending for doctors for guests on The Hights who were in actual need of a physician's care. Had he been given immediate medical attention, it would have been possible for him to have lived to be older than his mother, who died of pneumonia on The Hights at the age of ninety-two.

It was arranged that Doctor Stark should call, not as a physician, but as a personal friend, and render medical aid. His condition became so serious that Doctor Stark insisted that Joaquin take some medicine but Joaquin refused. He said: "Doctor, I am a poet. It is not poetic to take pills." It was finally arranged to take him to Fabiola Hospital and to register him under an assumed name to avoid publicity.

Mrs. Grace Fountain, the artist, who has a studio on The Hights and who with her husband were lifelong friends of the poet, took charge of the arrangements. He was only partly conscious and had been in a state of coma. The arrival of the ambulance caused the neighbors, who all loved and respected him, to gather at The Hights to say farewell. Mrs. Fountain's dog jumped into the ambulance and expressed great sympathy in dog fashion.

Joaquin, who quarreled with Mrs. Leslie because of her fondness for dogs, for he never liked them, called feebly to Mrs. Fountain, and said: "Tell Mrs. Leslie that I have learned to love dogs."

The youngest brother, George Miller of Eugene, Ore., was sent for. When he came Joaquin begged him to be taken back to The Hights. He said of the nurses, "Those damn starches won't wait on me." Juanita was notified of her father's serious illness and she came from New York as quickly as possible. Abbie Leland Miller, Juanita's mother, came a few weeks later. Blanche Partington, a Christian Science practitioner, the daughter of Joaquin's friend the English artist, J. H. Partington, who was also father of Phyllis Partington and R. L. Partington the portrait painter, was successful in restoring his physical condition almost to normal, and it was thought for a time that he would fully recover. Mrs. Abbie Miller and Juanita took personal charge of him and remained faithfully at his side until his passing.

George Miller, his brother of Eugene, Ore.; Madge Morris, the poet; Mrs. Mary E. Hart, the writer and Alaskan pioneer, and myself all visited him at the hospital. His blue syes seemed immortal as he searched us through and through, trying to visualize us, and to awaken the poisoned brain into oral expression. His mind to him was no longer a kingdom over which he ruled with such generous benevolence. His physical senses held him prisoner and were passive except for the eye which seemed an unsheathed sword of power.

Joaquin taught that the world is beautiful, that nature is altogether lovely. He commanded us to love nature, the trees, the birds, the flowers, the mountains, the rivers, the valleys, and the tawny hills. Nature in its turn proved ungrateful. Nature pronounced upon him the sentence of physical death, and then stood by to watch the torture in his eye as winter, spring, summer, and autumn went by —and then winter, spring, summer, and autumn came and went again before his ashes were given back to the soil.

He who always walked erect, who mocked at sickness, who jeered at hospitals, drove guests who complained of ills from The Hights, at last leaned up against the tree which he had planted, to suckle strength from its strength, and in the silence wept. The raindrops filtering through the leaves of the trees were the tears of universal nature. It is strange that he did not, like Tolstoy, run away in order to find some place to die like a wounded animal, alone.

His last words, "Take me away; take me away," to those who knew him in his magnificent pride of strength were more than pathetic; were more than pitiful. It was the cry of the physical passions in revolt against his own spiritual expression in the lines:

> Death is delightful. Death is dawn,
> The waking from a weary night
> Of fevers unto truth and light.
> Fame is not much, love is not much,
> Yet what else is there worth the touch
> Of lifted hands with dagger drawn?

So surely life is little worth:
Therefore I say look up; therefore
I say, one little star has more
Bright gold than all the earth of earth.

His last message, called "Adios," is a summary of his philosophy, and yet it seems inadequate. He died upon a cross. Joaquin's cross, however, was not of wood; nails were not driven through his hands; but his two years of physical torture were a crucifixion of his ego that forced him to give to the world a message, not a creed, that represents his tremendous faith in Nature, even when Nature was making him suffer bitterly.

ADIOS

Could I but teach man to believe,
Could I but make small men to grow
To break frail spider-webs that weave
About their thews and bind them low;
Could I but sing one song and slay
Grim Doubt; I then could go my way
In tranquil silence, glad, serene,
And satisfied from off the scene.
But ah, this disbelief, this doubt,
This doubt of God, this doubt of good—
The damned spot will not out!

WITH LOVE TO YOU AND YOURS

Wouldst learn to know one little flower,
Its perfume, perfect form and hue?
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour
Of all the years that come to you?
Then grow as God hath planted, grow
A lordly oak or daisy low,

As He hath set His garden; be
Just what thou art, or grass or tree.
Thy treasures up in heaven laid
Await thy sure ascending soul,
Life after life—be not afraid!

The passing out of Governors, Mayors, United States Senators, and millionaires is usually a mere incident in the life of a community. Joaquin's death was more than an incident, more than an event. It was an epoch. In the nation it marked the passing out of the last of the great poets who were in the group of Lowell, Whittier, Whitman, Longfellow, and Bret Harte. Joaquin did not die like the typical Westerner with his boots on. It was the falling of a leaf from a tree before its time, that had been withered by an early frost.

Funeral pageants have no place in biography and are usually misplaced as feature articles in newspapers, but it may be interesting to note that this picturesque man had a funeral; in fact he had two, in keeping with the dualism of his career. John P. Irish, his neighbor and friend, and William Day Simonds, a Unitarian minister, gave him tributes that placed him in a group with Tennyson, Byron, and Whitman. And on February 19, 1913, poets, artists, musicians, and friends made a pilgrimage to The Hights and paid homage to the memory of the poet.

It was Joaquin's request and command that his body be cremated on the funeral pyre which he built with his own hands, and where, near its base, his mother Margaret Miller, his daughter Maud Miller McCormack, and several others are buried. It was impossible to cremate the body

in the open air, but his wishes were carried out by John P. Irish and members of the Bohemian Club in spirit, and to all intents and purposes, just as he directed. It was on May 26, 1913, that a group of admirers, including Charles K. Field of the Bohemian Club, met at the funeral pyre and, with flame and torch, gave to the "Wonderful Winds of God" the lavender-hued ashes of the poet's body. And these winds perhaps dropped some atom in the petals of a flower, and others may have given a brighter hue in the sun's ray over the Golden Gate. His ashes may have fallen on barren soil, maybe of the sort that God may take in the hollow of his hand to fashion again a temple for the soul of man.

Irish said: "He is risen and sings his immortal lays to the mountains, forests, rivers, and seas. His memory is in the hands of the beauties of nature of which he sang."

Wallace Sabin set to music a paraphrase of his poem to Bret Harte and it was sung. The words are as follows:

Yon mellow sun melts in the sea;
A somber ship sweeps silently,
Past Alcatraz toward orient skies;
A mist is rising to the eyes—
Goodby, Joaquin; Goodby Joaquin;
Goodnight, goodnight.

Yon sea bank booms for funeral guns—
What secrets of His secret suns.
Companion of the peak and pine—
What secrets of the spheres are thine?
Goodby, Joaquin; Goodby Joaquin;
Goodnight, goodnight.

As I stop to tune in now, his other self is scattered to the winds. I hear his real self say:

And oh, the voices I have heard!
Such visions where the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.

And oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;
The beauty creeping on the ground,
The beauty singing through the air.

The love in all, the good, the worth,
The God in all, or dusk or dawn;
Good will to man and peace on earth;
The morning stars sing on and on.

Condensed Biography

1841—Cincinnatus Hiner Miller born near Liberty, Ind.

1841–1854—Moving westward in covered wagon to Eugene, Ore.

1855–1858—In the mines and with the Indians in Northern California, including trips to Mexico and Central America.

1858–1860—Student in Columbia College at Eugene, Ore. Teaching school and Pony Express rider.

1861–1863—Married Minnie Myrtle Dyer. Edited newspaper, which was suppressed on account of editorials unfavorable to the government.

1863–1869—Practiced law. In command of troops against Indians, and served as judge in Canyon City, Ore.

1869–1870—Defeated for nomination for supreme judge, and departed for New York and Europe. Had published locally "Specimens" and "Joaquin Et Al."

September 4, 1870—Arrived in Scotland.

March 20, 1871—First book published in London, under title "Pacific Poems," followed by "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sunlands," and "Unwritten History, or Life Among the Modocs."

October, 1872—Back in San Francisco, Cal.

1873–1880—Back in London. Lived in Rome and, according to Anthony Froude in Fraser's Magazine, Joaquin was called four times by Victor Emanuel to address Parliament and to confer with the Minister of Agriculture upon the best method of reclaiming the miasmatic miles of the Campagna, which yearly poisoned hundreds. Visited Italy, Egypt, Palestine, and other countries.

Condensed Biography

1881–1885—Lived in New York City and Washington, D. C. Wrote the "Danites," "49," and other plays.

1885—Returned to San Francisco; located on "The Hights."

1886—Planted trees on Goat Island and at the Presidio and the Greek Cross on "The Hights." Devoted much time to lecturing and newspaper work.

1897—Went to the Klondike in search of gold and adventure.

1897—Complete Poetical Works. Published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, predecessor of Harr Wagner Publishing Company.

1899—Went to the Chinese Boxer War in search of more adventure.

1909—Published the Complete Poetical Works, seven volumes; Whitaker & Ray Company.

February 17, 1913—At Peace on "The Hights."

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Volume 1, Autobiography and Favorite Poems.
Volume 2, Songs of the Sierras.
Volume 3, Songs of the Sunlands.
Volume 4, Songs of Italy.
Volume 5, Songs of the American Seas.
Volume 6, Poetic Plays.
Volume 7, Building the City Beautiful.

The Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller, edited by Stuart P. Sherman. Putnam's Sons. 1923.

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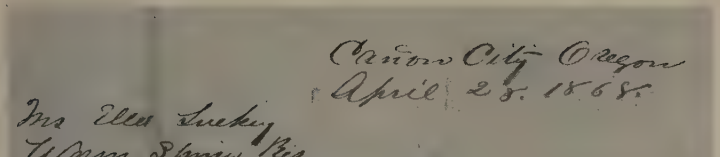
The Story of His Life

told with the aid of
the Camera

Reproductions of photographs taken in different places and at different periods in Joaquin Miller's career. Frontispiece of Complete Poetical Works, 1897. 1. Oregon, 1868. 2. In London, 1870. 3. Cuba, 1876. 4. San Francisco, 1887. 5. Cincinnati, 1897. 6. In the Sierras, Mount Shasta, 1882.

The log cabin in Rock Creek Park, Washington, D. C. It is said to be a duplicate of the cabin in which Joaquin lived at Shasta Soda Springs in 1855. This cabin is preserved as a memorial by the California Society of Washington, D. C.

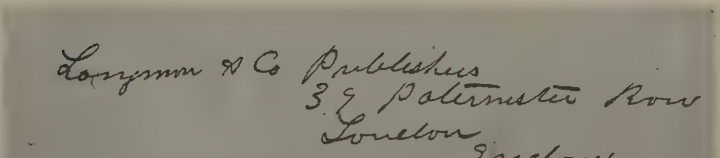
The poet's cabin, Canyon City, Grant County, Oregon. This is the cabin where he lived with his wife, Minnie Myrtle, and the children.



Canon City Oregon
April 28. 1868.

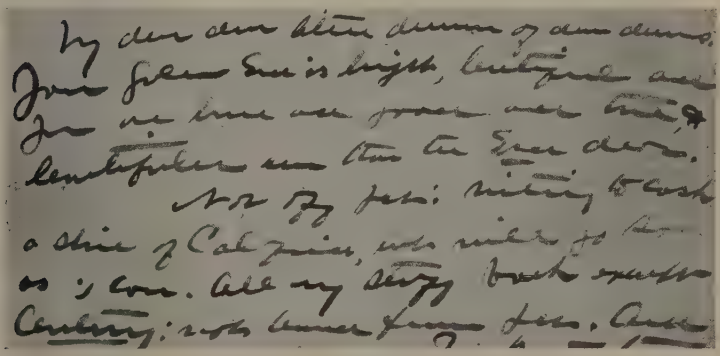
Mrs Ella Luckey
Warm Spring Res-
Dear Sister
I don't know as
you have a photograph of my face, therefore
enclose you this — you will please preserve it.
I may not have any more taken. Last week

1868



Longmon & Co Publishers
39 Paternoster Row
London
England
November 21 1874
My Dear Sister James
I
received your kind letter
while in Rome but [illegible]

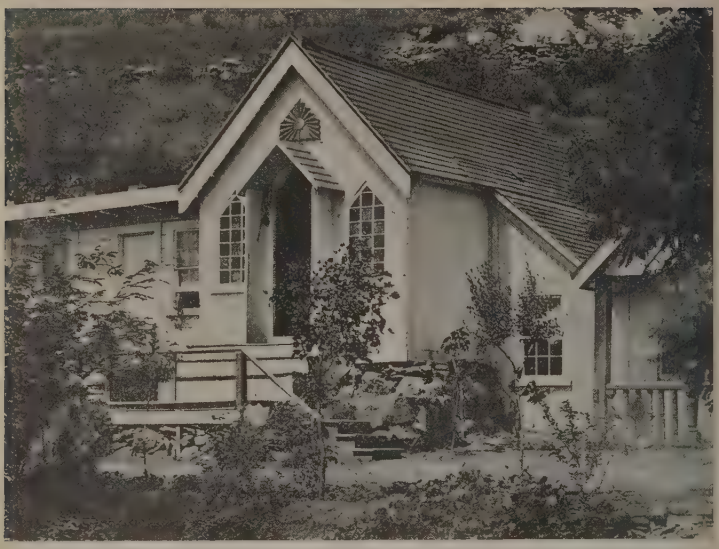
1874



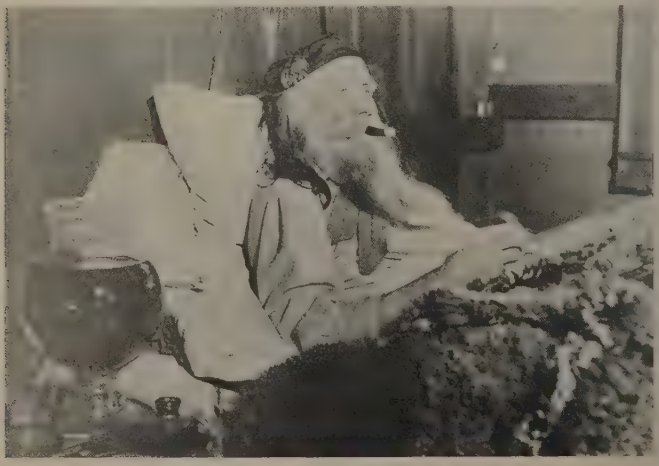
My dear dear Alice dearer of dear dears:
Your golden Eve is bright, beautiful and
for one hour all yours and true, &
beautifuler even than the Eve dear.
Not [illegible] fear: writing to cash
a [illegible] of Calgary, [illegible] will go [illegible]
as I can. All my [illegible] back except
Century: [illegible] from [illegible]. [illegible]

1894

Photographic reprints of his handwriting in 1868, 1874, and 1894. It will be noticed that in his earlier years his writing was much more legible than in his later years.



"The Abbey" was built by Joaquin in 1889 and used as his work room and sleeping apartments until his fatal illness.

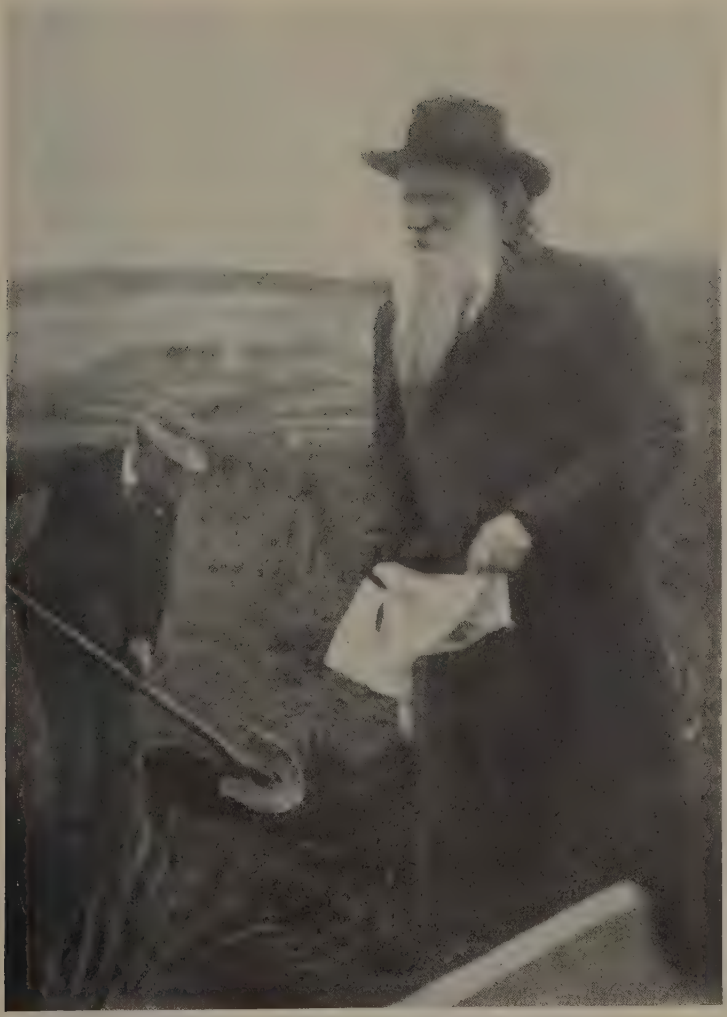


Joaquin in his favorite position in his work room in the Abbey.

On the left, the round tower erected on "The Hights" by Joaquin in honor of Robert Browning. On the right, the Frémont monument erected by Joaquin to celebrate the life of the "Pathfinder."

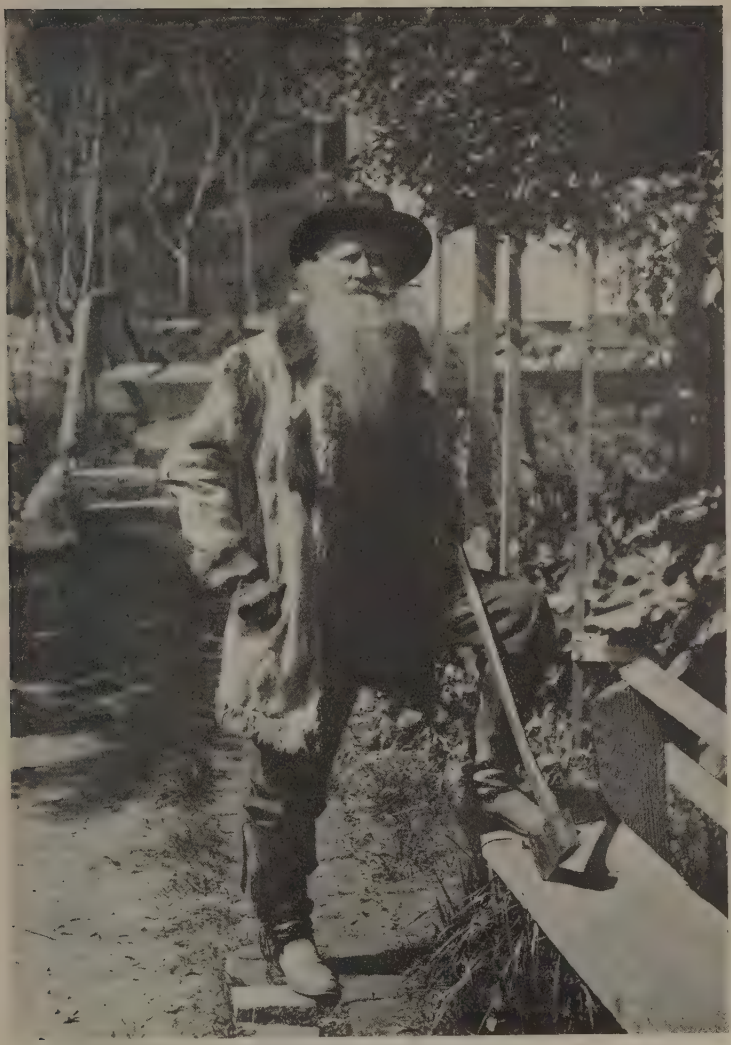
Pyramid built by the poet in honor of Moses.

Photograph of Joaquin Miller and his mother, Margaret Miller. Inscribed in Miller's handwriting, "Mother and Her Boy, Xmas, 1905." Margaret Miller at this time was over ninety years of age.

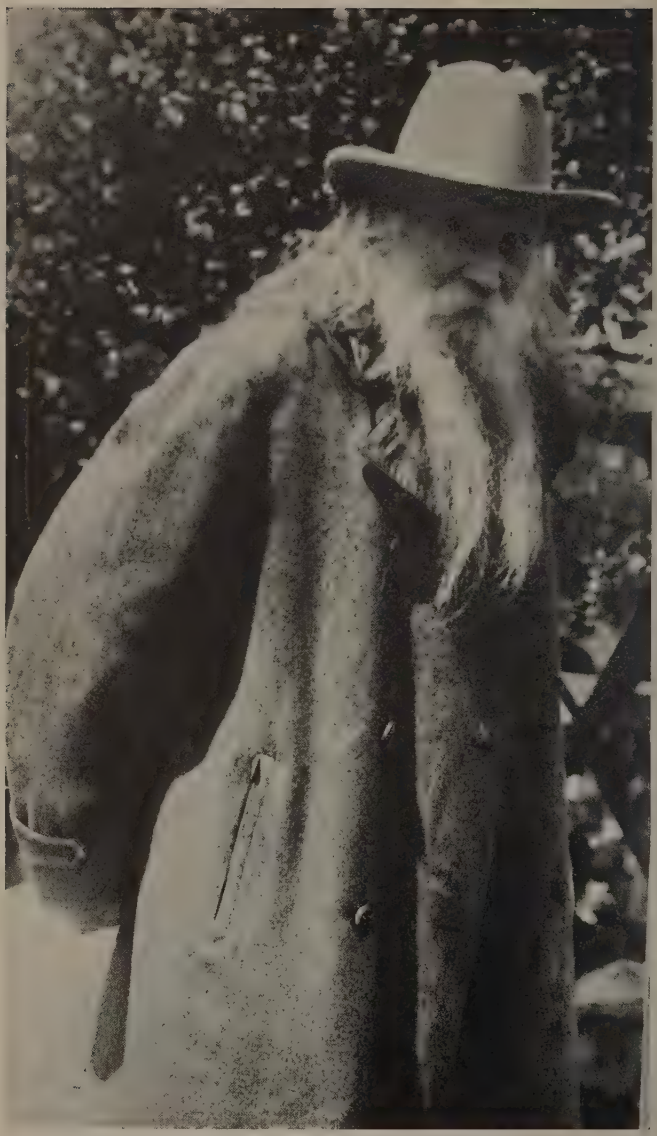


A snapshot of the poet taken during a tree-planting day at Montara, San Mateo County, California.

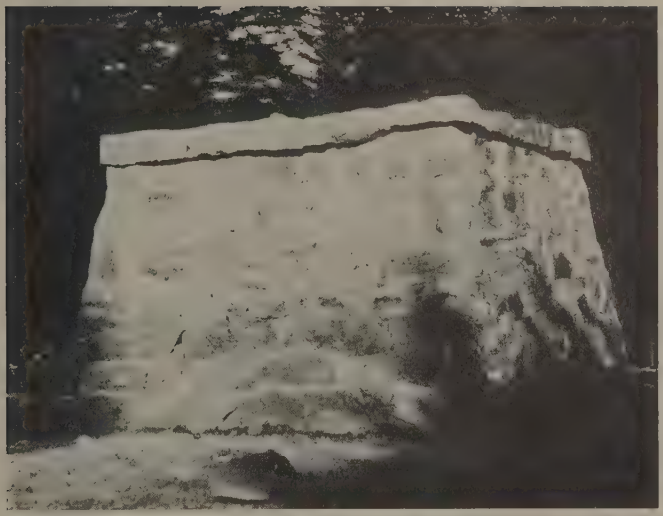
Snap shot of the poet on "The Hights," 1909. Harr Wagner introducing him to the Sequoia Club. Joaquin interpreted "Columbus," "The Voice of the Dove," and "To Those Who Fail."



A photo of Joaquin in the full glory of his physical strength on "The Hights," ready for work.



In his illness he sought the strengthening and healing odors of the trees. A photograph of the poet in his last illness. Compare this picture with the one on the preceding page.



The Funeral Pyre. This crude stone monument was built by the poet's own labor. It is near here where his mother, his daughter Maud, and several of his friends were buried. His ashes were scattered to the winds from this spot.

The dedication of the memorial tablet at "The Abbey." September 9, 1928. Mayor Davie of Oakland, Abbie Leland Miller, and Juanita Miller.

This picture is reproduced from the statuette by Rupert Schmid.

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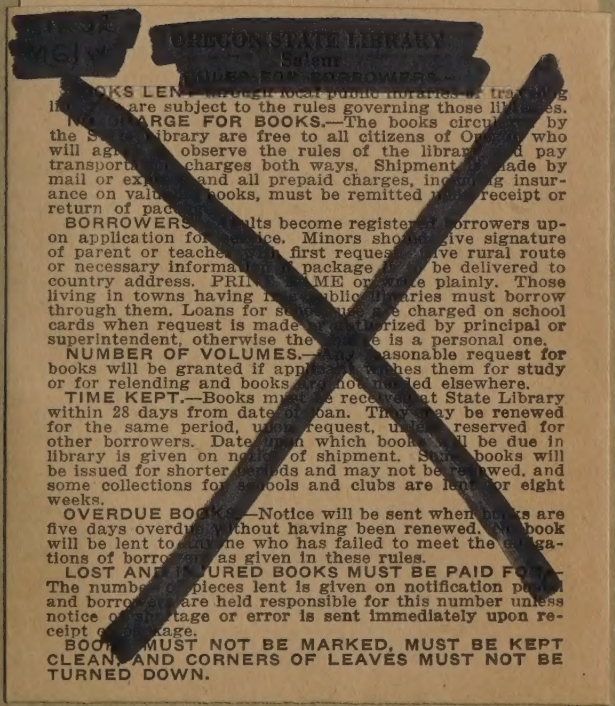
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PS 2398 .W3
Wagner, Harr, 1857-1936.
Joaquin Miller and his other self